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THE KITBAG TRAVEL BOOKS

THE ENGLISH LAKES

THEIR TOPOGRAPHICAL HISTORICAL AND LITERARY LANDMARKS

By

W. T. PALMER F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF
"ODD CORNERS IN THE ENGLISH LAKELAND"
"ODD YARNS OF THE ENGLISH LAKELAND" ETC.
PAST EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB

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PREFACE

Should there be any source of Lake Country information which has not been drawn upon directly or indirectly in this volume, I apologize to the writer and to the reader. Every book within reach has been read and utilized, and the volume is the result of a lifetime's scrambling, rambling, and reading. It is therefore impossible to enumerate or even identify all the books I have placed under contribution—but will the authors forgive?

As a native I am proud of the Lake Country, and this Kitbag guide is intended to express, perhaps not always conventionally, but still sincerely, my pride.

I must thank in memory the late Mr W. D. Dent, of Grange-over-Sands, whose close and accurate knowledge of the entire district was of immense assistance in going over the manuscript.

W. T. P.

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THE ENGLISH LAKES

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY AND HISTORICAL

Pre-Roman 'circles'—Many invasions, Roman, Saxon, and Norse—Battle of Dunmail Raise—Border warfare —"The Troubles" and the Forty-five.

THE district of our English Lakes offers little to the historian who would write of campaigns, personalities, and policies. Our area lies far south of the turmoil of the Border, where from the reign of King Stephen down to the last Stuart rising in 1745 there were few long periods of peace. Carlisle was the storm-centre of the Western Marches, and the advance and retreat of armies was mainly through the valley of the Eden, to the east of the Lake Country, avoiding the tangled passes where a few determined men might block the advance of a great force, and where the delay caused by a little four-footed loot might be as dangerous as the enemy.

Though there are evidences of pre-Roman occupation, it is usually held that the civilization of the Western Brigantes was of no high order. The hill-camps and lake-shore dwellings of the Britons were far from elaborate, though the village at Barnscar, near Ravenglass, or Waberthwaite (of unknown date), is of greater extent and better placed than most others. Druidical remains still exist in all their unsolved mystery—there are Long Meg and her Daughters,

near Kirkoswald, in the Eden valley; the circle at Swinside, near the Duddon estuary; and the circle near Keswick, with its fine outlooks toward Blencathra (Saddleback) and Helvellyn. The latter is the best known of such relics. There is a British fortress on Fisher Crag, overlooking Thirlmere, access to which was obviously along a narrow and easily guarded comb of rock.

In due time the Roman legions constructed their roads and camps. According to Tacitus, Agricola first made secure his fortress-camp at Lancaster, commanding the tidal river Lune; then, guided by natives, marched north across the estuaries of Kent, Leven, and Duddon, probably discovering the basin where three streams meet at Ravenglass and building there a port (Clanoventa). Another port and camp was built at the mouth of the river Derwent, and still another at Bowness-on-Solway, which later was incorporated by Hadrian in his seventy-three miles of Roman Wall across the lower isthmus, from Solway to Tyne. Evidence as to the sequence of road- and camp-building by the legions is by no means complete, as our small Northern camps do not yield many inscribed stones, and the 'iters,' which farther south are moderately regular and reliable, jumble the place-names about the Wall and in Cumberland and Westmorland.

Obviously there were Roman tracks through several passes, but these were not the elaborate roads of well-populated and closely cultivated districts along the great river-systems. There was a route up the Lune from Overburrow to the little station in the gorge near Tebay (Borrow Bridge) where the river breaks through the Howgill Fells. Afterward a route strikes north to

Kirkby Thore, where there must have been an important station at some time. The Maiden Way is marked from Kirkby Thore all the way over the ridge of Crossfell near its summit, and crosses the Roman Wall on its way to Bewcastle and Southern Scotland.

From Brougham or Kirkby Thore a Roman road goes across the mountains, and along the High Street range can be followed for five or six miles without the least trouble. Waterhead camp (Galava), near Ambleside, was obviously a halting-place on the route from Kendal (Alone) to Ravenglass (Clanoventa). How the Romans entered and left this part of the North has never been ascertained; Hard Knott camp, at the head of Eskdale, suffered by fire, but whether as a means of destroying an abandoned site or in attack it is impossible to say. Mr R. G. Collingwood, the best living authority, believes that the station was maintained as a garrison until thirty to forty years after Agricola's retirement.

The Saxons were the next invaders, but their headway was by no means remarkable. Then came the Danes, who gave the characteristic 'by' to most of the villages in the Eden valley, and little more Danish influence did not spread to the hills: the Dane was a village-dweller and a crop-sower.

About the same period came a more important incursion. Norsemen came on pirating expeditions to the Irish Sea, and, finding the coast suitable for their type of agriculture, they settled and gradually worked their way inland. The typical Lake Country native is admittedly Norse, in blue eyes, fair hair, big bones, strenuous life, and in a dialect which is declared to have the same roots as the Icelandic of the Sagas. In art and music the identical outlook is found in Scandinavia

and the Lake Country. It is not right, however, to labour this point too heavily, for there are other theories, with a good deal of evidence, to consider.

There is, however, remarkable proof of the Norse influence in the number of sculptured crosses in West and North Cumberland. Some of these are pagan, others Christian, and a few, like that of Gosforth, may be interpreted as either pagan or Christian, so skilfully are the symbols used. Hogbacks and other monuments of the Norse order are not uncommon.

The fall of the last Saxon kingdom meant a reshuffling of boundaries; hitherto the region of Carlisle and the broad valley of the Eden had been either Saxon or Danish Northumbria or British Strathclwyd. After the Romans left the Northern Britons endeavoured to keep their independence. There are historians who allege that the country round Carlisle was the kingdom of Arthur, the champion of the old tribes, and that his victories ranged from the Forth to the Eden. Certainly there is a legend of the British prince Dunmail endeavouring in vain, in the pass of that name, to stem the tide of conquest; this is almost the only traceable battlefield within the Lake Country, and though it might have important historical effects, the gap between Seat Sandal and Steel Fell could only be the scene of conflicts between armies of hundreds, not thousands, of warriors.

William the Conqueror was too busy in more fertile Southern lands and in France to trouble with the remote and sterile North, but Rufus, his successor, was responsible for the re-establishment of Carlisle on its dark sandstone ridge as an English fortress. Domesday Book, compiled in his reign, only mentions parishes and estates in South Westmorland and Fur-

ness, proof that the Norman government did not count for much farther north.

It was, however, in the reign of King Stephen that trouble broke out on the Border. Hitherto there had been few quarrels between the nations; but now for four centuries there was to be dubious peace. Probably no general explanation of the causes of discord will ever be discovered. It is possible that the governments at London and Edinburgh found it less trouble to utilize their wild countrymen of the Border to give each other loss and trouble rather than to spend money on expensive military organizations and campaigns in redressing their grievances. With such encouragement lawless men would gradually drift into the area and make the trouble more and more permanent and distracting. In the end the Marches became a well-defined territory, a No Man's Land where the laws of neither kingdom could be enforced. In due time every house and church was built of stone and fortified, with the cattle in the lower room of the square keep or tower, and the family practising archery from loopholes above whenever an enemy came within bowshot. The Border peels often kept watch and ward over fords of the rivers and the passes through the hills.

Such monarchs as the first and second Edwards made the Border lively as armies mustered for the invasion of Scotland, and Robert the Bruce and William the Lion made them livelier still with the retaliatory campaigns which cleared castle and priory alike from the Esk down almost to Lancaster. But the Lake Country itself, being merely a high mountain fastness, with probably a few wolves and even bears in its woods, was apparently not disturbed. Fighting

men grew wise and cautious when they saw the steep, wood-fringed crags which guarded the entrance to the hills. And our dalesfolk were apparently peaceful; at any rate, there is no record that they ever burst like a human torrent from the hills, as the nimbler Highlanders did regularly in Scotland. The fighting families of the Border were those within sight and stroke of the Scots and the men of the Debatable Land, not the flockmasters and shepherds of the hills. Possibly the fact that most Lake Country dales, from Borrowdale to Morecambe Bay, were tenanted under the Abbot of Furness and his monks had something to do with their abstention from campaigns.

As the centuries passed the strife along the Border became more and more ignoble, and was more like organized theft, with or without murder. A strong Warden like Belted Will Howard, of Naworth Castle, could overawe the riotous for a time, but the more loved policy was that of the Northumbrian Percys, who were always ready "to loose Redesdale and Tynedale for the harassing of Scotland."

The greater strife between nations petered out after Flodden and Solway Moss. When James Stuart settled on the throne of both countries he had to give orders that Grahams and other broken and turbulent families both north and south of the line should be transported to some place where their method of life was less annoying to the Court. Virginia got some; Ireland got others; and at the end the Border was at rest, like the Lake Country, only a few leagues distant. The squires of the two counties now seemed to prosper, and when the Civil War broke out there were powerful and wealthy families for the King, and also against him. In the immediate Lake Country the town of

Kendal was for the Parliament, though le Fleming of Rydal, Philipson of Belle Isle, Sandys of Graythwaite, and most of the other county men were Loyalists. The Rawlinsons of Graythwaite were perhaps the only family of renown which accepted the policy of Oliver Cromwell.

"The Troubles" brought strife into the dales, which hitherto had kept clear of bloodshed and turbulence. The little castle on the island in Windermere was besieged by the Kendal bands, and on another occasion old Rydal Hall was searched from roof to cellar, every floor lifted and every cupboard forced in search of treasure and fugitives. Young Robert Philipson—Robin the Devil—tried to avenge the siege of his home. He had been away with the King's army, and when the monarch drove off the besiegers of Carlisle Philipson galloped south, and found that Colonel Briggs and his men had desisted from further attack. Intent on calling Briggs to personal account, Robin went off to Kendal with a troop of friends, discovered that his enemy was at church, and galloped through the great doors and up the aisle during divine service. Briggs was not in his pew; he had been warned, and escaped in time by a side-door. When Robin turned to depart his horse slipped on the flagged floor, the saddle girth broke, and the congregation tried to arrest the armed intruder. However, the horse scrambled to its feet, and Robin clapped the saddle on its back and vaulted into his place without the safeguard of a girth. With his sword he struck dead the man who had gripped the horse's bridle and galloped out of the church. As he passed beneath a low arch his steel helmet struck the stone and was knocked off. It was picked up as a trophy, and as the "Rebel's Cap" still remains in

Kendal Church. Robin and his party got back to Belle Isle without any interference from the enemy.

The Restoration of the Stuarts brought peace to the dales, a peace which has never been seriously threatened. In 1715 an army of Scots passed along the eastern road to Preston, where they were captured after a short siege. In 1745 the presence of Bonnie Prince Charlie made the campaign from the North more serious, but though a large proportion of Catholic families lived on the line of route and in Westmorland, they gave no practical help and provided no recruits to the Prince's dwindling force. The country people were just as indifferent when the Scots bolted back to the North, with the Duke of Cumberland and his army in pursuit.

Since 1745 the changes have been those which altered the whole aspect of the nation. Politically the Lake Country was for centuries in the hands of a few freeholders, mostly related to the great families. When the suffrage was made general seats in Parliament ceased to be the property or prerogative of this man and that.

CHAPTER II

ROAD APPROACHES TO THE LAKES

Existing railways—Extensions fiercely opposed—A6 as approach from Lancashire and Yorkshire—Through North Yorkshire dales—Pennine passes—Roads from Scotland.

In this age of motor transport the road approaches to any district are practically as important as the railway services. It is said that more people reach the Lake Country by road than by train, and certainly the roads are often stringed with cycles, motor-cycles, and cars. The railways have great competition to face in regard to the Lake Country services; only at Windermere (Lakeside) is there actual touch with a lake. The station at Windermere (L.M.S.) is about two miles from the water; that at Keswick (also L.M.S.) is a long mile from Derwentwater; the nearest point on Ullswater is Pooley Bridge, five miles from Penrith station; and so on. The only lake with a railway alongside is that of Bassenthwaite, which is not greatly renowned in a land of beauty-spots, though the Bassenthwaite Lake station (L.M.S.) is in a fine position and is the key to many good rambles and views.

Fierce resistance has always been made to railway schemes which might intrude upon the quietude of the Lakes. William Wordsworth wrote strongly against the first railway from Kendal, which was planned to reach the shores of Windermere at Lowwood, and

which had its terminus finally at the village (then called Birthwaite) high on the western slope of Orrest Head. John Ruskin certainly did not like the railway which had already penetrated to Coniston, and took part in stopping any extension toward Ambleside. Every project to lay further rails has been fought. Since the War it has been proposed to run a light railway through Wordsworthshire to connect Keswick with Windermere, through Grasmere and Ambleside, but local opposition was both alert and strong. As indicated above, the present railways end on the edge of the finest scenery, but the road access is good, though hills are plentiful and careful driving is necessary.

The chief routes to the southern half of the Lake Country—to Windermere, Grasmere, Rydal and Coniston Waters—converge on Kendal, an old town which, though greatly improved, has still its awkward hidden streets. The motor route to Windermere, etc., however, crosses the town along a fairly wide street, which ends in a sharp rise.

From Preston the great road to Edinburgh known as A6 brings the traveller to Lancaster (21 miles), Carnforth (27 miles), Milnthorpe (35 miles), and Kendal. Except for the congested and twisted streets of Lancaster, the going is pretty good. New by-pass roads at Garstang, Bolton-le-Sands, and Heversham avoid old-world villages with narrow streets and humpbacked bridges. There is a variation route two miles north of Carnforth, which is a mile shorter, but less easy to travel at speed. The villages on it are Burton, Crooklands, Endmoor, and Oxenholme, places of no particular interest, though Burton has had its market-cross, stocks, and pillory, and has a long recorded history, without any striking incidents.

On the main route the interesting points are Lancaster Castle ("Gaunt's embattled pile" of Macaulay's Armada song) and Church, with Levens Hall, five miles south of Kendal (topiary garden shown Thursday only, admission 1*s.*), and Sizergh Castle, the seat of the Strickland family from Norman times, a mile and a half farther on (not shown, but visible from the road).

The main route from populous Yorkshire comes from Keighley, through Skipton (9 miles), Settle (15 miles), Ingleton (34 miles), and Kirkby Lonsdale (40 miles) to Endmoor (48 miles) and Kendal (54 miles). This road, crossing several of the Pennine ridges, is much hillier than the Lancaster route. After Settle (15 miles) there is a long and steep brow, overhung by a limestone cliff (Giggleswick Scar), and some way up the road is the famous Ebb and Flow Well, which performs at uncertain intervals. At Clapham there is an important cave; and at Ingleton (half a mile north of the direct road), the great gritstone-capped Ingleborough (2373 feet), with famous caverns and underground streams, is close at hand. Just before one reaches Kirkby Lonsdale the famous Devil's Bridge over the Lune is crossed. The awkward corners there have been altered, and the narrow bridge presents no difficulty to the careful driver. From Kirkby Lonsdale to Kendal the route is hilly, and there is a fine culminating view of the western fells from the road above Oxenholme village.

There is a shorter but rougher and steep road from Kirkby Lonsdale to Kendal through Old Hutton. This is used by local cars, and not as a through route. On the map there is an apparent route from Settle up to Ribblehead, and through Dent to Sedbergh and

Kendal, but this cannot be recommended. The passes are high, very steep, and awkward, and the lanes too narrow for any but cautious speed.

Another trunk road, from North Yorkshire, also converges on Kendal. From Ripon the route passes through Masham (10 miles), Middleham (18 miles), Leyburn (20 miles), Hawes (37 miles), Sedbergh (52 miles), to Kendal (62 miles). The run up Wensleydale to Hawes is fine, and after that townlet becomes steep; from the Moorcock there is a long descent down Garsdale to Sedbergh (a very bad place on a busy market-day), and thence to Kendal the hills are terrific. The climb by Scots Jeans (3 miles) is steep and long, and the drop into Kendal down the Greyhound Hill is dangerous. However, the alternative routes are well marked, and the roads recommended secure an easier descent, with little loss of picturesqueness. To avoid this section some motorists turn to the left down the Lune valley at Sedbergh, and join the lower Yorkshire road at the Devil's Bridge, near Kirkby Lonsdale.

Another approach from the east is *via* Scotch Corner (a little north of Catterick, on the Great North Road), Rokeby, Barras, Stainmore (Rey Cross is here by the roadside), Brough, Kirkby Stephen, and Sedbergh (where you join the before-mentioned roads). The road is for many miles on the old Roman road, and the surface from Scotch Corner to Sedbergh is perfect for the whole length.

The other road approaches to the Lake District come from the north-east and north, and aim for the Cumberland lakes at either Keswick or Penrith. The chief roads from Scotland into Cumberland cross the Border at (*a*) Sark Bridge, (*b*) Longtown, or (*c*) Lang-

holm. The first is the route from Glasgow through Dumfries, and also joins the old military road which ran through Galloway to Port Patrick, where in old times shipping to Northern Ireland was taken. This road traverses the best of the Robert Burns country—the traveller can go through Annan and Dumfries to Thornhill, Sanquhar, and Ayr. The district to the extreme west has become "Raiderland" to the devotees of S. R. Crockett.

Just north of Longtown Bridge two important roads come together, and pass to Carlisle as one. The first is the route from Moffat or, rather, Beattock, the junction for the great trunk routes over to Clydesdale and Glasgow and of the road over the Devil's Beef Tub and Tweedsmuir to Edinburgh. In coaching times the junction was well to the north of Moffat, which was on the route, but the mail contractors were given a better route from Beattock, chiefly at the expense of Glasgow merchants, who paid for the road in order that they might obtain earlier letters and newspapers. The other road outside Longtown goes to Edinburgh *via* Hawick, and is easier than the route over the Devil's Beef Tub. It is just as picturesque, and has the same historic and romantic elements.

From Newcastle and Tyneside there are several routes to the Lakes. The lower pass at Greenhead, on the Northumbrian border, will attract most traffic; the easiest route is by Hexham and Haltwhistle to Brampton and Carlisle. Another road, of more romance and with steep hills, comes along the line of Hadrian's Wall, by Hunnum and Chollerford. This road was built by General Wade, and for the most part traverses high moor. From the North Tyne at Chollerford to Brampton, far down the Irthing,

practically no village is seen, and there are few inns left on the roadside.

The next line from Tyneside strikes south-east from Hexham, crosses the moors to the foot of Alston town, on the South Tyne, and then climbs through the Pennine. The ascent of Harthope is long, and attains a height of 1889 feet, and the descent to the Eden is steep at times. The river is crossed near Langwathby, where there is a choice of routes to Penrith with little to recommend one more than another.

From Harthope Pass there is a distance of some twenty miles without a crossroad worth considering as an approach. The next pass is that of Stainmore, where road and rail cross a low saddle between Bowes and Brough. The height of the pass is 1436 feet, and Rey Cross at the summit is regarded as an important monument. The place is claimed to have been the covenanted boundary-stone between England and Scotland. In later times the great road from York to Carlisle crossed here; indeed, the ridge is absolutely hacked with forts and roads, few of which have historical records. British, Roman, and Norman works are recognized, and there are others.

These Pennine roads were the pioneer work of Telford and Macadam. They were made for the fast mail and other coaches of their time, and probably their course will serve the motoring generation just as well, though hairpin bends at watercourses with narrow, humpbacked bridges are not comfortable. The most important road through the Stainmore Pass goes through Brough and Appleby (which was once the third or fourth city in the North) to Penrith, where it is merged in the system of Lake Country roads.

One entry only is needful to connect the north roads

with the Lake Country. The main road from Carlisle comes south to Penrith in eighteen miles, and the West Cumberland road goes south-west through Red Dial to Bothel, where one branch goes out to Cockermouth, the birthplace of the poet William Wordsworth. The other aims direct for Keswick, and passes to it between the mountain mass of Skiddaw and Bassenthwaite Lake. From the ridge of this road there are five views toward the fells above Newlands and, finally, Borrowdale. The road, though not easy to drive because of steep gradients, is good, and from the north furnishes perhaps the most recommendable road approach to the Lake Country. At Bothel warning must be given of an utterly unexpected right-angle turn to Keswick; it is very easy to overshoot the corner.

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CHAPTER III

WORDSWORTHSHIRE

Wordsworth's road from Kendal — Birthwaite and Windermere village—View from Orrest Head—The lake—Storrs—The ferry—Bowness—Troutbeck—Low-wood—Waterhead.

The term "Wordsworthshire" was apparently invented or coined by James Russell Lowell for the areas round Grasmere and Rydal associated with the homes of our greatest nature poet. He did not include in his term Cockermouth, where Wordsworth was born in 1770, nor yet Hawkshead, where he was educated; but merely Dove Cottage, the Vicarage, Allan Bank at Grasmere, and Rydal Mount, where the poet died in 1850. For Kitbag survey, however, it is better to extend the zone to include the homeward roads of the poet as well as the inner shrines of his residence.

The miles from Kendal to Ambleside were familiar to him; the former was his market town, where books and newspapers could be obtained and coach travellers met. At Kendal, too, was the office in which the "Stamp Maister" no doubt did something to justify the salary of his sinecure. From Kendal to Ambleside is a hilly road, climbing out of the old town and giving little level until the shore of Windermere is reached at Lowwood (12 miles). In Wordsworth's time there was open common at Ratherheath (3 miles) and at Hugill (6 miles). The poet walked the miles pretty often; once, when William stopped to talk with Professor

John Wilson ("Christopher North") at Windermere, the impatient Dorothy whipped up the pony and left his master to walk the eight miles to the town. That was no hardship, but Wilson, who accompanied the poet, wore out slippers and stockings and finished barefooted.

The tower-clock at Staveley (4½ miles) is all that remains of the church where the Border service tenants assembled to answer the demand of King James I for parchment deeds. "By our swords we won the estates, and by the sword we are prepared to keep them," was the purport of the reply. The matter was, however, taken into the law-courts, and the tenants won their case, proving that lands had been granted for military service. At Kentmere (4 miles from Staveley)—up a side-road following the river Kent and *not* on the direct road to Windermere—is the old peel-tower built by the warrior Gilpins in the fifteenth century on lands won by valour in the reign of King John. Bernard, born here in 1517, was of different mettle; he was hailed as the "Apostle of the North," and as vicar of Houghton-le-Spring he had more influence for religion and peace than even his own Prince-bishop of Durham. Bernard was no smooth trimmer of sails. He gave the empty pew of Edward VI a most scathing sermon—and put the words into print. In the last year of Queen Mary he was summoned to London. "It is well; I had looked for this." At Peterborough the horse Bernard was riding fell down, and the old man sustained a broken leg. "Is it well?" questioned his captors, but before Bernard could be moved Mary was dead. Elizabeth offered Gilpin the bishopric of Carlisle, but it was refused.

At Ings (6½ miles) the new road misses the church mentioned in Wordsworth's *Michael*, to which the old shepherd's wife, confronted by her husband's story of the loss of the worldly goods which should have gone to endow their son in business or with a farm, mused:

> There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
> He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
> They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence,
> And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
> A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares ;
> And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
> Went up to London, found a master there,
> Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy
> To go and overlook his merchandise
> Beyond the seas ; where he grew wondrous rich,
> And left estates and monies to the poor.

Also, in this church of Ings a floor of marble is still to be seen.

The gathering of great mountain shapes in front show that Wordsworthshire is being reached, but the lake is not seen until the eighth milestone on the road is passed, or the train is within half a mile of its terminus. Official nomenclature is usually unfortunate; until last century there was only the water and parish of Windermere. The village on the old Kendal-Bowness road was Birthwaite, but the railway, the first to reach the Lake District, named its terminus Windermere, though it is one and a half miles from the lake. A community, with post-office, etc., has grown up about the station, and the erroneous name is likely to be permanent. There is now another "Windermere" terminus at the foot of the lake, and the confusion among travellers is considerable. Windermere parish church is at Bowness, quite near the pier and far from the other village.

Windermere of the station is a good centre; Elleray, the home of Professor John Wilson, is now a girls' school and quite unrecognizable. Wilson was a Great-heart in fortune and ill-luck alike; he was the staunch friend of Wordsworth and the Lake poets, of Scott and his Border friends, right through life, and a trenchant critic of their critics. In the Lake Country he was at play, wrestling, boat-sailing, fishing, and cock-fighting with the natives. If Elleray is practically lost, Orrest Head, the most famous view-point in the Lake Country, has changed but little. Its summit, 784 feet above sea-level, is within twenty minutes by path from the station. The great lake extends across the picture, a pointed sword, to the west, with lovely reaches beyond the woods to the foot of the great ridges.

De Quincey, whose descriptive works are not in fashion to-day, has a wonderful description of the scene:

> The peculiar and not-to-be-forgotten feature of the scene . . . is the great system of mountains which unite about five miles off at the head of the lake, to lock in and enclose this noble landscape. The several ranges which stand at various distances within six or seven miles of Ambleside, all separately various in their forms and all eminently picturesque, appear to blend and group as parts of one connected whole; and when their usual drapery of clouds happens to take a fortunate arrangement, and the sunlights are properly broken and thrown from the most suitable quarter of the heavens, I cannot recollect any spectacle in England or Wales, having a local, if not a national reputation, for magnificence of prospect, which so much delights with a sense of power and aerial sublimity.

Beyond the foot of the lake, almost due south, are

the Leven or Ulverston sands, with the hill of Hoad and the mock lighthouse stump to the west. Going round to the north, the first blue peak is Black Combe (1969 feet), then Walna Scar (2035 feet) and Dow Crags (2555 feet). The great peak of Coniston Old Man, with its shapely ridges (2633 feet), comes next, nine miles away as the crow flies. A dip in the ridge is due west, and past this point the ridges are steeper: Carrs (2575 feet); Wetherlam (2502 feet); the trough of Wrynose Pass (1270 feet), a nick in the horizon; Cold Pike (2259 feet); Crinkle Crags (2816 feet); Pike o' Blisco (2304 feet) in front; Shelter Crags (2631 feet); then Scafell Pike (3210 feet), fourteen miles away, the highest point in England; Bowfell (2960 feet), eleven miles; Great End (2984 feet); Esk Hause (2490 feet), a pass; then Allen Crags (2572 feet); Great Gable (2949 feet), behind a ridge; the rough nearer peaks of Loft Crags (2300 feet); Harrison Stickle (2401 feet); and Pavey Ark (2288 feet). Here the distant hills are smoother in line, and in one gap in the ridges beyond Loughrigg is seen the summit of Helm Crag (1299 feet), which looks down on the cove of Grasmere. Nab Scar (1000 feet), Great Rigg (2513 feet), and Fairfield (2863 feet) are seen before the nearer Wansfell Pike (1581 feet), four miles away, reaches the skyline.

The distant ridges begin again with Dove Crag (2500 feet) and the great hump of Red Screes (2541 feet). Here the compass points due north. The great furrow of upper Troutbeck is the next point, with Caudale Moor (2502 feet) and the Kentmere Fells (Thornthwaite Crag, 2500 feet, High Street, 2718 feet, Froswick, 2359 feet, and Ill Bell, 2476 feet) to the right. The ridges southward soon lose definition, but there are three peaks on the Howgill Fells, in Yorkshire; Ingle-

borough (2373 feet), thirty-five miles away to the south-east, is almost square-topped, and there are high moors beyond Lancaster before the distance is taken up by the low south coast of Morecambe Bay. The strip of tidal water in front of Arnside Knott (522 feet) is the estuary of the river Kent, which rises in a cove of High Street, above Kentmere. It passes through Kendal on its way to the sea.

Modern Windermere, with a cluster of small houses on Heathwaite and again round the post-office, continues in patches along the Bowness road until it meets the older village climbing up the steep Crag Brow. Near the railway station are the following hotels: Rigg's, one of the best in the North, with famous views from its front and windows; Elleray, a smaller house; etc. The church of St Mary is on the Ambleside road, and St John's is on the road to Bowness.[1] There are Nonconformist chapels, etc. The space in front of the station is the starting-point for many tours, both by car and by horse-brakes. Just outside the hamlet, toward Bowness, are Rayrigg Woods, and there are very fine views of the lake and Langdale Pikes beyond from a nursery garden which the public is invited to enter.

The Lake

In his famous *Description* or *Guide* Wordsworth urged that a visit to the Lake District should commence at the foot of Windermere, although such might mean the dangerous crossing of Morecambe Bay by two sea-fords to reach Ulverston. The over-sands route was used regularly by mail-coaches until the railways came into competition. From Ulverston the

[1] For Bowness see pp. 36–37.

branch line to Lakeside crosses reclaimed fields into the gorge through which the river Leven escapes from the great lake. The woods are always rich in colour, and the stream, with its swift reaches and curving pools, seems likely for brown trout with sea trout and salmon in their season. Angling, however, is practically entirely in private hands.

Just below Newby Bridge (railway halt) is a low and pretty weir; from this point boating up to the lake is possible, though shallow-draught launches usually tie up above the bridge. The Swan Hotel, with rose-gardens alongside the stream, practically monopolizes this wonderful water entrance, but the railway goes on to Lakeside terminus (hotel, refreshment room), with steamers alongside the trains. The lake boats are wonderfully modelled steam yachts, and some of them carry over 800 first- and second-class passengers. The voyage to Bowness (6 miles) takes about forty minutes; to Waterhead (Ambleside) (10½ miles) about seventy-five minutes, including a stop at Bowness. There are piers for the hotels at Storrs and Low-wood.

The lake is ten and a half miles long, from a quarter to one and a quarter miles wide, and its greatest depth is 220 feet. It is 132 feet above sea-level, and is practically riverine in character throughout. Near Bowness there are several islands, including Belle Isle, which encroach on navigable water until it seems impossible that a big boat should pass. Outside this section of the lake the islands are not important, being mostly rocky reefs, with or without oaks and other trees.

Opposite Lakeside the lake is narrow, and the mass of Gummers How (1054 feet) has great dignity. The

woods from the shore upward are strongly coloured. At first the steamer seems to pass between mere bluffs, with Graythwaite and Finsthwaite Woods and a few farms to the left, while the other shore is more dusted with residences. Beech Hill Hotel is on the slope above the lake, and commands an impressive view. Beyond Rawlinson Nab there is a brief view of Coniston Old Man; Storrs to-day is merely a hotel landing, and the great park behind is cut up for villas. A century ago Storrs was a different place. Mr Bolton, friend of all the 'Lakers,' lived here, and encouraged Christopher North, as "Admiral of the Lake," to organize the greatest water gala ever held in this district. More remarkable was the list of visitors to that event: Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Canning, Mrs Canning, and Lady Bentinck were some of the choice minds who witnessed the big regatta as guests at Storrs.

On the left the steep of the Hawkshead road plunges to the water; in Wordsworth's time the Ferry House was here, and not on the present sickle-like promontory. The modern Ferry Hotel has a wonderful situation; the lake almost surrounds it, and there are many views of superlative delight from lawn and window. The cable steamer which travels across the lake (here about 600 yards wide) connects the once important traffic route between Hawkshead and Kendal. To-day most of the motor traffic goes round by Waterhead. There are fine walks, however, through the woods behind the hotel, and one may ramble by a field track to Belle Wray and High Wray (4–5 miles), from which Ambleside is three miles away and Hawkshead something less than the same distance.

The ferry has its legend of a demon which, on wild

nights, used to scream "Boat!" and so lure the ferrymen to come across for the passenger of madness and death. But the demon was ultimately laid in the rocks of Claife by a priest of Lady Holm, and now only the owls hoot "Boat!" through the gloom. The old ferry was the scene of tragedy after a wedding. At sunset on October 19, 1635, the great boat sank, and forty-seven persons returning from Hawkshead Church were drowned. The old Ferry Inn was a great wrestling-place, and Christopher North was often present there. The ring has passed away, and the Nab is now covered by the buildings of the hotel. Christopher was also fond of steering the market-boat across, and so relieving one more man for the use of the long sweeps which propelled her.

Crow Holm is the first wooded islet on the left, after which the steamer steers into the narrows, a mere hundred yards wide and twelve feet deep, between Belle Isle and Cockshot Point. The peel (the purpose of which has been explained on page 17) was pulled down in 1774. Fifty years or so ago the Windermere Harriers used occasionally to meet on the island and hunt the hares. Often enough Puss escaped in the way the creature had reached the place—by swimming across the narrow channel.

The wonderful Bowness Bay is now entered, where tier above tier rise the big hotels. The Old England has its lawn next the bay, with its own launch and boat-landings; the Belsfield is across the open *boulevard* from the steamer pier; the Royal, Stag's Head, and other houses are somewhat farther away. There is a hydropathic near the head of Crag Brow, on the road to Windermere village.

Bowness-on-Windermere, which is now practically

one community with Windermere of the railway terminus, a mile and a half away, has a few relics of ancient days, but the church is obviously the main interest. It stands not far from the bay, and its grey tower, roof, and walls are masked by ancient yew-trees. The great east window, with its stained-glass pictures of the Virgin and Child, the Entry into Jerusalem, the Crucifixion and Resurrection, with portraits of Biblical characters and saints, was brought here from Cartmel Priory after the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and of the same period (probably an entire rebuilding was then done) are the quotations from Coverdale's Bible and an early Protestant catechism inscribed upon the walls. These texts were hidden for centuries beneath whitewash, and are now restored.

Bowness has shown great keenness in developing the amenities of its bay, and a large open park now covers the space behind the boat-building sheds. Windermere, it should be said, has developed a peculiar yacht of its own, with vast sail area, small hull, and a heavy keel to obtain stability. There are races both for these 'white wings' and for hydroplanes, but the former have a delight and picturesqueness denied the second, which are merely rackety. The breezes which come from the dales beneath the fells are apt to be gusty, and one sees the yachts pressed over to apparently impossible angles only to right themselves in a couple of seconds. There is trout-, char-, and perch-fishing from Bowness, the char being taken by experts using complicated plumb-lines, for the fish feed at great depths during summer. The perch go in shoals, and when they are in biting humour sport is fast and furious for a while.

The best walks round Bowness are to the Ferry Nab

(½ mile); to Millerground and Queen Adelaide Hill (1 mile on the Ambleside road); to Biskey Howe, a rock platform above the hydropathic (1 mile). These latter are two excellent view-points, the first being near lake-level, the other 400 feet above. The walks to the golf-links and back and to Winster are worth while, though part of the way is on a motor road. Rayrigg Woods have some good paths, but the estate is being rapidly developed, and some, at any rate, have become roads. It was to this area that Christopher North, a fair judge of British scenery, rather excitedly referred:

> There is to be seen thence the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountain, not only of Westmorland, but, believe me, in all the world.

Orrest Head, Windermere, can be taken as part of a hill-walk to the valley of Troutbeck, which has a quaint village threaded along its western road, and by the other road, the best motoring access to the top of Kirkstone Pass (7½ miles from Bowness). The Kentmere Fells are to the right of Troutbeck vale, and give a fine high-level ramble on grass, but with a narrow ridge at places. Along Kentmere High Street is the best route to Haweswater (Mardale) or to Ullswater (at Howtown, a long but interesting stretch). There is another fine ramble from Troutbeck village direct to Ambleside, traversing the front of Wansfell Pike, and commanding views down the lake which are very highly praised.

Until recent years Troutbeck had many old-world customs. The schoolmaster was 'barred out' when summer holidays were due; the 'need-fire' was kindled

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TROUTBECK VILLAGE AND VALLEY

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when the cattle plague was in the land; witches and wizards were notorious, and the penance sheet was not unknown. One of the Lake School of writers stigmatized the estate-owners of his time as especially prone to actions at law, and practically all the land soon passed from the original families. Troutbeck should have been the homeland of Hogarth the artist, but his parents left the dale before his birth. His uncle, known as "Auld Hoggart," was an undoubted genius in his rough, untaught way, and wrote verses and plays in dialect of which there are some 'remains.' The Mortal Man Inn of to-day, on its high terrace, has nothing more than the position of the old country inn which had the sign:

> O Mortal Man, who lives on bread,
> How comes thy nose to be so red ?
>
> Thou silly ass, who art so pale,
> It is with drinking Birkett's ale.

There is not much home-brewed in the Lake Country inns to-day, but whether the absence is, or is not, to be regretted, who can say? There seems to be a legacy of differing views: either the liquor was too strong, or it was too weak. Probably, in fact, the qualities were pretty uneven.

To return to Bowness. The lake is, of course, the best route for travel. Off the short jetty the steamer soon clears the bay, and passes Lady Holm, where for centuries a chapel was served by monks from a Scottish abbey. Several of the islands here are much used by picnickers, though they are really private property. Just north of Bowness is Rayrigg Hall, which at one time had associations with William Wilberforce. During his sojourn here in 1788 the emancipator of

slaves wrote: "I never enjoyed the country more than during this visit, when in the early mornings I used to row out alone, and find an oratory under one of the wooded islands in the middle of the lake." The steamer now steers across the Furness shore, for Millerground Bay is shallow. In ancient times there was a public ferry here, probably for pack-ponies as well as for pilgrims and tenants who were on their way to Hawkshead Church and Furness Abbey. The narrow track can still be traced from a point far away on the Kendal road.

The great estate of Calgarth, which in Wordsworth's day was owned by Bishop Watson of Llandaff, has changed sadly. Through the belts of small villas in the level fields it is not easy to point out the farm where the Philipsons of old had the bugbear of a pair of skulls which could neither be burnt, buried, nor drowned in a lead casket in the lake. They were finally built into a window recess of the old house, and so peace was restored. The legend is that of a 'Naboth's vineyard,' the little Cook's House (rebuilt a score of times) at the corner of the road to Troutbeck, which was coveted by Myles Philipson of Calgarth to round off his estate. The owners, man and wife, would not sell, but Myles caused them to be accused, condemned, and executed on a false charge. The old dame's last words were: "Guard thyself, Myles Philipson. Thou mayest think thou hast managed grandly, but that tiny plot of garden ground will be the dearest ever bought. Time shall be that no Philipson shall own an acre, and while Calgarth walls shall stand, we will haunt the place night and day." The curse told; the Philipsons of Myles's line rapidly lost land and home, and disappeared from the list of families altogether.

There is another spectre hereabouts, but never within recent years has the white horse been seen to cross the dark bosom of the lake, and no one knows the exact import of the omen if it ever should be noticed.

The mansion which Bishop Watson built in the Calgarth woods is now a hospital for children, and here little more than the place-name remains to associate it with the man who was more successful as a larch-planter than a prelate, at writing orders to his absentee clergy to return to their own parishes rather than visiting his own distant diocese. The Furness side of the lake is all forest—chiefly larches and oaks, with ash and elm and birch in the riven watercourses and along the side of the mere. Here and there a few fields stretch between woods and lake, but at many places the logs at cutting-time are drawn down to the water and floated off in rafts, either to Bowness or to Lakeside.

The grandest section of the lake is now at hand; at every season the view of mere and woods, moors and rocky peaks, is striking. One has seen it in ice and snow, with the smooth floor reflecting the bright azure sky above, and the hills white as though cut out of purest ivory. In spring there is beauty of white blossom, of flowery meadows mirrored in the lake, and of wonderful green ridges and brown-black rocks beyond. And in autumn the change is radiant beyond words, for then one sees the rich colour of bracken, the dark brown of heather above and among the red and gold of the woodland leaves.

Wray Castle, a castellated building on the west of the lake, has been acquired and vested in the National Trust, securing permanent access to a long frontage of the lake. Though modern, it stands out finely in

front of a great mass of blue peaks including Crinkle Crags, Bowfell, and the Langdale Pikes. The Wray side of the lake is quiet country, full of woods and cosy little nooks. One of these, Bee Holm, in Pull Wyke Bay, has recently been bought by Mr J. F. Hayes, of High Wray, and handed over to the National Trust to be used as a picnic place by boat landing-parties. The swampy (landside) approach is to be a bird sanctuary, and on the headland itself, which is well wooded, braziers are to be placed. An incinerator too, for the destruction of waste paper, is also to be erected. Associated with Mr Hayes (who bought the place at his own cost) is Mr Gordon Wordsworth, of Ambleside.

The walk from the Ferry Hotel toward Ambleside passes between hills and the lake for three miles, and commands amazing views. A late evening stroll, with the moonlight on the water beyond the trees, gives an impression which the mind will never forget. One has suppered at the Ferry Hotel, and taken four good hours for this magic walk, and even then felt that more leisure was necessary to watch the play of silver and dark blue, of stars and the moonlight.

The great road from Windermere to Keswick reaches the lake-shore at Lowwood Hotel, but for a mile past there have been glimpses of the busy traffic humming on a terrace just above the lake. The various houses in the Westmorland groves are comparatively new, and therefore undistinguished, but their outlooks are splendid.

If there are passengers for Lowwood the steamer makes a call at the hotel landing, otherwise the course up the middle of the lake is continued. Lowwood Bay, which is an angle rather than an inlet, is pretty.

The modern hotel (3 miles by road from Windermere Station and 2 miles from Ambleside) is built on the site of an ancient roadside inn, at one time much patronized by artists and anglers. It was here that John Ruskin came as a boy, in 1831, and rhymed in his journal:

> We drove to the door, and the bell it was rung,
> And forth from the carriage impatient we sprung,
> Our apartment was shown—to the window we flew—
> But, oh, what a prospect awaited our view!

Lake and woods and distant fells, they are much the same to-day, barring a house here and there, as they were in Ruskin's time, but pier and steamer were undreamed of by the lad who traversed Britain from end to end in his father's carriage. In this rhymed record Ruskin also mentions Friar's Crag and Robert Southey, the two great monarchs in the Keswick of his day.

Beyond Lowwood Bay the lake comes to a broad end. The Langdale Pikes go out of view behind the nearer ranges of Loughrigg Fell, but the Old Man of Coniston and Wetherlam seem to soar higher over the woods to the south-west. Wansfell Pike, on the right, is so near that it has withdrawn its top from view, and the great cirque of Red Screes, Fairfield, Great Rigg, and Heron Pike seem to fence the world beyond the village of Ambleside. They do not, however, entirely do this, for there is a steep road across the fells, through Kirkstone Pass, to the east of Red Screes. You can see the white dot of an inn which marks the summit of the pass from the deck of the steamer. There is another chink, too, in the mountain wall, between Nab Scar and Loughrigg, through which the road to Grasmere and Keswick pushes, and still

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another road goes to Langdale and Coniston, past the cottages of Clappersgate, beneath Loughrigg Fell.

The knot of hotels (Waterhead, County, Wateredge, etc.) at the steamer pier offer few except hospitable attractions. There is good boating from many little stages along the shingle; Pull Wyke Bay, the channel by which the combined rivers Brathay and Rothay enter the lake, Lowwood Bay, and Wray Bay are all within reach. There is fair trout- and perch-fishing, with some trolling for pike, etc. At Waterhead the great Windermere-Keswick road is joined, four miles from the former and seventeen miles from the latter. A road circuit of the big lake from Waterhead practically follows the eastern shore past Lowwood to Calgarth, bends a little (with good views on high places) to Cook's House, is more or less near to Bowness, and beyond that village gradually rises to a terrace, with many fine glimpses, and drops down past the foot of the lake to Newby Bridge (15 miles). The return up the western shore is by secondary roads, through Lakeside, Stott Park, Graythwaite, Cunsey, a bit of bad road and steep descent to the ferry; field road with seven gates by the lake-shore to High Wray, then secondary road to Brathay Bridge, Clappersgate, Rothay Bridge, and so back to Waterhead. There is little to choose between taking the eastern or western side first; some prefer to take the easier driving first, and use the former. Others prefer to face the hills from Bowness, Hammar Brow, and Lowwood, and therefore choose to travel the opposite way.

CHAPTER IV

WORDSWORTHSHIRE—*continued*

Ambleside and its literary people—Stock Ghyll and Wansfell—Langdale.

Ambleside, though of small population, threads along a good mile of the road between Keswick and Windermere, beginning with the outlying hamlet of Waterhead and thinning a little at the nursery gardens, but afterward being continuous. The chief cluster of hotels, shops, etc., is near the bridge over the river Stock, where the roads from Ullswater (Kirkstone Pass) and Coniston meet. The town has an ancient charter, and has been the business centre of Wordsworthshire (chiefly for sheep and farm supplies) for generations. There are, however, no really ancient buildings even among the quaint, slate-built cottages on the back terraces of the town. Much of the old quarter has been entirely rebuilt again and again.

Ambleside is finely situated for views of the mountains, but the hotels are crowded too low to command vistas of both lake and ridges. The old church just beyond the Stock Bridge has been disused for more than half a century in favour of a newer erection in the plain. It is visited only by geologists, who study glacier markings on the bare shoulders of rock exposed in the churchyard. The old church is of the ordinary dales type, square of tower, with white low walls, and with a band of yew-trees of great age. The old chapel,

which was in existence in 1597, though not separated from Grasmere until 1675, was closed in 1854. The Rydal people came to it until 1824, when Lady le Fleming built a church in their own village.

Wordsworth was a familiar figure at Ambleside, especially after 1811, when he settled at Rydal Mount, but the people did not understand their famous neighbour any too well. To them his wonderful insight into character and his nature poetry was merely a literal transcript of everyday things—the flowers along their own streams, the mists on their own hills, the springs and rocks, birds, butterflies, and trees. It is easy to understand that Wordsworth was a character who did not invite popularity. In his poorer Radical days he was compelled to remain near home, and was not a prominent person. In his age he came to Ambleside as the friend and colleague of Rydal Hall and Lowther Castle—dominations which, whatever might be said in their defence, the workers of the district certainly did not love. However, as the workers were not voters, the matter did not trouble much. When at election-time the hustings were raised at Ambleside Wordsworth was roused to action. He never became the fiery party poet like Robert Burns (probably because the thunder had long departed from his spirit), but occasionally he appeared on platforms with the Lowther Castle nominees, and at Appleby, at any rate, once addressed a political meeting. Ambleside is greatly connected with Wordsworth's later years; when coaches began to run steadily through the country Ambleside had a regular mail, and many visitors for Rydal Mount arrived by it.

The little hillside village, with its many tiny inns (the names of which are half forgotten) was more

partial to the inconsequent Hartley Coleridge, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a diminutive chap whose "wits were many," but whose self-control was absent at times. Hartley used to amuse his pothouse cronies with a *répertoire* of clever parodies of Wordsworth's verses, and he had a fresh setting for many of the best lines the poet ever wrote. Harriet Martineau also was a resident of Ambleside in its golden literary days. She was rather a redoubtable person, and among the Lake Country literary ladies she had the distinction of being unusual both in her religious and literary outlooks. She brought a shocking new religion to the rather smug and satisfied churchites, and her leaders in *The Times* and other London journals were apparently none the worse for being a week or two belated. Most of Harriet's copious output is forgotten, for even her *Complete Guide to the English Lakes* has not been reprinted (apparently) for a generation. It is a good travelling-book, but is conventional and trite compared with the great work by the laureate of Rydal Mount.

Ambleside has several first-class hotels—the Salutation, Queen's, and White Lion are famous —and many licensed and unlicensed houses of high esteem. The Assembly Rooms cater for cinema and other entertainments. Ambleside is rather a sporting centre, for there is angling and otter-hunting in summer, with golf and other games; and in winter there is fox-hunting on foot on the rocky fells. A pack of hounds is kennelled here, and the chase is unconventional and exhausting. There is bathing in the lake, and of course any amount of boating, with launch trips.

As a tourist centre, Ambleside is splendid. The motorist in particular can get quickly to any part of the Lake Country, though it must be admitted that

Kirkstone Pass is a stiff proposition. It is usual for ordinary drivers to avoid the three-mile struggle up to the inn by going through Troutbeck. This involves a run toward Windermere, and beyond Lowwood Hotel the first lane on the left is taken. This has a big hill, which, however, can be climbed by any ordinary car. If power is weak, it is well to go two miles farther, toward Windermere, and turn at Cook's House along the Bowness-Patterdale road. The gradients will then be found comparatively easy, though the hills are long, and care is necessary on the heavy descent into Patterdale.

For the hill-walker from Ambleside there are some splendid long walks, but many nearer courses are to be recommended.

Stock Ghyll Force is among the best of these. Its lane goes past the old stables of the Salutation Hotel and rises steadily for half a mile before the park is entered. The toll of threepence is devoted to keeping the little estate in good order. The fall is at the end of a long path, and can be heard long before its white veil is seen through the trees. The chief spout drops sheer for about eighty feet, and there are other cascades above and below. From the park it is easy to keep forward either to Kirkstone Pass (more or less alongside the Stock Beck), or up the slope to Wansfell Pike, which has been described as Wordsworth's own hill, for it is in full sight of Rydal Mount, and was apostrophized by him in the lines beginning:

> Wansfell ! this Household has a favoured lot,
> Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
> To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,
> Or when along thy breast serenely float
> Evening's angelic clouds.

The route up Wansfell is well marked, and an hour is a fair allowance for the trip. But the views will tempt one to loiter. There is the full length of Windermere; the vale of Ambleside below, with the gap through which Rothay comes down from Grasmere; the great circle of fells above Rydal Park, and the line of heights from Coniston Old Man to the Langdale Pikes. There is a beautiful rolling country in front, hill behind hill covered with fresh colour. Here and there are touches of silver- -mountain tarns set among the dark rocks.

Wansfell Pike can be descended in any direction, but the full trip over to Troutbeck village (if this has not been visited before) is worth while, with a return at a lower level along the hillside to Skelghyll and Ambleside. Kirkstone Pass can be reached by direct road, but this is steep and sometimes in use by 'test-run' motor-cars and cycles, so that it is better to go east of Stock Beck, as advised above, and reach the Troutbeck road within a mile of the summit. The savage grandeur of Kirkstone Pass has been described by many authors and poets. Wordsworth, in particular, has some lines about the great rock or boulder, some distance down the Patterdale side, which "gives to the rugged pass its name" of Kirkstone.

Loughrigg Fell, on the opposite side of Rothay vale from Wansfell, can be reached by footpath all the way from Ambleside ; and once the open hillside here is reached, there is no restriction to wandering. It is easy to go over to Red Bank, with its view down to Grasmere, or to descend the tracks to Rydal Water; or even to find a path down toward Skelwith Bridge and Loughrigg Tarn. This western side, however, is hampered by high walls belonging to various residences, and is not so open as the Rydal side. However,

the rambler should certainly go as far as the shoulder which gives a downward glimpse of Loughrigg Tarn, a little sheet which is but rarely visited nowadays, as it lies away from the main roads in a recess partly fenced by private grounds. Christopher North was an admirer of Loughrigg Tarn, which he fished on many occasions; he described it as a jewel set in green woods and fields. From Loughrigg Fell one looks back to Ambleside, with its modern church, in which there is a good stained-glass window erected to the memory of William Wordsworth by his American admirers.

The west side of the Rothay has several famous houses—Fox How, where the great Dr Arnold of Rugby lived; Fox Ghyll, the residence of the pioneer in British education, Mr W. E. Forster, is close by. To Loughrigg Holme Edward Quillinan in 1841 brought his second wife—Dora, the only daughter of William Wordsworth. The house which Harriet Martineau built for herself is the Knoll, quite close to Ambleside, on the Rydal road, but practically hidden from view by a technical school which was formerly a chapel. To the Knoll came many literary folk, not the least important being Charlotte Brontë, whose novels made a sensation in their time, and which are scarcely considered out of the way to-day. John Bright came to the Knoll (and was caught by his hostess on his knees measuring the carpet square, so that he might send her another in its place); so did F. W. Faber, another poet of the Lake School.

Other walks in the neighbourhood of Ambleside include Clappersgate, a pretty village near Brathay Bridge, that slanting erection which Wordsworth mentioned more than once in his verse. This, and Rothay Bridge, nearer the town, was a great meeting-place of

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LOUGHRIGG TARN, ELTERWATER, AND THE LANGDALE FELLS

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THE DRUIDS' CIRCLE AND SADDLEBACK

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the literary group for excursions in all directions. In the level meadow-land between Rothay Bridge and the lake are the remains of the Roman fort Galava. According to some touring historians three centuries ago, this was the skeleton of a mighty city, with detailed descriptions of buildings which cannot be traced in these days. Camden (or his informer) was one of these early historians, and his record, though exaggerated in the expectations it raised, has not been proved absolutely incorrect. The successors merely added supposition to the few facts Camden recorded, and made a mess of them. There have been finds of coins and other material. The ruins of Roman Ambleside have been vested in the National Trust, and the gates, towers, etc., so far as ascertained by the antiquaries, are well marked.

Ambleside is an excellent centre for the hills. There is a ramble up Red Screes, which rises steeply above the inn in the trough of Kirkstone Pass. From the white-walled house to the top takes less than an hour for active people, though one has known the time to be exceeded. The practised hill-walker will continue westward along the ridges, passing Dove Crag and other peaks to Fairfield, where there is some rough going and a steep glimpse into Deepdale on one side and Rydal on the other. After Fairfield it is an easy march along the ridges to Nab Scar, where the path drops steeply past the gate of Rydal Mount to the village of that name. Scandale is a lovely short trip from Ambleside, and as far as Sweden Bridge one can take alternative routes.

The way from Ambleside to Grasmere is full of interest, though the roaring motor-cars make it difficult to keep one's mind attuned to the poetic and

literary. The first point to note, however, starting from the Salutation Hotel front, is the little market-cross, which stands on the site held by an older affair. The area known as the Market Place to-day is near the Mechanics' Institute, where the children assemble on the Rush-bearing Day with their burdens and sing the appropriate hymns before passing to the church. This ancient custom has lapsed in most parts of England, though three other villages in Westmorland have retained it. Grasmere is one; the other two, Warcop and Great Musgrave, are in the Eden valley, outside the immediate Lake Country.

The Stock Bridge on the Rydal road is a comparatively modern affair. Probably in earlier days the roads met at the ancient church, and, indeed, the old bridge, by which you go to Kirkstone by road, is a more ancient structure. It is all covered with moss and ferns, and strides from rock to rock across the gorge of the river.

From the lower bridge there is an excellent view of the old mill, which was ideally picturesque until fears of a collapse caused the walls to be cemented and cleaned up, and caused also the scrapping of the old wood trough which brought the water down to the splashing wheel. However, the mill is improving in appearance every summer, and doubtless in time vegetation will bring back the wonderful tones and tints of earlier years. On the western side of the Rydal road is another quaint structure—a bridge with a two-storied shed apparently built on it. This is in the hands of the National Trust, and will be preserved as a curiosity, though, to be sure, it has no real right to renown. It is not ancient, nor was it built as a dwelling-house. It has no similarity to the chapels or

chantries which are still to be found on a few bridges in Britain. The land behind the bridge was part of the grounds of a mansion; and this was the entrance at which guests by coach arrived or were sent off. The upper room was for the guests awaiting the four-horse coach; the lower part had the servants and baggage well out of the way if the day was wet and stormy. When the coach came in sight there would be a rush into the roadway, and the luggage would be disposed before the guests made a short run for their places inside the great vehicle. How one would have liked that quaint little bit to have had some more ancient tale! It deserves it.

The road from Ambleside to Langdale and the great rocky Pikes is full of interest. Rothay Bridge used to be the meeting-place of the Lake poets on their way to quaint and pretty places. The single arch, with its little flood-water culvert, is often tested by winter storms, but it has remained steadfast; it is not particularly well placed for modern traffic. At Clappersgate Hartley Coleridge lived in a cottage when he was attending Parson Dawes' school in Ambleside. The wilful scamp would doubtless give his master some trouble, but not in the way of poor lessons. Hartley could read his Greek long before the ordinary child has a lisping understanding of printed English; he was a wonderful student, and never without some classic in his possession. He carried a book when rowing on Windermere, and one of the stories about him goes that the book went overboard, and had to be retrieved by using Hartley's white straw hat as a landing-net. One of his many ventures was the headmastership of Sedbergh, now one of the most famous schools in the North, but his pupils rather loved his

wonderful mastery of languages than benefited much by scholastic training. Indeed, Hartley had little control over himself; he lost his chance of being more than temporary headmaster of the school by a little incident of a black eye incurred by falling against the fender in his lodgings.

Even to-day Clappersgate has a touch of colour—fuchsias, chrysanthemums, and geraniums are seen against the white- or pink-washed cottages, and the creepers are gold of jasmine in spring, of laburnum in the later months, then red with roses in summer, and richly tinted with canary creeper in the autumn. One wonders what the flowers think—their fore-elders were smothered in dust from horses and coaches, but now the fumes of petrol and tarmac must make the clean flower a burden to produce.

Just down the slope to the left is the old Brathay Bridge, which is really partly old. Part was built about 1681, and the arch fell in Wordsworth's time, just after a farmer and his cart had passed over. Brathay Hall was the home of Jane Penny, the bride for whom Christopher North built a wonderful cottage at Elleray, near Windermere. There is access to Brathay Church on the southern or Lancashire side of the stream, following first the road and then a track alongside the rushing water. A foot-bridge opposite the church brings one back to the Langdale road. Brathay is not an old church: it is built on Italian rather than local lines. Beyond the next few houses the Brathay is seen in a great level of meadow-land, often gold with kingcups or pale lilac with lady's-smock; there are 'wheels,' or pools, in its course, which reflect the contours of Wetherlam and other hills, and on some there is treasure of golden-hearted

water-lily. The rocks on the ridge lead up to Loughrigg, but there are few openings on this side, and the slope is given over to residences or rough coppice woods, which are often beautiful indeed. The cult for Alpine flowers has found some devotees in the Lake Country, and in the Brathay valley are private gardens, access to which is available for those who would really study the art of collecting and managing such rarities and beauties.

Just before Skelwith Bridge's houses there is a lane to the right which goes up to Loughrigg Tarn and over Red Bank to Grasmere. In the coaching days this steep Ellers Brow was the only road access from the Brathay to Langdale. At Skelwith a big road goes off to Coniston over the bridge, and alongside the new Langdale road there is the famous little fall—no great height certainly (merely eight or ten feet), but in time of moderate flood quite a roaring tumult. One has known big outpours in which the little step of rock was so submerged that there was merely a bend and not a real break in the hurrying waters. Still on goes the road, to the corner where the famous view of the Langdale Pikes breaks suddenly on the traveller. In these motoring days one is whisked in and out of sight of such places far more rapidly than is pleasant. This road, through the gorge of the Brathay, follows the footpath which the Lake poets used on their way to visit Owen Lloyd, the little curate of Langdale who wrote the famous Rush-bearing hymn for the service at Ambleside. His church too had its festival for centuries, but as soon as the floor was flagged, and there was no necessity to bring in great bundles of sweet rushes to preserve the feet of worshippers from the damp floor in winter, the procession and gifting

passed away—a matter much to be regretted. Ambleside, it is declared, did allow its service to drop for a few years; but it was soon re-established. At Grasmere, however, there has been continuous service right down from the seventeenth century.

The Lloyds of Langdale were great favourites with the Lake poets. There was "lile Owey," who made quite a number of good verses. He came to Langdale, that man with "the sanguine complexion and light yellow hair," and

> Now rests in peace in Langdale's peaceful vale,
> And sleeps secure beneath the grassy sod.

He was eleven years at the church, and died in 1841, at the age of thirty-eight. This is Wordsworth's tribute to his friend:

> Through life was Owen Lloyd endeared
> To young and old; and how revered
> Had been that pious spirit, a tide
> Of humble mourners testified.

The road to Langdale continues along a high terrace with fine views across the tarn to Wetherlam and the rocky Yewdale Hills; then turns down an open common, facing the Pikes in all their rugged grandeur. The village of Langdale is a mile ahead, and a modern by-pass road just misses its tangle of houses. Anyone who wishes to see a dales church may take a good opportunity here. It has not, however, the low walls and whitewash of Grasmere; it is of a later period, when the walls of local stone began to rise higher and were not quite so thick. The old chapel, which stood here in 1571, was probably of the Grasmere type.

After winding past a slate quarry or two there is another fine view into the upper dale. This is ob-

viously the floor of an ancient lake, and twenty years ago, when some drains were being cut near Langdale village, the ancient outlet was discovered. A gap, however, had been worn in the moraine half a mile to the west, and through this the water from the old lake escaped. In time of high flood the long level still appears as a lake for a few hours. At the slate quarries the sea-green type of slate is obtained; this is much used for covering great expanses of roofs, where the purple would be too soft and apt to deteriorate in the weather. The quarrymen are a fine set of fellows, prone to their own type of sport, and able to enjoy a laugh with anyone, but they do not care much for witticisms at their own expense. Their womenfolk are strong and well set up, and retain their beauty of complexion until late in life.

Upper Langdale, which begins at Harry Place, has its own stories. The late Mrs Humphry Ward (granddaughter of Thomas Arnold of Rugby and Fox How) lived for several summers in a house here, and wrote various books, none of which, however, had particular local interest (unlike *Robert Elsmere*, which had much colour from Longsleddale and Kentmere, and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, the scenes of which were laid at Levens Hall and in a small eastern dale).

The famous Dungeon Ghyll, which is a waterfall in a cove of the Pikes less than ten minutes from the road, has been apostrophized by many poets—by Coleridge and Wordsworth in particular. Coleridge has some weird lines in *Christabel*, and Wordsworth's *Idle Shepherd-boys* tells a story of a lamb which had fallen into the great gulf. The force has an unbroken plunge of sixty feet into a dark cavern between cliffs of great height; the effect is more remarkable because at some

time two blocks of stone have fallen together and make a hazardous rock bridge, the crossing of which is mentioned by Wordsworth as a prank of his boys. The stones are awkwardly fixed, and the bridge trick is not to be recommended. A slip would most probably be fatal.

The head of Langdale is one of the most striking features on this side of the Lake Country. The great tribute of Ruskin must be quoted:

> I went out, and in the heart of Langdale Pikes found the loveliest rock-scenery, chased with silver waterfalls, that I ever set foot or heart upon. The Swiss torrent-beds are always more or less savage or ruinous, with a terrible sense of overpowering strength and danger, lulled. But here, the sweet heather and ferns and star mosses nestled in close to the dashing of the narrow streams; while every cranny of crag held its own little placid lake of amber, trembling with falling drops, but quietly trembling, not troubled into ridgy wave or foam; the rocks themselves *ideal* rock, as hard as iron —no, not quite that, but *so* hard that, after breaking some of it, breaking solid white quartz seemed like smashing brittle loaf-sugar, in comparison—and cloven into the most noble masses; not grotesque, but majestic and full of harmony with the larger mountain mass of which they formed a part.

Wordsworth looked at another side of the same harmony, which he described, "though there be no voice," yet

> Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
> Than the mute agents stirring here.

There are other torrents and waterfalls—Mill Ghyll, with waters visible in flood-time from Windermere as a white waving banner; Hell Ghyll, on the way to

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SKELWITH FORCE AND LANGDALE PIKES

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LANGDALE PIKES AND DUNGEON GHYLL

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Bowfell, a ravine which seems to be gloomy, but has not the pit-like appearance of Dungeon Ghyll. Indeed, practically every stream down the hillside has its 'force,' a gem of beauty which is well worth the searching.

The head of Langdale is a wonderful walking centre; indeed, there is no real road out of it except by retreating to Elterwater, for the awful track to Blea Tarn and its cottage cannot be recommended even as an adventure with a touring car. The tops of the Langdale Pikes are about an hour and a half from Dungeon Ghyll. They give a fine southern and western view, but to the north a rolling moor rather destroys the beauty. Bowfell is a steep peak which is less visited than it should be. From the farm at Stool End the usual way is up the Band, a narrow rib of rock, and the top can be reached in two hours; another route is to follow Rossett Ghyll track toward Esk Hause, turning to the left at the top of the first ghyll and climbing up the rocky shoulder. The view from Bowfell is fine, and the sharp cone of the peak is a pretty bit of walking. The descent can be made to Eskdale (not usual), to Esk Hause along Esk Pike (for Borrowdale or Wastdale), to Langdale, either by the Band or Hell Ghyll, or down into Rossett Ghyll. The descent in the latter direction is rough, and to some people has proved both difficult and dangerous. The cliff toward Angle Tarn is trappy, and should be avoided. The tracks are fairly well cairned, but not, of course, to the extent of the paths up Helvellyn or Scafell Pike.

Early in 1929 it was announced that Professor Trevelyan had acquired three out of the four properties which border Langdale Head, and had handed them over to the National Trust to be preserved as

farms (and not as the usual public parks). The Professor's gift includes Stool End, Wall End, and the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. The enclosures in the dale are obvious, but the sheep rights to the whole run from Elterwater to Bowfell form an aspect which should not be overlooked. With three strong votes in the meetings of the Commoners, the National Trust is in the way of preserving as an open space a mighty tract of land, much wider than the mere acreage of the farms named. And the sheep of Wall End farm pasture right over to the Duddon, where the farms of Cockley Beck and Dalehead have just been added to the Trust's properties.

The motorist usually drives back to Elterwater with excellent backward views; then by Colwith, where there is a small but pretty force, to Little Langdale, another of Wordsworth's favourite spots. The poet had a great love for the flat beneath Wrynose Pass, with its mirror of clear, calm water, which he would see on the route he recorded toward the "house of the Solitary," described at length in *The Excursion*. The inner basin, known as Blea Tarn, has changed a little since the poet's time. There is still but one white-walled farm, but at the outlet of the tarn there are strong plantations of conifers, including the ubiquitous larch (of which Wordsworth did not approve), and the ghyll-sides are decked with hawthorn and alder, rowan and hazel. Wordsworth writes that he came upon the "little lowly vale" after a walk through the "savage region" of Lingmoor. There is a surprise view here, of the Pikes suddenly breaking into grandeur over the little sharp tooth of Side Pike by the tarn:

> Two huge peaks
> That from some other vale peered into this.

Except for this magnificent view, one doubts whether Little Langdale is nearly so fine as its greater brother, and the view from Loughrigg Tarn (which Wordsworth called "Diana's looking-glass") has just as fine a mirror of the eastern side of the Pikes (with Pavey Ark, a mighty, rock-rent face, as companion).

From Little Langdale one may travel on the track of the Roman legions from the camp at the head of Windermere to the port at Ravenglass, through the passes of Wrynose (1270 feet) and Hard Knott (1280 feet). This track is passable in these days for sporting motorists, but not advisable for the ordinary tourist.

From Little Langdale village there is another route, with a water-splash at Fitz Steps and several gates and twisting miles of lane, to Tilberthwaite and Coniston. There is also a road, just passable for small cars, down a very steep incline at Owlet's Nest to Elterwater Hall.

Elterwater, the most populous place in the Langdales, is a rather curious hamlet, with newer slate-built houses showing among the older whitewashed cottages. The great common which comes right up to Elterwater extends to the crest of the hills overlooking Grasmere, without meeting a fence. One can climb to the gap and pass through with the telegraph-poles, but the route is steep, and the descent not half so sweet as that which is reached by following the road, which slants up from Langdale Church to Hunting Stile, and then comes round the corner of Red Bank into Grasmere vale. The motorist, however, must remember that while the Langdale approach of Red Bank, though long, is comparatively easy, the drop into Grasmere is very unpleasant. It is partly at the gradient of one in four, and, being overshadowed by

big trees, the surface is apt to be greasy, when brakes are of little use. If a motor run is made to Hunting Stile and Red Bank there is a return route by Loughrigg Tarn to Clappersgate which is by no means so fierce. Perhaps it is easier to follow this for a mile, and then to bend right toward the Elterwater road, with an easy run down by Skelwith Force. It is a mistake to try the direct line (shown on many motoring maps) to Skelwith Bridge. Fool's Step is the local name, and that is a true description for the series of rock ledges in a narrow lane between hard and bristling stone walls.

The pedestrian from Langdale can climb to the corner of Red Bank, and thence face east across the rocky summits of Loughrigg Fell, confident that sooner or later the right track will be visible to take him down into Ambleside. The golf-links are up on this moor, and command splendid views. One feels that an ascent of Loughrigg should be undertaken if at all possible, for it gives the finest view of the vale down which the Rothay winds, of the haunts and home of William Wordsworth, and of the Rydal cove and fells. The Stepping Stones across the Rothay are also one route toward Loughrigg Fell, but are more often used in a loop walk from Ambleside to Pelter Bridge (Rydal).

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CHAPTER V

WORDSWORTHSHIRE—*continued*

Rydal Mount—The lake and hills—The le Flemings and Rydal Hall — Wordsworth and his family — De Quincey and Hartley Coleridge.

The later years of his life Wordsworth lived at Rydal Mount, a typical country home built on the ridge which falls from Nab Scar, and commanding views both toward Ambleside, Wansfell, and the lake of Windermere on one side, and of Rydal Water and the Langdale Pikes, with Bowfell, on the other. The house belonged to the Rydal Hall estate.

In times of storm wind and rain forced their way through crevices in the roof of Rydal Mount, much to the discomfort and harm of the tenants. Oft-repeated appeals to the owner for repairs seemed to fall on deaf ears. In 1826 the climax of endurance was reached, and Wordsworth determined to remove unless the house was forthwith made reasonably habitable. Happily the defects were remedied, but not before all hope had been given up and the long sufferer had relieved his heart in a poem entitled *Composed when a probability existed of our being obliged to quit Rydal Mount as a Residence.* The spring on the terrace was a dear object which he would regret to leave. From 1813, for thirty-seven years, the pitcher was carried from Rydal Mount to Nab Well, so that the dinner-table was furnished with crystal-clear water.

In August 1841 Wordsworth was visited by James Patrick Muirhead, a connexion of the Watts and Boultons. In a short ramble the poet took Muirhead to Nab Well. "This," pointing to the well, beside which they stood, "used to be a well here, and it had a wild-rose bush with its red blossoms growing over and beside it; but now they have taken away that, and it is only a stream to others—to me it is still the well, with the roses of other days, and I see no alteration since. I made my poem on it of old. But come and see my terrace garden."

Just outside Ambleside, beyond the point at which the last villas are springing up among the beeches, the road passes over Scandale Beck, and beyond that, near the cricket and tennis ground, is the site where, we are told, the old Rydal Hall used to stand. The present large mansion has a rather staring appearance. It is modern enough, and perhaps has less than perfect beauty, but it commands a lovely view. The le Flemings who own the place belong to the real old stock of the countryside, and are one of the few families who have been able to stay the pace of centuries and retain their position and estates. Most of the other great names are entirely lost, but le Fleming of Rydal remains, constant as ever. Their land goes high up the fells, includes their own lake, and has its annexe, so to speak, at Coniston, where the first seat of the family is still to be seen, in use as a farmhouse. Indeed, it is the oldest hall of the family, for the first Rydal Hall was swept away many a year ago. Legend says that the decision to destroy the place was partially due to the place being haunted, that the wailing of a child, which either was buried in the foundations or died from neglect in the cellar of the place, never

ceased. This sound could not be tolerated, so the family removed to a terrace in their own park, high above their own stream.

The old manor-house of the le Flemings was placed on a rock alongside the present road, and was protected by a ditch which not only defended it, but obtained some solid ground in a level not conspicuous for drainage. Indeed, in the present park there is Great and Little Island, knolls of rock far away now from any water. In 1575 the house was called the Old Hall; by 1600 it had been abandoned. In 1777, however, traces remained of old walls and fish-ponds. In 1850 the last stones were cleared for building jobs elsewhere. Three headless ghosts, wailing voices, a white dog—Wordsworth had some knowledge of the terror when he wrote:

> There dwelt the gay, the beautiful, the bold;
> Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep
> Of wings—though winds were silent—struck a deep
> And lasting terror through that ancient hold;
> Its line of warriors fled . . .

across the park to a better house and less troubled dreams.

The first le Flemings appear to have held a manor at Beckermet, in West Cumberland, and to have succeeded to Rydal and Coniston by marriage with heiresses. They were at the Hall in 1483 at latest, and in 1570 the remainder of the manor was purchased. It has been held ever since. In the Civil War le Fleming was for the King, and as the old squire of the time lay dying the business of raising forces was in other hands. Rydal, however, contributed £250 to the King's army in the North-west. Rydal estate had to contribute one rider to the King's army when called

upon (a relic of Border warfare), and the servants on foot were called up to a general muster of the county for defence. However, the campaign gradually went in the opposite direction, and Rydal was called upon to pay heavy taxes to the Roundheads of Kendal. On more than one occasion the Hall and farms were plundered; once the house was ransacked and the floor torn up.

To the present Rydal Hall Daniel le Fleming brought his wife in 1655. During the years of Parliament's supremacy he suffered like other Royalists, but after the Restoration of the Stuarts he was soon knighted, and became the greatest man on this side of the Lake Country, and with his fellow-magistrates he had a great influence on patronage and other delightful privileges. He was more than a mere magistrate. He was a great writer of letters and papers, a reader of the news, and the muniment room at Rydal Hall is full of valuable little notes about places, persons, and customs of his time. Sir Daniel was a good historian, too, and several of his papers have been reprinted. He was a nature-lover, and the first person to observe and to record the peculiar habits of the Windermere char. He showed the times and places of their spawning—in the autumn up the Brathay above Clappersgate, and in summer among the reeds alongside the lake. No one has yet been able to add much to the information on this mysterious fish. It comes to the surface in spring and autumn, yet sinks deep and goes for food to the bottom of the deep lake in high summer. The char of our lakes is not unlike the same species in the Alps, Wales, and Scotland, though of course it has now developed a few characteristics of its own. The char of Winder-

mere is bigger and better coloured than the fish of Coniston and of Ennerdale, Buttermere, Crummock, and Haweswater. The fish is also found in a couple of deep mountain tarns on the Coniston range—Goat's Water, on the west of the Old Man Mountain, and Seathwaite Tarn, a few miles over the ridge, to the north-west. The char in the tarns are, however, poor creatures, and nowadays they are seldom fished for. In the old times the owners of Duddon Hall used to have an annual char picnic on Seathwaite Tarn, which was within their estate. Boats were brought up, and nets used to catch the fish, which were cooked alongside the water.

Sir Daniel was a keen and observant business man; he had his friends in high places, to whom he sent presents of such delicacies as char-pies. In his diaries and account-books we are told the exact amount he paid for a dozen fish, the number used in a pie, the cost of spices, cooking, and even their carriage to London by coach. He must have smiled to himself at the way in which some friends used to ask for char-pie at a time when the fish were in a condition unfit for food. But char was so heavily seasoned that the natural flavour must have been the only one missing.

Rydal Hall has had some interesting visitors. The Queen of Holland and her consort came here a few years ago to enjoy a summer holiday away from the pomp and business of Courts.

Just beside the road, where the Rydal Park beck comes through a culvert to join the Rothay, there is a lovely clear pool which is worth seeing. The alders, birches, beeches, willows, and oaks make a fine background, no matter what may be the season; and away in the distance is a tuft of Scots fir with rose-pink

stems and close, blue-green umbrage. The larch is comparatively "the poor man of the woods," for though in the Lake Country in spring it has "the green which God gives . . . as green as He is good," the condition soon passes, and the winter trim is ragged and washed-out brown. Wordsworth disliked the tree, considering it an alien, and unwanted at that. In some ways this is true, but the timber value of the larch is much greater than that of slow-growing oak and ash, and therefore great plantations are common. The seedlings of the harder timber have to take their chance after the great stems are felled and cleared away. This natural wood reclothes the gullies and ledges of the rocks and climbs along the streams into the heart of the hills, coming to an end at about 1500 feet. The larch, however, sustains growth to about 1800 feet, and even higher.

The Rydal of to-day is a different hamlet to that to which Wordsworth came in 1813. He lived there until his death, in 1850. Rydal had its industry. Here was the "forge hammer with its thumping sound," which could be heard far and wide over the woods. The old ale-house had disappeared a long time before. The landlord had heard that soldiers were on the march, and by pulling down his sign he avoided his duty of billeting them. The squire-owner was furious, and refused to allow the signboard to be erected again. The house of Rydal Mount (where Wordsworth lived) has been a good deal changed, both inside and out, and is not shown to the public. Occasionally there is access to the gardens, which are practically in the state in which Wordsworth left them. There is still the terrace walk to the moss-lined shed and forward to the fell under Nab Scar, and the lawn

so shaded with trees that it is never quite free from dappled light. The gate of Rydal Mount is a little above the entrance to Rydal Hall, and on the opposite side of the steep road.

During the lifetime of the poet Rydal Mount was a notable place, and many famous authors came there.

> The censer of the public incense was constantly swinging at the great poet's door; he professed to feel annoyance at the somewhat obtrusive homage of the world, but he nevertheless quietly enjoyed it.

Wordsworth was no study poet; he never seemed able to compose indoors, and his verses were shaped and written down by the faithful sister Dorothy as they walked on the terraces and paths round Rydal. The famous brother was rare in his application of pen to paper, chiefly on account of weak eyes, which would never allow him to concentrate on composition in the way of other poets. This disability showed very early in life, and caused stoppage of his University studies.

Every ridge and rock round Rydal was familiar to the poet. It is said that the woodcutters were constantly afraid of his objection to destroying certain trees, and the builders of his condemnation for breaking up finely placed boulders for the purpose of making stone fences and house walls. It was at Rydal Mount that Wordsworth wrote many of his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, the *Ode to Lycoris*, *The Longest Day*, *The Haunted Tree*, *The Cuckoo Clock*, *To the Clouds*, *The Mountain Echo*, *The Parrot and the Wren*, some of the *Poems on the Naming of Places*, and that touching sonnet on Wansfell which we have already quoted. Doubtless the poem which best describes the home of his later years and old age is the "Evening Voluntary."

One can never look across from Rydal garden to the distant Crinkle Crags without remembering the lines:

> Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
> Present a glorious scale
> Climbing suffused with sunny air
> To stop—no record hath told where !
> And tempting fancy to ascend
> And with immortal spirits blend.

There were other great spirits at Rydal Mount—" the dear, dear sister " Dorothy, whose self-sacrifice gave the genius the opportunity of coming to the surface. Wordsworth was no soaring genius of literature; he came in unobtrusively at the foot of the ladder, and only a few knew the difficulty and diffidence with which he rose step by step. Throughout his life sister Dorothy was his scribe, and to her is due the expression of the poetry he made. Indeed, the old country-folks used to declare that she was " the poeter—nut he," and declared too that she built up into understandable form the thoughts he uttered during their rambles. It was Wordsworth's custom to pace out a few yards according to the metre of his composition, and then to mumble to himself, " Bum—bum—bum; mappen eight steps forret, then roond and bum—bum—bum back again." Dorothy survived her brother for some years, but at the end her mind wandered, and she became rather helpless.

The poet's wife, Mary Hutchinson, has perhaps had less than justice—because to some extent she had to act the part of Martha, being the only practical person in a rather inconsequent household, whose minds were usually high above details. She had to make ends meet when resources were small and the family of children many. And she came through the trials with

a steady glow, though she was so silent that one visitor to Rydal Mount said he believed that the only things she said or could say was "God bless you" at the parting. Her two geniuses, husband and sister-in-law, looked up to her for everything outside the narrow groove of literary work.

There are many walks which Wordsworth used—for instance, that he shared with the shepherds going from the Hall and Hart Head Farm to Grasmere. It is a wonderful march when "stepping westward," as one always wants to be. This path had its own entrance from Rydal Mount garden. Others climb up the incline to the farm at its head, then turn left, and gradually descend to White Moss and Town End, Grasmere. It is a lovely walk, with a fine outlook to the hills, and with the little lake deep below, but one cannot declare that it is better than the walk from the hamlet alongside the mere of Rydal. The terrace walk is certainly quieter, for one would have to be afoot early to find the great road without some traffic rumbling or roaring along.

Along the road the first cluster of oak-trees to the left covers a protrusion of rock which is known as Wordsworth's Seat. Here the poet is said to have composed several of the evening and sunset pieces which have endured. It is certainly a lovely view-point. The lakelet is quite near, and in its stretch is the rib of rocks covered with pines and alders on which, in Wordsworth's time, the tall grey herons nested, and no doubt made the hollow resound with their clamour. The place became too noisy for them; and sixty years ago they departed, though, except at nesting-time, birds are quite regularly seen in the bays, fishing for small trout, frogs, etc. Wordsworth was the poet of

all nature, and his lines on birds and flowers have rarely the errors which seem inevitable in the work of less skilled writers. Every rock and nook and tree and stream, every bird and flower and tuft of moss and lichen, has been used to show the outer world what a jewel of beauty this Lake Country is. And the writer chose his topics well, enriched them with an imagination perhaps almost equal to that of Shakespeare, and certainly outstanding beyond any other rival in our literature.

At Nab Cottage, just where the lake comes close to the road and there is a farm on the opposite side beneath a shade of sycamores, lived De Quincey after his marriage to the daughter of the house, and later here lodged the impish Hartley Coleridge, whose vagaries we have mentioned.

Let us take De Quincey first. He visited the Lake Country in 1807, stayed longer in the following year, and took the tenancy of Dove Cottage, Grasmere, in 1809, when Wordsworth left it. De Quincey had by that time contracted the habit of opium-eating, which was to wreck his life. Unlike Wordsworth, he consorted much with his humble neighbours, and he was an intimate friend of the owner of Nab Farm as early as 1814. It was Margaret Simpson, whose mother inherited the place, that De Quincey married in 1817. He checked his opium habits for a year, but by 1818 he was drinking up to 12,000 drops per day! His wife "was a woman of a steady mind, tender, and deep in her excess of love," though she was ten years his junior. In 1818 De Quincey was placed in editorial charge of the new Tory newspaper, *The Westmorland Gazette*, and the connexion, as a regular post, ended the following year. The writer then travelled to Edin-

burgh and on to London, endeavouring to secure a living by his pen, and in 1821 the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* made him famous. Though the tenancy of Dove Cottage continued, his wife and children were now at a cottage under Loughrigg. In 1825, however, they had to return to the old quarters so cramped by books. Two years later De Quincey was negotiating for Nab Farm, and in 1829 he entered into possession. The financial arrangements he made were deplorable —De Quincey could never distinguish between capital and income, and soon there was difficulty with the mortgagee, a Mr Gerald Pendlebury of Manchester. The farm remained nominally in De Quincey's possession for a couple of years, during which he removed his family to Edinburgh. De Quincey's mother paid off arrears of interest on the mortgage, but in 1833 the farm was offered for sale at Ambleside, and ultimately became part of the Rydal Hall estate.

Afterward Hartley Coleridge was a lodger there, and Wordsworth and his wife looked after the quaint little figure of a man as far as possible. A few shillings per week were paid for the lodgings, and the Wordsworths had to see that the small balance of money from the remittance was not improperly spent. Hartley was too erratic to be entrusted with more than a few shillings at a time. If money came down from *Blackwood's* or *Tait's* or any other magazine he was more than likely to disappear from his usual haunts for a term of weeks, until the last coin was spent. Hartley had genius; some of his verse has great power, but it is not sustained, and has hardly been remembered.

At the end Hartley perished from his indulgences. Coming home from Ambleside, he turned aside into a hut near Scandale Brow, and lay down on the hay to

sleep off his potations. Next morning the place was locked up, and Hartley was not rescued for more than twenty-four hours. He was found quite weak and spent, and never recovered from the shock and exposure. Wordsworth, who had been assailed in former years for a too close handling of Hartley's money, and who had suffered from Hartley's impish parodies, was sorrowful indeed for the loss of one whose very infirmities and waywardness made for love. He himself chose Hartley's final resting-place in Grasmere churchyard, saying to the sexton, "Place him somewhere near us; we are all old now, and likely to go soon, and he would have liked to be among us."

Beyond Nab Cottage the road rises quietly to White Moss, which is still open country, though not to the extent that it was in Wordsworth's time. It is still the camping-place of all the Lake Country gipsies and potters; and, indeed, the congregation of tents and caravans has become almost a nuisance. It was here that Wordsworth, through Dorothy his scribe, wrote the *Beggars*, with a tinker-wife and her merry lads as topic. White Moss was the scene of De Quincey's curious experience, of two tall men with spears chasing on horseback a white bull. It was no hallucination, however (whatever his crocodiles may have been), for Christopher North and another crazy fellow had mounted their ponies and galloped the great bull all the way from the Rydal valley. The beast sauntered home none the worse for the chase, which was renewed more than once.

White Moss Quarry, with its waterfall, was a favourite haunt of Wordsworth's, and hereabouts are still the "Glow Worm" and "Primrose" rocks, which gave him subjects for lines of skilled observation and

poetry. The *Poems on the Naming of Places* were written on Rydalmere subjects for the most part—Point Rash Judgment and Joanna's Rock being merely two in sight from this quarry of White Moss.

It is tempting to go forward to Grasmere at once; it is just over the low ridge in front, but the Loughrigg shore of Rydal Water merits a visit. The poet often went there by Pelter Bridge (just at the Ambleside end of Rydal village), for the little foot-bridge nearer the outlet of the lake was probably not in existence at the time. This west side affords a delightful walk in spring; the cart-track from Pelter Bridge passes among short oaks, which in spring are delicate gold and in autumn reddest of fires. The path clings close to the shore, giving good views across to Nab Scar, but after all the views are not so fine as those on the noisier road beneath the hill. As a native of the Lake Country, and an inveterate night wanderer, one knows how beautiful these much-visited places are at, say, sunrise, before the traffic begins to rumble past. At such a time one may see the fox come down from its bield on the scar, and daintily trip along the field alongside the road before turning away toward the coppices outside which the rabbits give a better chance of breakfast. The squirrels are not so early astir, but they have their hour before the road begins to roar and echo with traffic.

The western path now rises from the lakes, passes the tracks for a few quarries, and then turns to the right to the White Moss bridge, where access is easily had to the great road which is now curving toward Penny Rock and Grasmere. At this bridge over the Rothay one may stop and notice the swift water—to anglers this stream is a scene of wondrous tales. Long

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ago the dalesmen came here, we are told, and seemed to have gathered up great loads of lake trout, sometimes of the individual weight of a dozen pounds. We do not find such beauties in these days. And on occasion there has been a record of great runs of salmon up this bit of connecting stream to Grasmere. The hollow down which the river rustles is very pretty indeed, with the woods of Red Bank at the end of the vista. The route round Rydal Water was one of Wordsworth's favourite rambles. Often on a dark winter night the dalesfolk used to see a lantern travelling slowly on the far shore. They knew that it was the poet and his sister enjoying the marvels of a night ramble—and mighty impressive such a walk can be. The glory of midnight on the shore of Rydal Water has to be experienced to be believed; there is a star-studded vault of blue, a bronze gloom on the hills, sharp lines for the crests and ridges, and then down at one's feet a steely expanse of water mirroring the high stars of heaven itself.

EARLY MORNING, RYDAL WATER

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INTERIOR OF DOVE COTTAGE

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CHAPTER VI

WORDSWORTHSHIRE—*continued*

Grasmere—Dove Cottage, where the poet's best short verse was written—Allan Bank—The poet's grave—Other visitors to Grasmere (Scott, etc.).

GRASMERE is probably the most delightful of all coves among the fells. The tourist to-day usually comes into it at a low level, rounding the corner of Penny Rock, where years ago the firing of a chance blast in road-making gave Wordsworth the motive for some fine lines on rolling sounds and echoes. The approach to Grasmere still remains a surprise and a surprising view. The traveller has been aware for some distance that Nature is brooding a plot, but who would have expected the level plain of silver lake, the distant grey-slated village, farms with white walls and green sycamores, and the great fells rising in the background? Red Bank is beautiful indeed, and so is the purple scree and soaring ridge of Silver Howe. The little island in the lake stands just far enough back to fit into the picture without losing its character as a green holm on which a few sheep graze in peace. In Wordsworth's time this piece of road was very quiet, for the first houses were his own cluster at Town End. Now they are preceded by the Prince of Wales Hotel and several large residences.

Town End is associated with the Wordsworths from their first settlement in the Lake Country. After the poet had had several domiciles in Somerset, etc., with

Coleridge and had spent some time travelling on the Continent he decided to come north, and with his sister Dorothy made a tour of old familiar scenes. The boy William had come through Grasmere from Cockermouth on the way to school at Hawkshead, and of course knew the roads well. Soon after the visit, in 1799, Dorothy and William settled at Dove Cottage, Town End, which they had chosen on their tour. Here a water-drinking poet had a wee house which not long before had been a wayside inn with the sign of the Dove and Olive Branch.

To-day the cottage is a museum well filled with relics of the poet; and every care is taken of the garden where Wordsworth worked with so much loving energy that he changed its character altogether. The cottage is small, with few rooms and low ceilings, and to modern ideas rather gloomy. In one small alcove Wordsworth had his library, but the whole vale was rather his study, and he observed and thought for himself rather than made use of printed pages. The little well and other famous nooks in the grounds are pointed out, and the plants are the descendants of the wildlings he loved and brought from lake and fell to deck his little home.

In 1802, when his fortunes improved by the settlement of his father's claim against the Lowther family, Wordsworth brought his bride, Mary Hutchinson, to Dove Cottage; and here most of their children were born. It was in the cottage, or in "that orchard-garden eminently fair," that such pieces as *Hart-leap Well*, *The Green Linnet*, *The Brothers*, *Michael*, *Daffodils*, the ode on *Intimations of Immortality*, the conclusion of *The Prelude*, and the opening of *The Excursion* were written. Some of

these pieces will last as long as English literature is remembered.

In 1808 the family had to remove to Allan Bank, on the hillside west of the village, and there the greater part of *The Excursion* was written. Three years later there was another removal, to the vicarage opposite Grasmere Church, where two of their small children died. After this the poet could not settle at Grasmere, and so Rydal Mount was leased, and remained his headquarters to the end of his life.

Helm Crag, the church at Grasmere, Silver Howe, the sheepfolds on the side of Fairfield, Dunmail Raise, and Easedale, all have their place in Wordsworth's verse. But the poet himself was almost unknown, except to the literary *coteries* round Windermere and Keswick. The period of life at Dove Cottage was marked by quiet living, for the family resources were slender and the demands many. They had visitors, too. De Quincey came over from Coniston, but when almost within sight of the house he was afflicted with a sudden shyness, which sent him back in terror. However, he came again, and has described for us, in elaborate detail, all the amenities of the little cottage in which the Wordsworths dwelt, and he has given us pictures of the poet, his wife, and sister Dorothy which reveal both love and understanding. De Quincey succeeded Wordsworth as the tenant of Dove Cottage, and rapidly crammed it with thousands of volumes.

There were other visitors—Christopher North from Elleray, Robert Southey from Keswick, and Walter Scott from beyond the Border. And each visitor was as thoroughly impressed with the great mind of the poet who lived so humbly as was, say, the American

Emerson, who found the poet in his later years living in more spacious surroundings and with better resources at Rydal Mount. Scott came to the vale in 1805, and with Wordsworth he climbed "the dark brow of mighty Helvellyn," and talked about the fidelity of the little terrier which for weeks guarded the body of Charles Gough after the terrible fall from the rocks of Striding Edge. There are notes, rather later, about a family excursion, with the children carried in carts up the long lane toward the mountain—also a rather mischievous tale, that on this trip the landlord of the wayside inn accosted Scott with the remark "Ye've com early for your glass to-day," as the Wizard had been in the habit of dropping in for something more stimulating than the drink provided at Dove Cottage. Coleridge once turned up at Town End after a long night-march along the whole ridge of Helvellyn, of which he has left a description which, in the pictures of stark loneliness, is striking indeed.

Grasmere's lake is but small—one mile long by half a mile wide—but it is larger than Rydal. There are boats at the Prince of Wales Hotel, also at a landing on the Langdale road near the village. The fishing can hardly be described as first class, though there is good sport when the mayfly is 'up,' and also early in the season. The fish are mostly trout, with some pike and perch which are but little noticed by anglers. There is more attractive fishing in some of the mountain tarns within reach of Grasmere. Easedale, for instance, has good reputation, and so has Grisedale Tarn, over the pass toward Patterdale. The streams which come into the vale are small, and angling is mostly with worm in flood-time, but a little can be done with the dry fly. The trout, however, are often

confined in clear, restricted pools and reaches, and do not grow to even a moderate size.

From either boating-stage there is a short cut by water to the foot of Red Bank, where a steep track ascends to the Crescent path from Rydal and White Moss. It will save time and give a good view of the quiet vale and its fringing hills to be rowed across the lake to this point.

As a centre for hill-walkers, Grasmere is excellent. There are roads to Keswick over Dunmail Raise, and to Ambleside by the side of the lake; a steep route up Red Bank to Langdale and Coniston; there are also roads over White Moss, the western one passing the famous Wishing Gate, which, however, has lost most of its romance because it is now overlooked by a residence perched among its larches. The view, however, is really wonderful, and a walk across this neck of rock, woodland, and common is an essential part of a Grasmere sojourn. The lane which passes from the village to Dove Cottage is followed to the common, when a farm to the right is passed and the Wishing Gate Lane entered. The descent is to White Moss, and a return can be made by the quarry and up the steep track to the little tarn where Wordsworth used to exercise with skates even as an old man. "What did Muster Wudsworth say to thee?" was asked a small boy who had carried the master's skates from Rydal Mount. "Nay, nowt! . . . but I sa' him tum'le."

There is a certain amount of open ground at White Moss, to the higher corner of which comes the shepherd's path so much used by Wordsworth and Dorothy. There are other paths out of Grasmere vale—by Easedale Tarn and over the fells to Dungeon Ghyll, in

Langdale; by Far Easedale and over Greenup Edge to Borrowdale, at Rosthwaite; by Tongue Ghyll to Patterdale down the Grisedale track. There is also access to many ridges—Helvellyn is a regular ascent, the walk outward being shortened to the minimum by use of the Keswick motor-bus to Wythburn. Fairfield is another of Grasmere's mountains, being easily reached from the head of Tongue Ghyll, following a faint path beside the fence to the right to the summit. Helm Crag is an easy hour's wandering, but one can make it a longer trip by following along the ridge and dropping either into Far Easedale or the northern side for Wythburn Head.

The great sight at Grasmere is the poet's grave beneath the solid green yew-trees between the grey church and the whispering stream of Rothay. There is no flamboyant description; there is no statuary; not even an epitaph. The grave is marked by a mere slab of slate, not unlike that of any farmer or neighbour of Grasmere village, with names and dates. William Wordsworth died in 1850; Dorothy followed him in 1855; and his widow followed four years later. Dora Quillinan was Wordsworth's only daughter to survive to full age; she married Edward Quillinan in 1841, and died six years later. Near the graves of the Wordsworths is the grave of Hartley Coleridge, with a pathetic quotation on the cross: "By Thy Cross and Passion."

The church at Grasmere is described particularly in Book V of *The Excursion*. It is a plain, rectangular building, with a low, square, battlemented tower. Inside it is divided into two by tiers of open arches, surmounted "by naked rafters intricately crossed." The church is plain within, and stands for no archi-

tectural beauty. Its chief interest inside is the monument to Wordsworth, with its medallion portrait and inscription by Keble.

Beside the stone "William Wordsworth" there are ten others, with the names of his sister, of the two children he lost in 1812, of his daughter Dora, her husband and step-daughter; of his sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, and finally his youngest son, William, with *his* wife and their son. There are now two other family graves for the next generation.

> Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
> O Rotha, with thy living wave!
> Sing him thy best! for few or none
> Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

In the village of Grasmere itself there is little of interest. It is entirely given over to hotels, such as the Rothay, Red Lion, Dale Lodge, Moss Grove (temperance), in the village, with the Swan (half a mile out on the Keswick road) and lodging-houses of all types, and accommodating a great host in busy times. Of course, there are the necessary shops, etc., but little of industry. The Vicarage, which was one of the poet's homes, has been entirely changed, but at Allan Bank the rooms used by Wordsworth are identifiable. They are at the front of the house, overlooking church and lake. Allan Bank is not shown to the public.

The bridge, which brings heavy traffic into the village, has been widened again and again. Perhaps the level flag-topped wall round God's Acre is the same; and the cottage where "famous gingerbread" is sold may have suffered more from ivy and decay than from alterations. In Wordsworth's time it was the village school, and as one of the managers he must have visited the master and scholars in the little upper

room. The present school is on the other side of Rothay, a modern building of much greater proportions. Yet in the back lanes even of Grasmere there are still a few cottages of the old type, with small windows, low ceilings, thick stone walls all whitewashed outside, and with blue flagstones in front of their doors. In these days Grasmere has its Institute, in which is kept Frank Bramley's famous painting of *The Rush-bearing*, purchased by public subscription and vested in the National Trust. There are public tennis-courts in the field next to the Institute and War Memorial.

Each February a dialect play is given in the Institute, and the sequence has been practically continuous since 1900 (except during the War years and one other year). In a field near Dove Cottage corner is held, on the third Thursday in August, the famous Grasmere Sports, where wrestling in the local style, a guides' race up the steep Butter Crags, a hound trail along the fellsides, and other local amusements are carried out. The best athletes south of the Border compete here, and the scene is animated and well staged. The Rush-bearing on the Saturday nearest St Oswald's Day is another occasion for rejoicing, both for the children, who gather wild rushes and flowers and walk in the procession, and for their parents and hundreds of visitors. The setting is pretty indeed, and on a fine day there is a wealth of colour.

Grasmere vale is well favoured in the way of footpaths; practically every field seems to have a right of way, and the rambler has plenty of liberty so long as gates are closed, crops not trampled, and fences are not broken. Butterlip Howe, just outside the village, is a typical rocky tor with a fine view over the houses

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GRASMERE CHURCH: WINTER

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GRASMERE, FROM THE TOP OF HELM CRAG

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and church to the lake; there is a splendid ramble up to Easedale Tarn (about an hour's walk, but usually given an afternoon or evening). Tea may be had in summer at a little hut among the boulders on the tarn-side. The waterfall of Sour Milk Ghyll is passed about half-way on the trip. In wet weather it is a striking splash indeed. The ascent of Helm Crag has already been mentioned. It is usually made from near the foot-bridge of stone-flags which crosses Easedale Beck. The lane next to the boat-landings on the Langdale road is key to several walks and climbs and their variations. It is a route direct to Langdale Church and village, to the top of Silver Howe, and to Score Crags and Blind Tarn Ghyll. Indeed, once the walker is above cultivation point the way anywhere is open to him or her.

Tongue Ghyll, on the other side of the vale, is rather pretty in itself, but the best cascade is rather spoilt by the Manchester Corporation's pipe-line cutting through the rocks close by. By Tongue Ghyll there is a route to Patterdale by Grisedale, and to Helvellyn top from the foot of Grisedale Tarn. It is easy to ramble about the coves of the hill here, or to make a rough traverse south to the ghyll in Fairfield, which contains the famous sheepfold described in Wordsworth's *Michael*. A lane from the Swan Hotel reaches the same cleft and point more easily and directly, and is followed as one of the many routes to the common and the ridge of Fairfield. By this route it is possible to cross the ridge into the Rydal valley, but few people care to do this.

Seat Sandal and Steel Fell, right and left of Dunmail Raise and the road to Keswick, are rarely climbed, and, in any case, the effort is scarcely worth while. The

views can be obtained from better situations. There is a walk by field-tracks from the village beneath the foot of Helm Crag which is enjoyable, especially if the track is followed up to Town Head and to the little cottage half-way up Dunmail Raise, which was once a toll-bar. There are many other variations, tracing the courses of almost nameless streams into the recesses of the fells, looking at tiny but exquisite waterfalls on the way, and learning something of the typical bird, flower, and insect life of the dales country at the same time.

Now it is time to take the road to Keswick, which threads up the valley and crosses Dunmail Raise into Cumberland. Tongue Ghyll is the first great break into the fells on the right-hand side; it comes just beyond the Traveller's Rest Inn, and there is an indicator on a barn showing the lane past a private house. This was Wordsworth's path to Ullswater and Penrith, and he often came this way. On one occasion he came with his brother John, who was on his way, after a leave with his brother, to join a ship for the Indies. At Grisedale Tarn the brothers parted, in the hope of a speedy reunion, but John and his ship were lost within sight of home, in the English Channel. A generation ago a bronze tablet was placed on the rock below Grisedale Tarn, which is the traditional "Parting-place." Later some foolish and unknown persons tore the bronze away and threw it into the tarn near by. It was seen on the bottom, rescued, and a few years ago was restored to its rightful place.

On the left of the Keswick road the great view is of course Helm Crag. From the Swan Hotel in particular the rocks at its peak look striking, and have been called the Lion and the Lamb. Away up Dunmail Raise, at

a different angle, "a witch bending over her cauldron" is seen. If one has climbed the Crag, however, one is aware that there is no great rock at all, but a congregation of loose blocks and short cliffs which together make a rather unstable mound.

Wordsworth knew this road over Dunmail Raise very well; and there is record that his sister Dorothy came over here from Keswick at a speed of more than four miles an hour—not bad going for a woman no longer young. Dorothy, however, was in fine training, for with her brother she often went on long rambles over the fells. Mrs Wordsworth was not at all keen on walking, and preferred to attend to the necessary domestic affairs of the household. The glimpses back to Grasmere are very interesting. Thomas Gray, perhaps, gives the prettiest picture of old Grasmere, without a change, as seen from the Raise. He came here in October 1769, the year before Wordsworth was born. Gray writes:

> The bosom of the mountains, spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grasmere Water; its margin is hollowed into small bays with eminences; some of them rocks, some of soft turf; that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees and hedges, and cattle fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farmhouse at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaming gentleman's house or garden walls

> break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its neatest, most becoming attire.

If it is recalled that Gray wrote this in a mere letter to a friend who had been compelled to return half-way from a much-desired tour of the Lakes, the description is more wonderful. There is an error about the rock and the promontory, for Gray entirely mistook the position of Butterlip Howe (the rock) and the island in the lake (the promontory). The view of Grasmere vale without a great house is somewhat difficult to visualize, though it cannot be declared that the presence of man in large dwellings has entirely spoilt the outlook. The few great houses in the vale seem likely to become (as in other districts in Britain) rest-houses and holiday homes for city-dwellers in years to come. They are too big to staff and keep up as private houses on modern lines.

When traffic is absent Dunmail Raise is a fine walk, but the risk in these days is to find string after string of motor-cars, large and small, toiling up and sliding down the steep incline. There are just a few characteristic houses on the roadside. The Swan Hotel has already been mentioned; also the Traveller's Rest Inn. At Tongue Ghyll there are signs of an older house, and the archæologists tell us that a Roman street passed through the gap on its way to Keswick and the Derwent camps of the legions. However, the road cannot be definitely traced. Probably it is buried under the foundations of later constructions. The level trough of the Raise is sometimes a veritable cavern of the winds, rain, and sleet, with mist rolling on the slopes above and even swirling on the track. The great pile of stones just beyond the humpbacked

bridge is the cairn of King Dunmail, who, legend says, was killed here in battle with the Saxons, who tried to invade his Cumberland. There is a legend too that the King was betrayed by his own leaders, and that he sent his crown, with a few faithful guards, to be thrown into Grisedale Tarn, so that the Saxon should not capture and wear it. The little party of warriors burst out of the battle, found their way over the stormy Seat Sandal, and lowered the crown into the tarn. There is a ghostly sequel. Every year, on the anniversary of the battle, the guards return, draw the crown from the deep pool, and bring it down to the pile of stones on the Raise, beneath which Dunmail and his men are lying. There is a knock on the pile, and the guard report to the King their presence and the presence of his crown. But each time the reply has been, "Not yet. Wait awhile, my warriors."

CHAPTER VII

THIRLMERE AND VALE OF ST JOHN

Wordsworth and *The Waggoner*—Wythburn Church—Rock of Names—Rossetti and Sir Hall Caine—Scott's *Bridal of Triermain*—Dialect poets.

Over Dunmail Raise the road enters Cumberland, and soon the end of the long incline seems to be closed by a sheet of water—which is Thirlmere. There is Blencathra, or Saddleback, beyond, with Skiddaw to the left, two giants indeed. Helvellyn, which is higher and nearer than either, is not so imposing, being merely one of several up-slanting hillsides, and not showing its top at all. The old road over Dunmail Raise has been considerably changed since the Corporation of Manchester took over the entire watershed as a supply for its citizens. The old road bent here and there, but the new route has gentle curves, and is so broad and open that there is no mystery about the track as there used to be. Here and there one has glimpses of ruined bridges and double walls which mark the old track. At one place there is a tuft of Scots pine which was our landmark to a stone which records that one horse of a Rydal pair fell dead at its task. There was Rydal-written verse as well, but it was by William Ball, and not by the poet Wordsworth. The route from Dunmail to Thirlmere slants easily, but the ground which was formerly sheep-walk is now entirely under conifer, and in a few years the outlook

will be considerably spoilt by dull and uniform trees.

Before Manchester began its alterations Thirlmere was a mere trifle of lake: two long pools, with a stream wriggling through a bog between them. Now the surface has been raised over fifty feet, and the lake is more than four miles long. In the process of impounding the ancient bridges across the bog-stream and the old haunted house at Armboth, with other buildings and farms, have been buried under water. At Wythburn the cottage which was the site of the old Cherry Tree Inn (and mentioned in Wordsworth's *Waggoner*) went under in the first inundation. There is little to see about modern Thirlmere. The excellent roads which go on terraces east and west of the water command some good views, but there is little encouragement to loiter. Indeed, the one licensed house at Wythburn, the Nag's Head, was closed in the year 1929, because the water reached up to the back door. We are to have tea-rooms on the old licensed site, from which the easy path up Helvellyn starts. The first house in the Thirlmere basin is the vicarage, but it is easily missed in the deep tangle of its shrubbery, and in any case is not important. The church opposite the inn, four hundred yards away, is more likely to be seen.

This is really the only building of interest left in the valley. It was originally a small edifice of the ordinary dales type, but a century ago a chancel was added, and a belfry. It is situated on the higher side of the road, and is therefore not troubled by threats of inundation as yet; Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Matthew Arnold have each mentioned the little church. In Wordsworth's *Waggoner* Wythburn's modest house of prayer, no larger than a common dwelling, is men-

tioned. The hero passes it on the stroke of midnight, before entering the merry-night festivities at the Cherry Tree, on the road half a mile away. Hartley Coleridge perhaps summed up the place best:

> Humble it is and meek and very low,
> And speaks its purpose with a single bell,
> But God Himself, and He alone, doth know,
> If spiry temples please Him half so well.

From Wythburn a path goes to the top of Helvellyn (an easy hour and a half away), so thoroughly beaten that it can hardly be lost in mist or even in storm. On a clear day most people make an obvious short cut up the plantation to a gap in the wall between two torrents, and so escape the grind of the zigzag pony-track. The same route can be used for return, but this side of Helvellyn is safe enough, except for the fans of loose scree, which are alarming to novices. There is an alternative route from the top of Dunmail Raise, up the side of the boundary wall between the counties to Seat Sandal, which is long but easy, and reaches the peak in two hours from the Raise. There is, however, not much of a path, merely a few stones put together here and there as guides.

Another point of interest at Wythburn is the stone seat erected in memory of Matthew Arnold, who passed this way to Watendlath and "the cheerful silence of the fells." Just beyond the Straining Well on the Keswick road there is a cairn pitched on a boulder which contains cemented together the fragments of the Rock of Names: W. W. for William Wordsworth; M. H. for Mary Hutchinson, his affianced bride; D. W. for Dorothy, the poet's sister; S. T. C. for Samuel Taylor Coleridge; J. W. for John

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WYTHBURN CHURCH, THIRLMERE

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MAY IN LAKELAND: THE HOME PASTURES

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Wordsworth, the sailor-brother; and S. H. for Sarah Hutchinson, Mary's sister. Wordsworth enshrined the incident, after his sailor-brother's death, in *The Rock of Names*:

> Long as for us a genial feeling
> Survives, or one in need of healing,
> The power, Dear Rock, around thee cast,
> Thy monumental power, shall last
> For me and mine.

Robert Southey and Thomas De Quincey were often in the parties from Cumberland and Westmorland which met here by the old road through Wythburn and past the Cherry Tree Inn. At a later period F. W. Faber also came, and found the place rather sad. This Wythburn road was the only route alongside Thirlmere in the old time. There was a cart-track to West Head, and another across the bog-stream to Armboth Hall, but the rest of the way was rough and broken fellside.

Over the incline which begins at the Straining Well is a steep descent to the vale of Legberthwaite, with the water pouring down Helvellyn Ghyll (now cruelly trapped in a cement culvert, which carries it direct to Thirlmere instead of into its own dale). The inn at Legberthwaite has been rebuilt many a time since its landlord invited a visitor to travel on. "How far is it to the Nag's Head?" "Only the length of the Neck" (the local name for three miles of rough and dark road). Fisher Place, which is Dalehead's post-office, was the refuge of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who sojourned there in the later days of his life; indeed, he completed his last volume of poems in the house. Sir Hall Caine was at Keswick in those days, and there

is a record of his visit to the poet, who was entranced by the scenery about him.

This country round Legberthwaite has been worked into Sir Hall Caine's early novel *The Shadow of a Crime*. At that time the great Manxman lived at Keswick, and appeared to be about to write a great series of Lake Country novels. However, he soon left the district, but not before he had welded some of the old customs and legends into a notable piece of fiction. He described the old funerals, and particularly one where the corpse was strapped on the back of a pony; the *cortège* was enveloped in a sudden snowstorm, and the pony separated. Days later it was found, with coffin still in position, among the hills, and the corpse was brought back for burial. A grisly, but not impossible, incident at a time when the mountain tracks were non-existent, and even the shepherds travelled by landmarks rather than by any other signs.

There is another story of a cave high above Legberthwaite. A wandering pedlar came to the inn at Wythburn (probably the Cherry Tree) and showed some money. In the company were a father and son of Legberthwaite, men of poor character, covetous and violent. The pedlar went out with them, and next morning was found in the lake, without money or other possessions. His pack had also disappeared. In those days it was nobody's duty to prosecute if the victim were a stranger, so the men were not brought to trial. However, they found public opinion so harsh that they had to leave their home and take refuge in a cave in the rocks. After a while the younger man disappeared, and was later seen in Alston and Newcastle, but the elder was always unable to leave the place, being haunted by the ghost, it was said, of his victim.

He died on the hillside, of exposure after a carouse to drive away the maddening wraith of the pedlar.

The next miles are along the vale, with Helvellyn drawing back from view and the great wall of Blencathra gradually rising higher and higher at the other end of the trough. The stream is a delightfully clear companion, and though its course has been much hampered by the building of the trunk-road it is worth seeing. At length the Bure comes in from the gap of Thirlmere, and the trough becomes the vale of St John, with the great pile of shattered rock which Scott and others have designated a castle. The poet, indeed, introduced it most forcefully into his *Bridal of Triermain*, one of the best descriptions of Lakeland ever written, with its allusions to Ullswater and this great fortress where hard-hearted maidens were immured for their misconduct, which turned a friendly joust into a bloody conflict.

To the poet of the Border was revealed the vision of a knight, pure and without reproach, who would find the gates and walls at the magic hour of sunset, and who would drive through the portals of rock into the great hall beyond, where the maidens are sitting awaiting such a deliverer. Scott was very fond of this northern edge of the Lake Country; it was in sight of his own Border-land, had the same traditions of battle and feud and foray, and was full of castles and peels and defensible church-towers. It has been suggested that Walter Scott used his own love romance to embellish a tale of other days.

From Threlkeld (beloved of mountain fox-hunters) the lower course of the river (which has now become the Greta) is through a gorge worn by the waters, but before entering that route to Keswick it is better to

wander farther east, up the Glenderaterra and Glenderamakin, to a shelf of mountain and moor which is lovely and lonely too. The country east of Threlkeld changes. There is a little belt of metalliferous rock which has been mined, and this has spoilt the countryside, though nature has tried hard to erase the marks of works, tips, and hacks. Beyond the lead area come the smooth, granite lands, with little shape for hills and less for gorges. In a few miles the traveller can be out on the featureless Matterdale Common, with just the coves of Blencathra as a piece of good scenery.

Now let us hie back again to Wythburn, and take interest in the western road, which leads from Grasmere to Keswick. This road has fine views of Helvellyn across the waters of Thirlmere, and climbs along the rocky hillsides, with birch and larch and pine timbers above and below. There are several viewpoints on this stretch of road, at the cuttings through the rocks beyond West Head, and again near Launchy Ghyll, where a stream almost hidden in green forest comes down with some force.

The farmer of West Head is "Master of Helvellyn," by virtue of a sheep-holding which extends right along the great mountain. His sheep-walk cannot be less than a dozen miles from one extremity to the other, and most of it is over 2000 feet above the sea, rising to 3000 feet on Helvellyn. Beyond his farmhouse there are no other houses near the lake. Armboth was one of the last to disappear, when Manchester's engineers raised the water-level for the last time. It was at Armboth that Harriet Martineau told the tale of many and powerful ghosts, assembling at unholy hours and lighting up the windows of the farm with weird flickers, flashes, and blazes. Armboth, however, was

no bloodstained Border tower. It had no obvious connexion with past crimes, so far as record goes; and why it should be so haunted seems incomprehensible. The farmers who lived in the place were often quite unaware that lights were dancing in the windows, dazzling people on the tracks across the dale.

The great dam which Manchester has thrown across the dale to make the Thirlmere Reservoir is 260 yards in length and 100 feet from foundation to summit. The lowest course is fifty feet wide, but the top is tapered to twenty feet only, leaving a narrow track for vehicles. Before any works were made the lake was only 330 acres. A lift of twenty feet made it 568 acres, while a lift of thirty-five feet made it 679 acres. Now, raised to the limit of fifty feet above the old level, the waters cover 793 acres, with a length of three miles five furlongs, a breadth of half a mile, and a maximum depth of 158 feet. The great aqueduct to Manchester is about ninety-five miles in length, and on the Lakes' section at any rate it required clever tunnelling, levelling, and siphon-works to get the water through hill and dale. The compensation water, which represents the average flow of the old river Bure, is delivered through a tunnel in the rock quite apart from the dam construction. In the days when such men as Thomas Pennant and Thomas Gray came this way the little lake was not greatly appreciated. One of them described it as two pools with a sluggish river between; and certainly this stream was bridged by a couple of ancient foot-bridges on high stone pillars, and with long causeways from the meadow-land on either side. Otherwise the place would have been impassable for many weeks in winter. Both from West Head and from Armboth there are

tracks across the fells to Watendlath and to Derwentwater. The former route climbs up by Harrop Tarn (not much of a sheet of water), and goes over the moor by a fairly sound pass for a while, though beyond Blea Water a good deal of care is needed to descry a fair line of cairns or stone monuments among the peat hags. Near Watendlath the path again becomes excellent, and the village by its little green upland tarn is certainly a pretty picture after a long and thirsty struggle across the tedious moor. From Armboth the track is shorter, and perhaps more distinct; but it is not recommended, except for those who would make a trip to Watendlath from the Keswick end of Thirlmere. In both cases it is well to remember that sandwiches do not grow on open moors, and good provision should be obtained before starting the walk.

At about the fifth milestone from Keswick the old and new roads come together and cross the Naddle countryside to Keswick. There is little of interest on this road, except maybe the place at the foot of Dove's Nest Hill where Wordsworth was in an accident. The Ambleside coach had come down the hill with more speed than care, and just at the corner (where the lane used to bend considerably) the little basket car in which Wordsworth drove about was met and struck. The old coachman used to confess his terror: "By gum, Ah thowt we'd kilt our poet-er!" But Wordsworth came up out of the ruin, and in his great, booming voice said slowly and judiciously, "This matter will have to be inquired into." The view from the brow, about a mile from Keswick, over Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite and up Newlands is fine indeed. One of the very best in the Lake Country is the usual verdict.

Though, perhaps, not so glorious as other places in

the district, this area between Blencathra (Saddleback) and Helvellyn has some renown as a nest of dialect poets, chief of whom was John Richardson, the schoolmaster of St John's-in-the-Vale. His verse has quaint turns and is full of humorous tales and sidelights into the manners and customs of other days. However, it cannot be recommended to the stranger, as the spelling is weirdly contrived to show the phonetics of the fireside language of Cumberland. John Richardson died in 1886. Here is one of his verses:

> What, Cumberland folk, let them gang whoar they will,
> Ur allus respectit an' weel thowt on still;
> And to say 'at they're wicked, it's aw just a farce,
> Ye'll finnd them i' Lunnen a hundred times warse.

The old road from Keswick to Threlkeld did not pass alongside the Greta, as it does to-day, but climbed over two high ridges, and on the farther slope passed close to the famous Druids' Circle, about a mile and three-quarters from the little town. It is impossible to count the stones in the Circle, the authorities say; so the number may be imagined. The Circle is thirty-five yards from north to south, and ten feet narrower from west to east. The largest stone is about seven and a half feet high, and all are of lava and volcanic ash, differing in size. On the east side is a small rectangle of twenty-two feet by eleven feet, which may be the mark of a temple. There is a fine view from the Circle, with Skiddaw, Blencathra, Helvellyn, and other ridges and peaks looking down on the grey ring, a mysterious conclave of stones hauled together—for what purpose no man can really say.

No lake, no tarn, hardly any cultivated land, is visible from the Circle. It stands in the midst of a wild and sterile scene.

CHAPTER VIII

KESWICK

Its literary landmarks — Robert Southey — Samuel Taylor Coleridge — Jonathan Otley — William Wordsworth—Percy Bysshe Shelley—Charles Lamb—Thomas Gray — Modern Keswick — The "Convention" — Lead pencils—Mr Hugh Walpole.

In the past Keswick has had great literary associations. Wordsworth was encouraged to remove from Grasmere by his friend Calvert, but there was some dispute about the outlook from the bench of hillside on which the poet would have built a home. As an alternative he was to occupy Windy Brow, about half a mile from Greta Hall. In the end the matter fell through. Robert Southey, however, was happier in his choice of a home, and the old Greta Hall (now a girls' school) became a great centre for relatives and literary lights big and small.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, however, was the first of the literary folk to live at Greta Hall, and he moved there in 1800. At the proposal of Calvert, Coleridge was to bring in Wordsworth as part of a little *coterie* who, with chemical apparatus, were to have specialized in science. Wordsworth did not join them, so Coleridge and Calvert proposed to go on alone with their experiments. Sara, Coleridge's wife, and their children helped to fill Greta Hall, a house with a big garden, which the poets farmed out to a market-gardener, retaining the shady walk by the Greta for

their own use. In those early years Mrs Coleridge was described as "indeed a pretty woman." Their son Derwent was born at the Hall at a time when his father still called Hartley "a spirit that dances on an aspen leaf; . . . never was more joyous creature born." At six Hartley certainly did not portend the man "untimely old, irreverently grey," whom the Wordsworths had to befriend in later life.

Greta Hall was a new house belonging to Jackson, the carrier from Whitehaven to Kendal and Lancaster. The owner lived in one half of the place, and there settled to the study of the Bible in the leisured manner of a retired gentleman. Jackson knew Coleridge's restricted means, and at the first half-year refused to accept rent on account of the unfinished state of the alterations which divided the two tenants. Twenty-five guineas was apparently the rent of the half-house. Sara Coleridge was Robert Southey's sister-in-law, and it was not long before the Southeys also came to Keswick and settled. Landlord Jackson was gradually cabined, cribbed, and confined by more partitions, until the whole house was taken off his hands.

At first Coleridge regretted that Wordsworth at Grasmere was so far away—thirteen miles—but later he came to cross the distance as a regular practice, and even to make a tour of Helvellyn ridge on the way to Dove Cottage. Dorothy Wordsworth (and probably her brother too) came to Keswick not only by the road, but along the moorland track which strikes from Thirlmere to Watendlath, and so by Ashness Bridge into the Borrowdale road, nearly a couple of miles from Greta Hall. Coleridge's genius prospered at first. He had forgotten all about his religious doubts and changes, had forgotten his waywardness, which

led him to enlist as a cavalryman, and the like. He had even given up his idealist country which would be ruled by laws so good that not one of them was ever to be broken. Coleridge did well at Keswick so long as his health was good, but afterward, in the words of the rather critical Southey, "the moment anything assumed the shape of a duty Coleridge felt incapable of discharging it."

Samuel Rogers came to Keswick in those early years; then Charles Lamb, to whom Skiddaw seemed to be the most glorious of mountains. He never forgot, in his city life, the majesty and power of the great hills which rise behind Keswick. Charles Lloyd of Brathay came over with the other literary folk, for he had invited Lamb again and again to come to the North. In 1801 Wordsworth also invited Charles, and instead of writing a reply Charles broke out into "O London! with thy many sins; O city, for these may Keswick and her giant brood go hang." In the following year, when Wordsworth was travelling, a line came from Greta Hall, and Lamb came north, to see among others Thomas Clarkson, the anti-slavery crusader, who was then living by Ullswater.

Charles Lamb has left us many delightful pictures of Greta Hall, with its study, "which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Eolian harp, and an old sofa, half-bed, etc." He and Mary, his sister, stayed three weeks, and saw most of the scenery near the great road across the Lake Country, went to Ullswater, and even looked into Borrowdale. In the following year Southey and his wife, saddened by the loss of a child, finally came north. The visit was not too successful, but Southey

found pleasure in rambling up the ghylls of Skiddaw and in tracking the Greta, which he declared should be not the Great A, but the Great S, for its many bends and turns.

During Southey's first autumn Hazlitt came to Keswick; also the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, whose drawings, though "intolerable" and "worthless," were to bring into existence the finest guide-book in the language, Wordsworth's *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England*. But gradually and surely Keswick gripped the author. In time he was wearing the wooden-soled clogs, black coat, and corduroy trousers and ordinary dress of a worker of Cumberland.

In 1804 Coleridge went to Malta, but after his return he was more with the Wordsworths when he was in the Lake Country than with his family and brother-in-law. Mrs Coleridge and the children remained at Greta Hall, living on an annuity which had been purchased by the Wedgwoods so that Coleridge might be able to bring his mind to some great and sustained work of literary art and creation. It was to Southey at Greta Hall that the Poet-Laureateship was offered and accepted. In 1819 Walter Scott came. Ruskin came too, but it was as a rhyming child in 1831, with eyes for nothing in the church at Crosthwaite but the great poet. In 1837 Southey lost his wife, who for some time had been out of her mind. Wordsworth came more often to Keswick in his later years, and he always terrified Southey by his treatment of books. "It's like letting a bear into a tulip bed," Southey once remarked when the other was in his library. Wordsworth and his son-in-law Quillinan were the only strangers present at the burial of the great man in

Crosthwaite churchyard in March of 1843, and Wordsworth took infinite pains with the epitaph which was to be inscribed on his friend's tomb. Even after an effort had been accepted and inscribed he felt that it was not worthy, and rewrote some lines which had to be cut again on the slab.

At Applethwaite, on the side of Skiddaw, lived Sir George Beaumont, and he it was who, in those early years, purchased a piece of land for a cottage for Wordsworth. A mill was built in front of the plot, and Wordsworth, as previously stated, declined to go further with the plans. Years later the land was the property of his daughter Dora, and in 1848 some of the neighbouring fields were in the market, and came to be added to the little estate. William Calvert lived at Greta Bank (formerly called Windy Brow), where Shelley and his bride came as visitors. It was Raisley Calvert, William's brother, who left money to his friend Wordsworth which lifted him above the woes of immediate want. The sum of £900, which was used to purchase an annuity, was sufficient for humble needs in the Lake Country a century and a quarter ago. Shelley sojourned for a time at Chestnut Hill, just outside Keswick, but he was not at home among the silent and majestic fells. Moreover, it was a tragic mishap that practically every one of the literary folk were out of the country at the time of his visit. Southey returned early in the following year, and Shelley was more comfortable until a strong difference of opinion came between them. Southey pitied the youngster who had thrown away his inheritance, and, perhaps, showed his pity too clearly; Shelley looked upon Southey as one who had become merely the mouthpiece of settled matters and conventions. He

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GRETA HALL

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GRISEDALE PIKE AND FRIAR'S CRAG,
DERWENTWATER

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had expected something else. In February of 1812 Shelley left Keswick for Ireland, and never returned.

Keswick had other literary visitors: Thomas Gray went there on his ramble round the Lakes in 1769; Jonathan Otley, the native-born geologist, lived and died in the town; there was the Rev. Frederic Myers, and also William Smith, the author of the one-time celebrated book *Thorndale*. John Dalton, another famous Cumbrian, came to see Jonathan Otley in 1812, and in other years other great geologists and scientists visited him.

But these are mere shadows. What is the Keswick of to-day? It is the most extensive town in the Lake District, and the only one built nearly on a plan. It stands between the Greta and Derwentwater, and though much congested and busy at holiday times, it is a happy, quiet home at others. John Ruskin went there as a child, and wrote not only of his glimpse of Southey in Crosthwaite Church, but of the glories of Friar's Crag.

Keswick has still a market, but in summer the place in the High Street is more occupied by cars and charabancs, and the women sell their butter in the old Market House, which has a one-finger clock and a bell with a battered date, which has been read as A.D. 1001. There is no doubt that it came to the Market House when the last Earl of Derwentwater lost his estate and head for his share in the rising of 1715. There was a mansion on Lord's Island which was so thoroughly dismantled that its foundations are not very clear to-day. In high summer Keswick has a certain religious Convention, a movement which has done great service in the past in rousing interest in the equalities rather than the differences of the Christian

sects (especially the Nonconformists), and which supports all sorts of religious activities, missionary and otherwise, at home and abroad. "Convention" is the most crowded time in Keswick lodgings, for thousands come from all parts of the country to take share in meetings held in specially large tents erected on reserved plots almost among the houses.

The Greta is the eastern boundary of the town; beyond it is Fitz Park, a wonderful expanse, with its tennis-courts, etc., and a museum which owes a deal to the collections of Otley and other local geologists. The station is east of Fitz Park, and at the station is the large Keswick Hotel, with its 300 (more or less) rooms and a warranty that light sleepers will not be troubled by the movement of late and early trains. The line into Keswick is a leisurely local affair, and a few trains per day suffice for the ordinary traffic in winter. In the season, however, every half-hour from breakfast to supper brings in or carries out a train-load of visitors.

Keswick has but few buildings to show. There are 'models' and fine photographs at various shops. The chief industry, however, is the lead-pencil business, which came into existence a century and a half ago, when wad, or plumbago, was being mined at the head of Borrowdale. Nowadays all the supplies, of metal as of cedar, are imported, chiefly from the British Colonies. The mills take the crude ore, work it through various retorts, grinding and other machines, and turn it into a sort of long thread. This is laid between the prepared pieces of timber; a little glue, and a pencil has been finished before the eyes of the visitor. There is a moderate business in cedar- and white-wood turnery, the labour on which occupies the

Keswick workmen during the long winter and spring months, when visitors are few and far between.

Keswick has many excellent hotels, licensed and otherwise. There are the Black Bull, Royal Oak, the Queen, Blencathra, Skiddaw, and many other houses in the main street or near by. The parish church of the town is at Crosthwaite, half a mile away, but there are other places of worship, of the Established Church and the various Nonconformist denominations, close at hand.

By road Keswick is seventeen miles from Penrith, and about the same distance by the shortest route from Ambleside; but it is farther by the Chestnut Hill and Brigham *détour*. It is about fourteen miles from Cockermouth, twenty-one from Wigton, and between thirty and thirty-one miles from Carlisle. It is a good road centre, and consequently thousands of cars pass into and out of it every week of the year. Week-ending at Keswick has become a habit of some Northern folk, much to the profit of the little town beneath the great peaks. The roads vary in difficulty, but none are beyond the skill of the average driver. On the route to Penrith a number of steep inclines have to be tackled; to Ambleside there is a hard climb in the first mile, and afterward the road is give and take; to Cockermouth the route can go fairly level alongside the lake of Bassenthwaite, but the conquest of Whinlatter Pass (which was the old road) is a severe affair, as some of the curves are steep and sharp. To Carlisle and the Border the road runs beneath Skiddaw, on the opposite side of Bassenthwaite to the Cockermouth road, and climbs up a fine, long hill, with a wonderful backward glimpse of the long dale and its two lakes.

It would be ungracious to close this chapter on

Keswick without some mention of a new literary association—that with Mr Hugh Walpole, the novelist. Within the past half-dozen years this writer and lecturer has settled on the Portinscale side of the lake, and he seems likely to become a fixture there. The Lake Country is mighty proud of his appearance, for Mr Walpole has much of the old literary standing of the Wordsworthian type, and he writes for those who have a love for construction and literary grace. His novel *Rogue Herries* deals with the Lake Country, and is highly appreciated both locally and by the literary world.

CHAPTER IX

DERWENTWATER AND BORROWDALE

Tennyson and other sojourners—The beauties of the finest dale and lake in Cumberland—"Jaws" of Borrowdale—National Trust properties—The yews of Seathwaite and the old wad- or plumbago-mines—Sheep among the fells—Passes out of Borrowdale.

"God made man, and man made the town," is a free and easy expression which might apply to modern Keswick without offence. It is a pretty, open place. Still, it is a town, and not to be compared with God's direct handiwork, the country. There is no finer view of its kind in Britain than Friar's Crag, with its magnificent panorama across the lake to the Newlands Fells or south to the great rift of Borrowdale. Sometimes a white plume, the Falls of Lodore, is visible among the many-coloured woods and crags. The lake is less than half a mile from the town, yet (except during the rush hours of the holiday season) it is a rather silent place. The view seems to arrest many a gabbling tongue.

The lake is three miles long by about one wide; it is almost an oblong, and fills the gap between Catbells on the west and Shepherd and Gowder Crags on the east. Only a road cuts between lake and screes on the east; and it is not difficult to believe that in old times there was no road into Borrowdale on foot. There is a monument to John Ruskin among the trees on Friar's Crag, and rarely is such placed so

well. Ruskin loved the place. He came here as a small child and declared that he dated his love of natural beauty from the first glimpse of lake and mountain; he came as a boy and added some lines to his rhyming diary; as a man he came again and again, and always compared this part of Cumberland with the finest sights abroad. Indeed, he declared that Friar's Crag was the fifth most beautiful viewpoint in Europe, and no one was fairer in his judgment of such a matter.

The lake is comparatively shallow, with a maximum depth of seventy-two feet off Falcon Crag, and is studded with many islands. Derwent Island has a mansion which commands a lovely outlook, both to Skiddaw's triple crown and up Borrowdale. Lord's Island, close to the shore, has signs that some deepening of the channel has been made to keep off enemies, for here the Earls of Derwentwater had a home which was probably also regarded as a fortress. The National Trust now has the island in its keeping.

The last Earl of Derwentwater went to the scaffold after the Jacobite rising of 1715, in which he was involved. With other gentry of Northumberland he desired the return of the old Stuarts, but story says that he was luke-warm in his belief that armed force would bring such a consummation. His lady then twitted him for his hesitation, and demanded his sword, that the family at any rate might be partly represented at a great gathering of the Stuart adherents. The Earl went unwillingly, and the rising, badly managed by Forster from the start, came to an end with a surrender to superior forces at Preston. The Earl was captured, taken to the Tower of London, tried, and condemned. While this was happening his

lady came to Derwentwater, and reached the island home despite a troop of Hanoverian soldiers quartered in Keswick to prevent her. It is said that she gained the family jewels, and that to avoid capture she made a retreat over the fells. There used to be, in a cleft of the crags above the lake, a white patch which was known as Lady Derwentwater's Handkerchief, which she dropped in an unreachable position on the night of her wild yet successful effort. So long as the story was current and the place worth pointing out the white patch was renewed year after year, just as they still renew the whiteness of the Bishop or Apostle of Barf, at the side of Bassenthwaite. But Lady Derwentwater was unable to save her husband; his forfeited estates in Northumberland went to Greenwich Hospital, and those in Cumberland were ultimately sold to other people. Even the last vestiges of the house on the island have been removed, and there is little to be seen—unless, that is, you come to Derwentwater at bluebell-time, and it is one of those years when the timber has been cut, and the whole reef is absolutely blue with flowers. On a bright day, with the sun glancing off the lake, the glare and colour is painful to the eyes, and the heavy scent becomes almost overpowering.

Derwentwater has had many wonders. It used to have a great regatta, with all sorts of rafts carrying cannon to rouse the echoes. There was, and is, the Floating Island, which is now little considered. Near the Lodore end, in a bay, the grassy floor beneath the water sometimes rises to the surface and makes believe that it is a meadow. The treacherous turf resents a push with an oar, sending out a belch of sulphuretted hydrogen or a similar gas, generated by

vegetable decay. On the Catbells side much of the shore is in the hands of the National Trust, and is therefore easy of access. The motor-boats which ply more or less regularly round the lake have stages at Barrow Lodge (near the gate to Ashness and Watendlath), at the foot of the Lodore Hotel grounds (half a mile from the Falls), at Brandelhow, near Manesty, and at Portinscale, as well as at Friar's Crag. Some of the boats are rather large affairs, but they serve to afford a quick glimpse at the beauties of a wonderful lake. The south end, toward Borrowdale, is shallower, and one pushes through tall watergrass up the Derwent in search of the beauties of Grange's two bridges. There is a good deal of wading and keel-scraping to get a rowboat so far up the stream. It is a leisurely, humorous, and may be a pretty wet proceeding.

On the Manesty shore there are mine-tips, remains of ancient workings, one of which struck a salt-spring of some renown in its time, but now buried and forgotten. The ridge of Catbells must have mineral veins of some importance, for there have been tunnels and adits sunk there which practically join up with those of Newlands through the ridge. Lead was the chief mineral; there is no coal and little iron among the typical rocks of the Lake District. Copper has been mined for centuries, but lead was and is the great mineral stand-by. At present, however, there is very little activity anywhere among the Lake Country mines, and only at Greenside, by Ullswater, is there the question of river pollution by the residues of mineral workings.

Some of the old Newlands ores were so rich in silver that Queen Elizabeth claimed the mines under her royal prerogative; it is well known that the Crown has

all rights to silver and gold mined in Great Britain, though no claims have been made for a long time. In the Newlands case the Queen went to law, and the matter ended in a compromise. So long as there was more lead than silver in the products of the mine, the ore belonged to the Duke of Northumberland, who was having the place worked. If there was more silver than lead the Queen's claim was to be admitted. Of course, there never was more silver than lead in the ore! The mines were worked with more or less regularity until the time of Oliver Cromwell, the ore being conveyed to Keswick and smelted on open hearths using charcoal to raise the necessary heat. In order to supply this fuel the ancient forests of the Lake Country disappeared; the colliers, as the men who burned charcoal for the miners were called, stripped every dale of its primitive trees. Not only was furnace work done at Keswick, but Coniston, on the other side of the district, was also making demand for the smelting of copper; and the bloom smithies, at which iron ores were reduced, were also working in the wooded districts alongside the lakes.

Peter Crosthwaite, "Admiral" of this lake, made the first surveys of its depths before 1785, and his judgments, with primitive sounding machinery, were not far from correct. Navigation of the lake has never been a steady matter since the mines closed and the shrine on St Herbert's Island went into ruin. Before the Reformation many people came to Keswick on pilgrimage, and the shrine and story belong to the Christian history of the North.

The Cross was planted in Cumberland by St Kentigern, on his first journey from Glasgow to St Asaph, in Wales, where he founded the establishment which is

now marked by a cathedral. After Kentigern came Herbert, a hermit, yet a saint of teaching power and wisdom. Herbert was a friend of Cuthbert, the patron saint of Northumberland, and for years the two met at Carlisle whenever Cuthbert came there on his visitation of the western side of his diocese of Lindisfarne. In his old age Cuthbert came more and more slowly to the place of meeting, and at last informed his friend that he had had an intimation that his time on earth was to be short, and that they should not meet again in this life. At this Herbert burst out into laments that he should be left alone, and asked Cuthbert to pray that they should part this life together. After a silent moment the Northumbrian told the hermit that this wish would be vouchsafed. In the spring following the hermit on his island in Derwentwater informed his pupils that Cuthbert was then dying; he took leave of them and finished all the copying and other work he had been engaged upon. In the morning Herbert was dead. And the message came from Lindisfarne that Cuthbert had passed away during the same night.

Up to the time of the Reformation there were regular pilgrimages to the shrine of St Herbert, but no trace of the shrine remains to-day. Possibly it was a booth of timber, and not an erection of worked stones. One of the most interesting relics of Derwentwater is a mould found at Portinscale near the landing-place opposite St Herbert's. It was made to cast a silver effigy of the good hermit, presumably for sale to the pilgrims.

The road on the east side of Derwentwater is the busy route to Borrowdale, with hundreds of vehicles on a summer day. It trickles between the scree and

the lake, and has been improved and widened considerably of recent years. There are many little viewpoints and parks along the shore to which public access is possible. The National Trust has many properties here, a fact probably due to a large extent to the ubiquity of the late Canon Rawnsley, who, while Vicar of Crosthwaite, was the first honorary secretary and one of the founders of a great national movement.

The first real purchase was Brandelhow Park, 108 acres, on the Catbells side, in 1902; then came the 94 acres of Manesty Park adjoining; Friar's Crag, Lord's Island, and Calf Close Bay in 1921; and Crow Park, Cockshot Wood, and Castle Head (making with the above practically a continuous property) in 1925. The Ruskin monument on Friar's Crag was handed over by its committee in 1900, before the actual head itself had been dedicated. There is now a memorial to Canon Rawnsley as well; and the latest gifts and purchases make a continuous estate from Keswick to Lodore. The National Trust has exerted itself to make the properties accessible, but has not gone too far in the direction of making them artificial and suburban. The society seems to be always open to raise funds for yet another purchase of Lake District property; in time its purchases will amount to a continuous national park.

The first point on the Borrowdale road is the route by Ashness Bridge up to Watendlath, from which hamlet there are routes across the wet moors to Thirlmere. From Keswick Watendlath is a pretty afternoon ramble. The lane ascends with fair steepness, giving fine views across Derwentwater, and in an hour and a half the little cluster of houses beneath the trees at the outlet of a fine mountain tarn is visible. The

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cottagers here make a speciality of preparing tea, but it is well to come prepared with food unless notice has been given. Still, it is a long time since I was turned away hungry, and that was just after the Easter crowd had eaten the last of the winter store, and not in summer-time at all. From Watendlath there is a fine view of the Helvellyn range, rising like a wall beyond the heather moors. And across the other side the fells go over to Buttermere, ridge beyond ridge. From Watendlath there is a walk to Rosthwaite, in Borrowdale, which is rather stony, and may be somewhat wet in places. If, however, some other point is needed, yet including the "Jaws" of Borrowdale, the route by Lodore, which is very steep, can be taken. Cross over the stream from Watendlath, and follow tracks down to the top of the Lodore Falls; then swing left, and you will find a path (Ladder Brow) dropping in break-neck style to the Borrowdale Hotel.

Most persons will prefer to return to the Borrowdale road at the Ashness gate, where a glorious series of views is disclosed. Here is a hint for the amateur photographer. Ashness Bridge is probably, next to Friar's Crag, the most photographed place in the neighbourhood. However, it needs a good artist and a fair camera to meet success—and the liberty to wait hours, if necessary, for the best possible light.

Returning to the Borrowdale road next the lake, follow to the left, and in a short time the Lodore Hotel is visible. The bridge across the stream here gives an inkling as to the amount of water coming from the upper moors. If the stream is low it is questionable whether the climb up the stony corridor between Shepherd and Gowder Crags is worth while. As to the fall itself, there are times when Southey's majestic

roll of words is justified. The fall is sometimes visible from Friar's Crag as a great white plume, and should then be visited without delay. More often it is unseen among the birches and young oaks which climb the gallery of rocks. Lodore has no great spout or gash; it is merely a cataract, and when there is little outflow from the moors the stream is often difficult to find beneath the loose rocks.

Beyond the two hotels there is a stretch of road which commands views of both fells and lake. Grange Bridge is next reached. This is a two-part affair, with an islet in the middle of Derwent between. Grange is a picturesque place, with its houses very well placed against the height of fells behind. The settlement is historic. This was the grange or barn in which the monks of old Furness Abbey, who owned Borrowdale four hundred years ago, stored their own harvest and the tithes of their tenants. Passing Grange, the Borrowdale road cuts across the mouth of Troutdale (the name was given seventy years ago, when a trout hatchery was worked in a stretch of its meagre stream), where one can see a sharp gash in the rocks far away. This is not a famous rock-climb, but a disappointment. Even a scrambler will find the place loose, dangerous, and uninviting. On the other side the great height of Gate Crag, which has now detached itself from Maiden Moor, has a deep, dark slash, which is known as Mouse Ghyll, and offers to the trained mountaineer a fine pitch to be climbed. The ghyll goes up in one great climb of over a hundred feet, and when the first pioneers conquered the place they were surprised to find a mouse sitting on a ledge watching their advance. The mouse was surprised too, and became so excited that it fell down the rocks, but being

light it did not suffer any injury, and scampered off to less worrying surroundings.

The Bowder Stone, a great mass of rock which at some time has rolled down the hillside and come to rest on one corner, is one of the sights of Borrowdale. It is reached by a quarry track. The boulder is said to weigh 1970 tons. One of the conventions is to shake hands under its keel; another to climb the ladder to the top of the rock, and thence survey the "Jaws" of Borrowdale, one of the loveliest pieces of scenery in the country. The Derwent moves silently through clear pools floored with green and blue slate; there are overhanging rods of alder and hazel and willow, while the hillside is clothed with shrubby oaks and larches and Scots firs. The whole gives a wonderful range of colour in contrast to the grey-blue of the screes and the varying tints of bracken and fern on the mountains. On the top of Castle Crag opposite are the relics of a Roman fort. The area of 310 acres, from the stream to the top of Grange Fell, is now in charge of the National Trust, and a lovely estate it makes.

The road through the "Jaws" is somewhat narrow and exciting, and progress has to be made with some care, for picnic parties are apt to leave their cars in positions which do not allow free passage. The rocks rise high above, crowned with bilberry and heather, and there is a sharp fall to the silver strand of the Derwent below.

The upper level of Borrowdale was known to all Cumberland as the Gotham of the North, where the people, having seen but few familiar objects, made amusing mistakes with strange goods. Borrowdale has made many a yarn against itself. There was the

youth who was sent down to Keswick for lime on a wet day. He tried to slake the smoking sacks by throwing buckets of water on them, and finally dropped the load into Lodore Beck. One man found a watch on the wayside, and appealed to the wise man of the dale to give it a name. After much mystery and comparison with books this worthy declared the object to be a peacock ! In Borrowdale, so the saying goes, the dalesfolk tried hard to build in the cuckoo, which, they noticed, came only when spring was in the land and soon left. They argued that if the cuckoo could be induced to stay, like the rook or the raven, there would be no winter in the dale. They noted too that the bird rarely topped a high fence in its flight, but went through a lower place. So to keep in the cuckoo a wall was built somewhere across the valley. The bird, however, escaped at a point where the builders were slow and clumsy. "If we had been one course higher the cuckoo could never have escaped" was the rueful remark as they accepted the chance of hot summer and stormy winter for generations to come.

Borrowdale was part of the old-time property of the monks of Furness, of whom we heard at Grange; and there is an old Latin record of business done here in the time of Edward I.

A generation ago Upper Borrowdale was not particularly busy. It was a long horse-drive from Keswick, and tourists did not trouble it except for the once-a-day Buttermere Round, which still remains the exclusive horse-drive of the area. The little village of Rosthwaite is a quaint cluster of houses, but the places which twisted the old track have been smoothed away. There is one hotel, the Scafell, with grounds next to

the whispering river. On the flats hereabouts are many signs of flood, for in winter storms the hillsides send down more water than the river-course can pass through the "Jaws," and great lagoons of waiting water are not of rare occurrence. However, the floods rise and fall with great rapidity, and the obstruction is not particularly inconvenient.

Upper Borrowdale has its church among the yew-trees, and here the track splits. To the left a branch goes off up toward Eagle Crag, at the foot of which another path goes into Langstrath and over the Stake Pass to Langdale. It is declared to be ten dales miles from Borrowdale Church to Chapel Stile, in Langdale, but the distance cannot be traversed very rapidly. The wilder route goes up Greenup Ghyll, beside the rocks of Eagle Crag, and at the top there is a direct line across the grass and bogs toward Sergeant Man, or Harrison Stickle, the highest of the Langdale Pikes. At the top of Greenup another route bends toward Grasmere, dipping into the head of the Wythburn stream, and climbing out again almost at once. Many people go astray on this section of mountain track, particularly on misty days, by continuing too far down the slope, and reaching Thirlmere instead of either Grasmere or Borrowdale, whichever may be their object.

There are many tracks out to the Borrowdale Fells, practically by every farm lane. At Rosthwaite comes in the route from Watendlath, which was mentioned above. It drops down a steep path, zigzagging and affording some fine views. There is another pass on the opposite side, toward Newlands, over Lobstone Band, but it is used only by quarrymen and shepherds who may have business in that dale. The path is

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A STORMY DAY, DERWENTWATER

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ON THE DERWENT IN WINTER 121

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rough and steep, and there are no particular views. Still, the place must be mentioned for the following reason. If the route up Borrowdale road is familiar, and if there is preference for a mountain walk from Keswick, take the boat across the lake to Manesty, and begin to climb at once. In twenty minutes the line to Catbells' tops should be nearly conquered. When the narrow ridge is reached follow it southward along the grass (dodging the few rocky tors), which stretches up to Maiden Moor and away toward Dalehead, the peak which closes the top of Newlands. The last dip before Dalehead is this Lobstone Band, and the rambler who wishes to make for Rosthwaite turns down to the left, passing tracks of quarries old and new, and rapidly coming to dales level.

The great grooved face of mountain in front is the northward end of Glaramara, with Combe Ghyll and several other recesses. There are paths up every one of these, but they interest only the rock-climber who would find Dove Nest, with its curious outcrop of fractured rock, in a gap of which there is descent to a rather deep cave and a couple of tiny passages. Seatoller is now near; the road crosses the narrowing dale, passes some cottages and a new road-bridge, and then the toll road is seen slanting up the hillside to the top of Honister Pass. Seatoller is little more than a pretty name; a couple of large houses, some cottages and farms which are famous as quarters for rambling folk, make up the whole community. The last hotel in Borrowdale is the Scafell at Rosthwaite, though the road goes nearly three miles beyond it before coming to an end at the foot of Sty Head Pass. The real old road to Buttermere went past the houses of Seatoller

and climbed up close beside Hause Ghyll. And a steep and narrow way it was. To-day it can still be traced, though some of its stone culverts over little becks are shaky from neglect. The main traffic, however, goes along the new track cut by the quarry company to bring down the Honister slates.

The pass is about two miles from the cottages, and to the rambler it forms an excellent starting-point for high-level excursions. A car can easily get to the top of the pass (1190 feet above the sea) by the toll road. The traverse over Brandreth to Green Gable and Great Gable, two fine peaks, is comparatively easy. In the other direction there is a ridge walk along Dalehead, Hindscarth, and Robinson, which ends near the village and lake of Buttermere, and which gives fine views into Newlands and to Crummock as well as to the high fells from Pillar Mountain to Skiddaw and Helvellyn. The walk from Honister Pass to the top of Fleetwith Pike is short; the path becomes confused with paths from the quarries, and is hardly recommended. There is a route over Dalehead which goes direct north for Derwentwater, and follows the ridge of Maiden Moor direct to Catbells, a wonderfully good variation walk to Keswick.

From Seatoller the road for Wastdale Head passes now through fields, and then, as a lane with gates at each end, to Seathwaite, a farm hamlet at the foot of Sty Head Pass. There are, however, two sights more or less interesting before the farm. Just where the road turns over the little Derwent Beck a path goes right and passes along the bank. In twenty minutes there is sign of the famous yews:

> Those fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
> Joined in one solemn and capacious grove; . . .

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue
strange trystings have been held.
Ghostly Shapes
May meet at noontide ; Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight ; Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow.

But since Wordsworth's time the four trees have been wrecked, notably in a gale some forty years ago, and two only are living. The biggest yew is about twenty-two feet in girth, and not to be compared to the thirty-two feet of the monster in Darley Dale, Derbyshire.

Close to the yews there are signs of mine-tips, where softer material has been brought to the surface, and not the harsh, broken slate of Honister and Rosthwaite. Here, a century ago, was a mine for graphite, or black-lead, which was found in 'sops,' or pockets, of such purity that it required no refining at all before use. Our great-grandfathers had a mighty faith in plumbago as a medicine, and they paid half a crown an ounce for it. There was also value in the mineral for making pencils and for use in the crucibles where heavy cannon were being cast in the royal foundries. So important was the mineral (probably it was the 'radium' of its time) that the stores were always guarded, and the caravan which took it from Keswick to London was escorted by cavalry. The whole hillside was riddled with workings, and then the output failed. For a while the various industries which depended on it existed on the stocks, but soon the market was flooded with a compressed blacklead which served the same purpose as the scarce and expensive 'stone.' The wad industry was of great profit to the dalesfolk, and there have been hopes again and again that the mineral veins might be recovered and new works brought into

service. It is less than thirty years since the newspapers had advertisements of a company which proposed to exploit the graphite deposits, and which even made the final statement that "letters of allotment and regret have been dispatched to applicants for shares." Whatever happened in London is a mystery; there was not a stone turned in Borrowdale, and so the venture perished.

The farm of Seathwaite has grazing rights for its sheep on Great Gable and Seathwaite Fell, as well as on Allen Crags and Glaramara. The Herdwicks are grey little sheep, hardy, and able to live out in storm and snow, and they range over wide areas where real fences are unknown. Theoretically this should cause much mingling of the flocks, but such rarely happens. A sheep which was dropped as a lamb in a certain nook of the hillside will feed there with its mother, and return to the same spot to make a home in the few summers of its life. This does away with the fear of distant wandering. But the Herdwick has troubles like other sheep; perhaps a dog or a stronger and bullying neighbour will make the old cove untenable. The displaced creature is then compelled to travel until it finds a place which no family of sheep has marked out as their fixed abode. By that time it may be a mile, or two or three miles, away from its original place, and when the shepherd of the hillside drives down his flock in autumn the stranger may be rounded up with a party belonging to a farm in some dale over the fells. The dalesfolk are accustomed to this happening, and they have a method of marking their lambs according to a certain settled schedule which will identify the creature so long as its carcass holds together. There are also marks on the fleece which have to be remade

after every shearing, but the letters burnt into horn or branded on face are better; and there is a code of ear-slits, crops, punches, and keys which tells any skilled shepherd exactly which farmer's stock has been inadvertently removed from the fell. The custom then is to keep the sheep from the common or open pasture until the meet, when all the strays from miles of mountain land are driven together, and after proper identification are returned to their owners. Thus a farmer from Borrowdale may find among his flock a sheep or two belonging to neighbours in Wastdale or Eskdale or Ennerdale. He knows that they in turn may have a few fleeces of his. Therefore he goes to the appointed meeting-place and makes an exchange. The occasion is one for festivity, not so much because the lost sheep have been found as because life in the dales is dull in autumn, when these meets are usually called, and there is a concourse of jovial friends.

Beyond Seathwaite Farm the road for wheels ends. There is a path to Stockley Bridge which splits there, one branch going up Grains Ghyll, and reaching Esk Hause, the central pass from which Langdale and Eskdale can be reached, the other going up the steep zigzag toward Taylor Ghyll Force, and after a glimpse at that spout in the larch woods bending forward near the stream, crossing it by a foot-bridge, and finally passing Sty Head Tarn and going through the great pass to Wastdale Head.

Sty Head Pass is the track from which Great Gable can be most easily ascended; from this point there is another track through the gap (Aaron Slack) between the Great and Green Gables to Ennerdale. A path also strikes upward to Scafell Pike by rounding the eastern side of Great End. The climber's path which goes to

the west of Great End is apparently not easily found by strangers. It is cairned along the hillside and crosses Skew Ghyll, Greta Ghyll, and Piers Ghyll at its top. As an unconventional route, with traverses along rock ledges and steps down the rocks into deep gorges, the climber's track has something to recommend it. It is not sensational to a person accustomed to mountains, but others have found some of the stretches too exhilarating. However, it is always easy to climb down the slope into Wastdale, and so escape present trouble—except at the top of Piers Ghyll, of course.

CHAPTER X

BASSENTHWAITE LAKE

A little-visited district which is certainly worth more attention — Crosthwaite Church — Vale of Newlands — *D'ye ken John Peel?* — Cockermouth (Wordsworth's birthplace) — Vale of Embleton — The river Derwent to the sea.

To the hurried motorist, Bassenthwaite is one of the lakes which receives only perfunctory attention. It is worth much more. After spending a short time at Keswick, exploring Borrowdale, the tour is usually continued east to Ullswater, and thence south again by way of Haweswater or by the London–Glasgow road (A6) from Penrith. The tourist who goes on from Keswick direct to Carlisle is sure to see a little of Bassenthwaite, for the ordinary route passes between the lake and Skiddaw, and there are backward glimpses which are really fine.

Is the trouble that Bassenthwaite has far too many friends in Keswick who only know the lake of the old, slow-motion days, when there was a dull and dreary drive of five miles before anything interesting was visible? The great expanse between the foot of Derwentwater and the head of Bassenthwaite is almost level, with a tendency to considerable marsh and inundation. The road crosses the level past Crosthwaite, and goes over Portinscale Bridge and through that village before turning north and crossing another stretch of flat. The old road actually went into

cramped and twisted Braithwaite and came out again —now it only by-passes that hamlet, unless the car is being driven over Whinlatter Pass to the vale of Lorton and Cockermouth.

There is little view of the lake from such a level, but the steep butt-end of Barf stands out, and by the time the actual lake is reached it becomes a fine-looking cliff, with a whitewashed notch of rock which is, of course, known as either the Apostle or the Bishop. The lake of Bassenthwaite is four miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, and in shape is almost an oblong. It is shallow, the greatest depth being seventy feet.

On the western shore the railway and road share the narrow pass between steep hillside and lake, and there are some rather good views when the road swings higher and looks over the lake, with its foreground of coppice tufts and the great mass of Skiddaw soaring beyond. The Swan Hotel, a famous roadside house at Thornthwaite, stands near the head of the lake and close below the Apostle of Barf; at Peel Wyke is another excellent hotel, the Pheasant, which has the additional pleasure of being near the railway station of Bassenthwaite Lake. There is also the Castle Inn on the north-east corner of the lake, with its fine views up toward Borrowdale. All these places are well known by those who tour the Lake Country for real delights. It is possible to make them a base for motor runs into every part of the northern Lake District. On the eastern shore there are some pretty hamlets, and the run into Keswick is charming, though most visitors believe that they are looking into Borrowdale when really Newlands (an equally fine valley) is in sight.

In fact, Newlands and Crosthwaite and Portinscale are really part and parcel of a Bassenthwaite chapter, and are only partially dependent on Keswick.

Crosthwaite Church is the Westminster Abbey of its district. Here are the graves of poets like Southey and of every great dales family in turn. Yet the outside is little removed from the ordinary dales church, except in the matter of size. In Ruskin's young days this was the only church for Keswick, but others have since been built. However, it still remains the custom to walk out from the little town on a quiet Sunday evening and to hear the service in the structure which traditionally occupies the place where St Kentigern of old raised his preaching cross. A Norman church was built here, followed by another in the fourteenth century, and this has been enlarged out of recognition. The font has an inscription which has been translated as "Pray for the soul of Sir Thomas d'Eskhede, late vicar of this church." He died in 1390. Jonathan Otley is buried here; also Harvey Goodwin, least conventional, perhaps, of Bishops of Carlisle, a real human man, with a wonderful grip of essentials and power to drive home the lessons of his faith

Beyond Crosthwaite is Portinscale Bridge, ancient enough in its way, and recently the subject of some criticism. The Cumberland County Council had received complaints as to its narrowness, and were also advised that the arch was not strong enough for modern traffic. They contemplated giving an order for its removal and the substitution of a new girder bridge. The late Sir Francis Fox and others resisted the idea of parting with an old friend. The bridge was grouted from crown to foundation with cement, until it is now practically a monolith, and fit to bear all

possible burdens. The single arch, with its side flood-tunnels, is certainly more beautiful than any girder bridge could be.

Portinscale has its hotels and great houses so cramped together that the main road has to wind and curve among them. The Buttermere route is less twisty than that for Bassenthwaite and Cockermouth, but in any case the obstruction is cleared in a few yards. The Buttermere road passes round the hill of Swinside into Newlands, where every ghyll and ridge has sign of ancient mining ventures.

The Goldscope lead-mine, under the slopes of Dalehead, was worked with great profit a century ago, but the industry is now dead. There are many fine hill-walks from Newlands, and a holiday centre has been constructed out of Stair Mill, where long ago were looms which made real Cumbrian cloth. The little hill of Swinside, which practically guards the opening of the dale, was formerly a place for feeding swine on the acorns and fungi beneath the oak-trees. Through Newlands the road goes to Buttermere, but its final pitch is very difficult for an ordinary car and driver, and most people prefer to tackle the longer but easier run by Whinlatter Pass, behind Braithwaite.

Bassenthwaite is practically our only lake which improves in scenery toward its outlet. Instead of finishing in a tame trickle through meadows, narrowing down to a river, the lake has steep wooded bluffs and a great square expanse of water. The views from Ouse Bridge and the lane which goes up to the Castle Hotel in particular are among the best of their kind in the Lake Country. Here it is the lake itself which commands respect; its beautiful stretch is not merely a mirror for distant hills. Skiddaw stands far enough

back to be a final wall to the scene, but not to command it. The last mile or two from Peel Wyke and the Pheasant Hotel are well worth doing on foot.

To sum up, Bassenthwaite is a Cinderella among the lakes, because too many people remember the old slow access across a dull flat. With swifter traffic the reproach must pass, just as it has passed from other scenes where one section is less glorious than others. The lake has no great legend; it has no ancient church or peel-tower, for this side of the Lake Country was comparatively quiet in olden times. It was not on the warrior's route from Carlisle to Cockermouth, nor on the merchant's track from Penrith and Keswick over Whinlatter Pass to the sea-ports at the mouth of the Derwent. Bassenthwaite has its quiet beauty; it has bred no warrior families. Except that the hunting country of the great John Peel (the finest master of foxhounds the North can offer to fame) came down to its shore, there is little to say. However, every out-door person must have heard the famous song *D'ye ken John Peel?* though many do not seem to regard him as being anything other than a myth or demi-god belonging to some other time and place. Yet he was a Cumberland estate-owner, who died in 1854, and his body lies in the quiet churchyard at Caldbeck. Peel's hunts along the moors of Skiddaw often ran to great length, and sometimes became almost fabulous. It is scarcely safe to quote contemporary details. His pack must have hunted from dawn to dusk, and runs through ten parishes or more are mentioned in a way which carries conviction. Certainly John Peel could not have followed, on his clever pony Binsey or any other, the immense distances traversed by hounds which not only made points up to forty miles, but crossed country

where a rider would be at disadvantage in tackling the deep, furrowed watercourses and the six-foot high stone walls which are regularly used as divisions of the higher pastures beneath the fells.

Whinlatter Pass, which carries the direct road from Keswick to Cockermouth, rises to 1048 feet, and is steep. The road passes through the little village of Braithwaite, and is not too easy to follow among the jumbled houses. There are good but distant views from the pass, and when the shoulder of Hobcarton Fell is turned there is quite a shapely tract of country. Skiddaw has a new face, but the lake is soon hidden beneath the hills and woods of Wythop. However, one cannot see from this road the relics of old Wythop Church, where, according to a document of 1623, the minister's stipend amounted to 10½*d*. per Sunday, counting only the summer, when services could be held. The church was abandoned years ago in favour of a lower site, but for long there was an annual outdoor service on the sacred spot. Though the Cumbrian does not seem to have room for sentiment in his rather narrow outlook, he has a strong feeling for the little church and churchyard to which everything in life seems to stretch—christening, marriage, and burial. When an ancient church is abandoned it is noticed that many still wander there to visit old family graves, and there is a feeling that the place, once sanctified, should never be entirely left.

Nowadays the descent into the vale of Lorton is comparatively easy, though there is one stretch just above the tree-line which is rather steep. On this road not many years ago were at least two wayside inns, both of which have disappeared as such, and one of which is no longer visible at all. The road

slants past the village of Lorton, keeping on a higher ledge, and reaches the Cockermouth–Buttermere road a mile or so to the north. There are other routes into Cockermouth—from Bassenthwaite Lake Station up the vale of Embleton, and into the town, with no trouble at all, good broad road all the way. The main road has been built and rebuilt many times to suit the traffic of this countryside. The quieter lane goes out by Ouse Bridge and along the river Derwent past Isel, and reaches the town alongside the river.

As approached from the east, Cockermouth itself is rather a tangle of streets, but once the open main street is reached progress is easy. The house where Wordsworth was born is now preserved as a memorial. In his literary work he often alluded to days when as a boy he wandered about this old town, and, particularly in *The Prelude*, there are word-pictures of the castle; also to "my birthplace," "my father's house," "domains of rural peace," "a poor place," and "home." He wrote of "those towers" and of "the spirit" of Cockermouth Castle. The town is still clean, smiling, and self-respecting; its river passes over a bed of blue slate, and is bluer than the Eamont out of Ullswater.

The old castle was built in the twelfth century, and was often added to by its warrior lords. It appeared to the poet as a "shattered" monument of feudal sway. The Roundheads held it in the time of the Civil War, and though besieged they continued to defy the Cavaliers until Cromwell came into the North and passed through Carlisle. He had the castle relieved, and later it was slighted in the ordinary way of the times—the foundations being pulled away beneath the main towers and walls.

There is a story that Mary Queen of Scots came here,

after having written to her cousin Queen Elizabeth, from Workington (where she landed in England) on May 17, 1568. At that time William Fletcher, merchant and manufacturer, was tenant of the castle, and there she rested until Elizabeth and her Government or advisers decided that the Scottish Queen must be taken into the custody of the Sheriff of Cumberland and lodged in Carlisle Castle. Prisoner monarchs were not strange guests there.

The Earl of Northumberland, who owned Cockermouth Castle, came down in haste to receive the fugitive Queen, but he was too late to rescue one who, to his Catholic mind, was probably more important than the excommunicated Queen seated on the throne of England. Wordsworth made at least two references to the Queen's week at Cockermouth, in the *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots* and *Captivity—Mary Queen of Scots*. He also wrote lines on *Mary Queen of Scots, landing at the mouth of the Derwent, Workington.*

When Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth in 1770 there were still signs of the old walls and gates of the fortified town. Wordsworth's father was agent for Sir James Lowther, owner of the castle; he also practised as an attorney, and in the Court Rolls of Whitehaven Castle he is "Steward of Ennerdale," with certain rights and duties. Wordsworth's father died while the poet was still a boy, and for estate there was practically nothing but a claim, not admitted, on the owner of the castle estate. Twenty years elapsed before a succeeding Earl of Lonsdale paid off the amount, with interest.

According to the church register, William Wordsworth was not baptized until January 18, 1772, when Dorothy, his sister, was also presented at the font,

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BASSENTHWAITE LAKE AND SKIDDAW

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she being less than a month old. John, the sailor-brother, was born in December of the same year, but his name does not appear in the Cockermouth register at all. As a child Wordsworth must have received some education in the town, but apparently he derived little benefit from it, and later he was sent to Penrith, then to the famous grammar school founded by Archbishop Sandys at Hawkshead in Lakes Lancashire. Yet the poet retained many happy memories of the time spent in the town by the Derwent before the death of his mother and later of his father.

Wordsworth had memories of a lower Derwent vale which has changed considerably. The Workington area is now entirely iron-working, and is sadly different from the joys of Isel and Bassenthwaite. There are one or two places on the coast which are mentioned or suggested in his verse, but all the district toward Whitehaven is covered with mines and foundries and has lost its ancient beauty. There are fine prospects over the Solway to Scotland, especially where the road climbs the long shelf of moorland and then turns toward St Bees Head. Some of the little ports among the rocks were fisher-villages in the poet's day. However, the salmon still come up the river Derwent in their season, gliding through the deep, turgid pools, and then reaching the cleaner water, going forward over weir and through passages in the rocks to reach the spawning-grounds from which they made their first journey to the sea. The Derwent, despite its pollution, is still a good salmon river as Cumbrian streams go.

North of the mouth of the Derwent the coast has seen but few changes. The sand-dunes still stretch out toward Solway Deeps, and inland the country is

smooth and almost level, being tilted just enough to afford the parishes an adequate amount of drainage. Maryport is now a quiet place, though it has been a lively one in its time. There is no great interest in shipping when the coal, iron, and shipbuilding industries are alike depressed. The shore to Allonby is undeveloped, and has a reputation among the hillside folk for its sea-bathing. And then comes Silloth, where the great links next to the tide are so finely grassed that the renown of Solway sods is known to the end of the golfers' world. There is no better grass in the world than that of Solway-side, with scores of spears to the square inch and a level type of growth which gives a firm-footed turf. Thousands of square yards are cut and exported every year, and the great levels over which the salt tides flow at spring are replenished by natural growth again and again. There is a gun range at Silloth, and beyond it the little hamlet of Skinburness shows where there used to be a market town until the wild Scots' raids became so frequent that it had to be abandoned for a site farther inland. Apparently the raiders came by ford across the river-mouth of Eden and Esk, and then made sudden rushes from their hiding-places in the sandhills, which gave cover for approach to village or market-place.

CHAPTER XI

A POET'S VALE

The city that disappeared—Lorton—Crummock Water—Coledale Pass—Buttermere—Mary of the Fish Inn—Scale Force—Ridge-walks and mountain passes.

It is time to come back to the real Lake Country, and to start another journey from Cockermouth. The Cocker, which enters the Derwent within a few hundred yards of the castle ruins, brings down the water from three lakes, Buttermere, Crummock, and Loweswater. The best line of approach is up the vale of Lorton, which has its own associations with Wordsworth. He gave fame to the great yew-tree, once the "Pride of Lorton Vale," but which has little to show in these days.

The meadows in the vale are full of cattle, and sheep range on the wide hills above. There could be no place quieter for a poet. The Cocker holds lovely trout, and anglers come from far and near to enjoy sport in it and in the smaller streams which come down the hills. The church of Lorton has no particular attraction, though the gravestones show that burials from the chapelry of Buttermere were made here as the first feasible ground in a rock-strewn country. There is nothing therefore apparently to interest the motorist until he comes to the hotel near the foot of Crummock (Scale Hill), which has been renowned for three generations. The hotel is just aside from the main track to Crummock Water and Buttermere, but

past it goes the road up to Loweswater, one of the least visited of our lakes.

Loweswater is a mile and a half long and half a mile wide. It is set among meadows and woodlands, and has the curious feature of its outlet being at the end toward the mountains. It is possible that at some early period the outflow from this lake went due north. The tarn of Mockerkin, which is in that direction, is about a dozen acres in extent, and there is a legend that a city and castle are sunk beneath its waters. It is not known for what particular crime or misfortune the city and castle disappeared. There are several waterfalls in the Loweswater Beck, and some of the gullies have cascades which in other districts would be sought after and turned into pleasure grounds. Being in the Lake Country, they are outshone by more beautiful and better-situated places.

Loweswater village is quiet and out of the way, though there is increasing traffic every year up the steep Fangs Brow and over by Lamplugh to Ennerdale and Wastwater.

Crummock is one of the most famous lakes. It is two and a half miles long by five-eighths of a mile wide; and its average depth of eighty-eight feet is second only to Wastwater. Its sides go down so steeply that at some points there is practically a cliff for eighty feet into the water. There are tracks through the fells to Braithwaite and Keswick, the Coledale Pass in particular making a fine walk, though there are signs of comparatively recent mines not far from the path. There is a 'force' near the route which has a good gush of water and a deep pool below which used to have a reputation for drowned mutton.

Crummock Water is away from any village or even

hamlet. The Scale Hill Hotel is round the corner among the pine-woods, with just a glimpse from its rocky knoll at the lake extending southward to the fells. On its far side, however, there is a wonderful series of screes falling from Mellbreak direct into the water and continuing in fans far beneath the surface.

The road alongside the lake passes Rannerdale, one of the largest sheep-farms in England, and turns a corner into a full view of the distant fells—and a wonderful picture they make. Buttermere's church and hamlet cling to a rib of rock thrust out into the dale, and giving, over a corner, access to the high mountain pass of Newlands Hause. Buttermere Church is not particularly ancient; most of the traces of the edifice in which Robert Walker, afterward curate at Seathwaite, was curate for some years have vanished. The dales church never had any particular class of architecture. At the best and worst it is and was 'plain churchwarden'! There could be no attempt at decorative carving on the hard stone of the fell quarries, and there were no funds to buy ornaments. To-day it is preferred to import even pillars and sculptured stones rather than do the chisel-work on the spot.

Buttermere has little of history. It came into some prominence a century ago on account of a tragedy. At Keswick there was a genial visitor who gave himself out to be somebody great—the son of a lord and a member of Parliament. He was neither, of course. On one of his expeditions he came to Buttermere and fell in love with Mary, daughter of the landlord of the Fish Inn. Mary accepted his offer of marriage, but shortly afterward her husband was arrested on a charge of forgery, found guilty, and executed at Carlisle.

His offence was the franking of a letter in the name of a member of Parliament. In those days the Post Office carried the correspondence of Members of Parliament free of charge if their signature was outside the packet. Cumberland had some sympathy with "the Hon. Francis Hopetoun," but it was soon proved that he was missing from several wives and had deluded other women into parting with their fortunes into his keeping. On the whole, Mary was lucky to get off so lightly. After a while she married again, and died at a great age at John Peel's Caldbeck. Later in life Mary was far from being a gentle maiden, and let it go at that.

Robert Walker, afterward for a generation curate of the parish of Seathwaite, on Duddon, was curate here in early life. At the age of seventeen he had been compelled to leave his studies and take a post as schoolmaster at Loweswater, where the minister was a good Latin scholar, and doubtless helped him toward the ministry. The opportunity of becoming curate at Buttermere was accepted, and he managed to live on the small salary by working on the farms and fellsides. In 1735 he applied for the curacy of Seathwaite, because it had a house, and he was desirous of marrying a Buttermere woman who brought him a fortune of £40. Afterward Mrs Walker came into more money, but the story is continued in the Duddon chapter of this book.

One of Robert Walker's activities at Buttermere is said to have been the establishment of an inn at the bridge below his church.

Buttermere village is the objective of probably the last regular horse-coach tour in the country—the conveyances drive out of Keswick at about 10 A.M., rattle

up Borrowdale, and reach the top of Honister Pass by way of the new toll road. Then, with a wheel chained and a slipper-brake as well, they slide down the steep scree of the pass, and so come into the dale. There is some fair trotting after Gatesgarth, but otherwise the road is hard on horseflesh. After lunch and a rest at Buttermere, the conveyances start off over Newlands Hause, a steep climb, and Keswick, which is only nine miles away by this route, is reached about 6 P.M. Driving through Newlands Hause is interesting. For about a mile the track is along a shelf of the hillside, with the torrent deep below. There is also a steep zigzag descent to Newlands, and the sharp Devil's Elbow three or four miles down the long incline. The route forward into Keswick winds between Swinside and Catbells, and reaches the Cockermouth road at Portinscale.

During the pause at Buttermere it is customary to visit Scale Force, taking a boat across the head of Crummock Water and following half a mile of paths to the gorge. In summer there may not be a great volume of water, though the fall is about 160 feet high and is the loftiest in the Lake Country. After flood, however, the torrent may be so strong that it is not at all easy to get into the gap between the rocks and to look inside the basin into which the thread of water falls. From the foot of Scale Force there is a path which goes over boggy ground to Floutern Tarn and on to the Anglers' Inn in Ennerdale. Another path or route by the side of the force strikes up to the long ridge of mountains which guards Buttermere from the west. In addition to Scale Force, and far more obvious from Buttermere, there is Sour Milk Ghyll, a cascade which in moist weather provides a fine sight

from the village. In dry weather the fall is likely to be invisible from Buttermere. The line of Sour Milk Ghyll is worth remembering: alongside the rill is a path up to Bleaberry Tarn, a delectable place, not much visited except by the rock-climbing fraternity.

The head of Buttermere is one of the finest pieces of country in Cumberland. There are the great Fleetwith cliff (from this side one cannot see the ravages of the Honister quarrymen) and the rough tops of the Haystacks. Up Fleetwith Bottom there is a fine walk to Green Gable, and to Great Gable as well, but more people go out of the valley by way of Scarf Gap, which is reached across the Fleetwith Beck, passing the farm of Gatesgarth, once the most extensive sheep-holding in the Lake Country, but now excelled in size by the farm of West Head, Wythburn.

The path over Scarf Gap is so definite and well marked that few persons nowadays are lost in the mist. In snow-time, however, the difficulties are great; and its crossing should not be attempted. Over the pass the descent to Ennerdale is steep, but easy. From the top of the pass a backward glance is sufficient to prove that at no distant period the lakes of Buttermere and Crummock were one, and it may be that the deltas of the big fell becks between the two have caused the parting. The difference between the water levels is only eight feet.

The road from Buttermere to Borrowdale is through Honister Pass, and for the seven or eight miles there are few chances of refreshment. Rosthwaite has the nearest inn, but there is a refreshment booth at the top of Honister Pass during summer, and the cottages at Seatoller cater for callers. The going from this side is execrable; the pass is a scree-bed kept loose

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BUTTERMERE: HILLSIDE AND STORM-STRIPPED TREES

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by the chained wheels of the horse-coaches, and care has to be taken in walking. Wrenched ankles are by no means a rare trouble on this route. There are now several houses in the upper dale, where formerly there was only the community of Gatesgarth. In Wordsworth's day the slate-carts from Honister came this way. He describes in homely verses the quarrymen at work on the high faces of rock, singing as they swung about on ropes and shattered the best blocks of slate. Afterward the split slates were loaded on sleighs, and other men ran down with a load to the road far below. The surface was merely rough scree, ploughed by their sleighs. The men held long shafts in front of the cargo and braked as best they could. Rarely was the slate-handler at fault; a slip, and he would have been ground to death by the heavy load on the sleigh behind. After packing the slates into the carts the handler climbed back to the platform among the rocks, where dressing took place, and tackled another load.

There is ridge-walking on the eastern side of the dale, but the ridges have not the deep combes and cliffs of the western side. Indeed, the rougher faces of Robinson, Hindscarth, and Dalehead are toward Newlands, but there is little surface rock and much scree. The ghylls down which the streams fall into Buttermere have some rock obstacles, and climbers are not particularly fond of them. The courses are unsafe, because of loose and rotten rock, and there is more water than is desirable. Still, there is a good hill-walk from Buttermere, taking the old sledge-track up to the Moss, from which the villagers and farmers used to obtain their supplies of peat fuel, then following the height of land alongside a boundary fence, returning

either down Honister Pass or crossing over it to the Drumhouse, and dropping into Fleetwith Bottom beyond, in order to escape the screes and traffic of Honister.

The peaks north of the village—Grassmoor and the like—offer good walks, but there are few rock-ridges and little of excitement. However, the climber is in the best of mountain air, with good views all round. The Solway country and the Dumfriesshire hills are easily visible from these ridges. There is a pass from Buttermere to Newlands by way of the Sail Beck, instead of the road, which gives a variation. And of course there is a straight line by the side of Sour Milk Ghyll and over the high ridge which in three hours takes the rock-climber direct to the routes on the Pillar Mountain, on the opposite side of Ennerdale. Once found, the track is easy to follow, as the cairns are numerous enough to be discovered even in time of mist.

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CHAPTER XII

ENNERDALE AND WASTWATER

Ennerdale as Government forest—Its lake and angling —St Bees Head—Whitehaven—Calder Abbey—Seascale —Gosforth Cross—Wastwater—Wastdale Head Church —Visitors, from Christopher North to the modern rock-climber.

Ennerdale and Wastwater are two isolated lakes to the west of the Derwent and Windermere systems. From what is commonly known as the Lake Country there is direct access to these lakes only by mountain paths—by Scarf Gap from Buttermere, or by Sty Head Pass from Borrowdale. Ennerdale has to be sought over indifferent roads, and at the end there is a little disappointment that access by car really ends at the Anglers' Inn, so finely situated on the edge of the lake, with the rough tip of Pillar Rock showing over the ridges behind. Ennerdale has been taken over in recent years by the Forestry Commission as an area to be planted with larches, conifers, and probably other marketable timber. For this reason even the Herdwick sheep are being withdrawn, and the farm of Gillerthwaite at the head of the lake will in time be turned into a mere lodge for workers among the young trees. The whole dale up to the 1800-feet contour above sea-level, and as far as the Scarf Gap and Black Sail path, has been taken over, and eventually the plantations will make this area (except by a few cleared paths) practically inaccessible to tourists.

There will be little to see when the trees are grown; the experience of travelling alongside Thirlmere is proof of that. Modern forestry practice urges that the trees can scarcely stand too close, especially in the earlier stages of growth. It is customary to thin out the poles again and again before the remainder can be left to 'timber.'

But whatever happens to the head of the valley, Ennerdale Lake will long remain the haunt of anglers. Its trout and char give specially good sport; and, indeed, some enthusiasts come great distances to fish here. The Anglers' Inn is their usual abiding-place; it will soon be the only house in the upper vale. There are two smaller inns at Ennerdale Bridge, two miles away, from which one can reach the foot of the mere. The advantage is small, and the proximity to a busy iron-mining area and main roads mars Ennerdale Bridge. West Cumberland is a place of hæmatite-ore working, and its streams are mere runnels of red mud. Farther away are Coal Measures, and streams there get their meed of black. However, the industrial area is tucked well away, and is observed only when one travels away from Ennerdale. Whitehaven has its coal galleries and workings far beneath the sea, and shafts come up into its harbour, so that the coal can be tipped direct into the holds of coasting vessels.

Outside the Lake Country there is one interesting district—the headland of St Bees, a great sandstone cliff which is Cumberland's only cape worth the name. There are lights and beacons to guide the seafarer; there are smugglers' caves among the rocks; there are sea-birds nesting and resting on the ledges high and low. At St Bees village there is a famous grammar school which is one of the minor public schools of the

North; and within the past sixty years there used to be a college for priests in part of the vast old church. It had been found that university or college training for Northern aspirants to the Church ministry was impossible at the older foundations, because of its great cost. A new college was founded, and rendered service in securing good men from the dales for the Church work, until reforms at the old Universities reduced the cost and made the way easier for men of small means.

St Bega came ashore here when she, with her maidens, had been banished from her Irish home for her unbending devotion to Christ. They landed destitute, and the Lady of Egremont took care that such holy virgins should at least have a home, and not be open to insult from the pagans of the land. Later she asked her lord that the nuns might have some small estate. It was Midsummer Eve, and he replied gaily that "As much land as the snow covers in the morning shall be theirs." During the night of Beltane fires the whole district from the hills to the sea was whitened with snow, and the promise had to be fulfilled.

For centuries the parish of St Bees had its boundary along the tract which was snow-covered in this miraculous fashion

There is golf at St Bees and about the headland; also some sea-fishing off the rocks when the weather is fine, but a westerly wind sets up a nasty sea close inshore, and small boats have sometimes to run a good distance for shelter. The cove of Sandwick may be a smugglers' landing, but it is not a safe place when the surf begins to boom. The headland is a fine, windy place. The village church is merely part of the ruins of the ancient priory beneath the headland, and among

its relics are several worked stones of very early date, probably of the time when both Christian and pagan people lived in the area.

The port of Whitehaven is famous chiefly for its coal, which is brought up from galleries beneath the sea, and dropped from the pit-head right into the holds of coasting and other vessels. The process, however, does not seem to reduce the price, either at Whitehaven or in other ports. Cumberland coal generally does not stand high in the world's markets, being shipped chiefly to the little opposite ports of Galloway, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. The town was hardly important enough to be named even after the time of the Spanish Armada; but with the rise of the Lowthers its prosperity became greater. A century and a half ago the family were famous coal- and iron-masters; indeed, it is only within the present century that the management of the coal-pits at Whitehaven has been leased to a limited company. Prior to that the lord of Lowther and Whitehaven Castles had a direct knowledge of the problems of industry as well as of sport. The little villages between Whitehaven and the mouth of the Derwent have had their hours of prosperity; Parton and Harrington in particular have aimed at being rivals to the Lowther port of Whitehaven. But they had not the shelter of St Bees Head and the hook which makes Whitehaven harbour; and Harrington, as well as the other villages, has had its works ruined by the Solway storms. Very little shipping comes near the coast now.

Southward from St Bees the hamlets near the shore are unimportant. There is a long sand and shingle beach at the foot of shingle cliffs, which are apt to break away after storms. A few years ago there was

grave fear that the railway past Braystones and Nethertown would be entirely swept away. Many tons of slag from the Barrow and other furnaces were dumped at the threatened point and the attack staved off. At Silecroft the Eden flows into the sea. It has a rather curious ending, as its course runs parallel with the sea for practically a couple of miles before making a breach in the thin sandhills. The stream's last feeder is the Calder, which comes down from the little-known and less-appreciated Copeland Forest. Up the Calder are the remains of an ancient abbey, the settlers of which came from Furness in the twelfth century and were speedily expelled by the inrush of Scots under William the Lion. The mother-abbey, however, declined to receive the deserters, and they had to move on, disgraced, over the hills to Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, where the prior or abbot allowed them to settle on another site.

It was rare, indeed, that the Scots raided this poor side of the country; the land was thinly peopled, and even cattle must have been scarce. The fighting families and estates of the Border would be a menace on the rear of such an invasion. William's was probably the most successful and heaviest raid ever made by the Scots into England, except when they came at the invitation, and with the aid, of English partisans, as in the time of the Civil War and the two Jacobite rebellions.

To-day Copeland Forest remains a wild and sterile country, bleak and facing the sea. In the gorges are a few homesteads, but for the most part it is lonely sheep-walk, with nothing more than a few folds and dipping enclosures to break the bare expanse. Up here one finds old green tracks which have puzzled the

erudite on road matters. They are planned to some design, but as yet this design is undiscovered. Such tracks have nothing in common with the wide occupation roads which were marked out a century or so ago, when the mania for the enclosure of commons gave England a worse outlook than she had before. By use of a special Act of Parliament agreement could be made that the common pasturages—in the past open to the world—were divided among neighbouring landowners (presumably by their tenants). Church and school, like the smith and the cobbler, were held to be owners of land, and for their holdings a share of common was allotted. In the end the little cottages which had formerly kept a cow by aid of grazing on the common were wiped out, because their little stretch of land was located miles away. The estate-owner gradually took up their wee crofts, too small for any use in culture, and threw them into his larger farms. No, there was no theft of the commons, for they are still there. They were merely divided among the neighbours and shareholders in the manors, and today we of the outer world certainly wish the Enclosure Acts had never been passed.

Copeland Forest continues up to the Pillar and other mountains; it must have been hunting country many years ago, for we are told that deer persisted long after they had disappeared from other parts. About 1820 there was a hunt on the Ennerdale side, when the last stag took to the water and was drowned. Wastdale, next over the ridges, had a stock of deer at a later date, but when exactly they disappeared no one can tell. Fox-hunting in such wastes as Copeland, Ennerdale, and Wastdale becomes more of a campaign against vermin than anything else. It goes on the year round,

and has none of the galloping romance of fox-hunting in the shires. The shepherds (as in wildest Scotland) hunt fox, vixen, and cubs in order to rid their flocks of a positive danger. Sometimes one has seen exciting chases at summer hunts, but usually the fox, if it gets clear of the rabble when bolted from its fastness, simply outpaces them. The creature is much swifter than any collie; and often enough there are no foxhounds available for the raid on some lair among the fells. Any bobbery pack has to serve; they make a fiendish row and fight between times.

The country between the western ridge and the sea must have been occupied by folk of the Viking or Norse type at the period when Christianity began to make headway in the North. There are so many carved stones—crosses and hog-backs—with signs which appear symbolic of both Christian and pagan faiths. Gosforth Cross is a fine example of this; one can read into it either the allegory of the Christ Who went down to death and hell to save sinners, or the old pagan fable of the champion who withstood death, giving the two-headed dragon defiance while he went to the place of lost souls and rescued some friend of whom he had need.

Another rough sculpture, a tombstone, shows the legend of a giant who fished (probably with a whale for bait!) and snared the monstrous snake which holds the world together at the equator. There is a stirring battle between the monster and the angler. There are other fine carved slabs and stones at St Bees Church, at Irton (a finer piece of work, with definite Christian elements), and at Waberthwaite in particular.

Seascale, on the sea (which is here so shallow that no boat is launched and no pier built on the exposed

front), has a renown of its own. It is entirely a new community, dependent on the railway, and has great fame for its schools and for golf. The seaside links are fine indeed, and extend for a long distance. It is within the memory of living people that a lifeboat station existed on this shore, but there was (and is) no seafaring population, and a crew had to come down by train from Whitehaven when there was an alarm of wreck. It is said that the best method of sea-fishing here is to go out in a cart, and when the horse has got to deep water casting can commence. One has never tried the sport, nor yet been lucky enough to see others trying. A rock off the coast here, coming in sight at very low tides, marks a bed of oysters, bivalves which are not at all common on this side of the Irish Sea. The mass of Black Combe, to the south, is fairly prominent; from the front of Seascale one can look over to the Isle of Man, some twenty miles away, and northward, past St Bees Head, to the Mull of Galloway, in Scotland. Seascale is the nearest railway station with a road to Wastwater and Wastdale Head, about a dozen miles away. Nowadays cars fly over the distance in a short time, and make merry at the long hills and rather gritty surface. Veterans of the fells and rocks have vivid recollections of more difficult and irritatingly slow approaches behind tired horses. On foot we were all right. The usual practice was to leave the cities after business, and journey by a mail train which crawled up the Cumberland coast in the small hours. A rough meal of sandwiches in the train, and off we tramped to the fells. Often enough the mail was an hour or two late, and we arrived at Wastdale Head in fair time for the early breakfast which was then the farmhouse custom. Now Wastdale

Head keeps different times—the hotel is no longer a mere home-from-home of the climbing fraternity, but has many other guests.

The route from Seascale to Wastwater goes by Gosforth of the church and wonderful carved cross and ornaments; then up past the Wellington Inn and over ridges, always with a wider view to seaward (one has seen Snowdon, in Wales, from the top of the Wellington hill), to the hamlet of Strands, or Nether Wastdale. The magnificent bulk of the Screes now becomes more evident, and the sight is impressive. The great cliff rises above fans of many-coloured detritus, always with new patches and streaks from the dark red and brown cliffs above. The great face is riven by deep gullies, but except in wet weather or snow-time these are not greatly noticed. The usual impression is that the Screes make one long and practically unbroken line of cliff.

Wastwater is another of our wonder-lakes; like Crummock, it goes deep and its trough is practically level. The surface is 200 feet above the sea, and about a third of the floor goes below sea-level. The average depth is 135 feet, much greater than that of any other of our lakes. It is said that Wastwater is but rarely frozen, even in times of long-continued frost. Probably this is because the lake's surface is never still in winter; there always seems to be a ruffling of the breeze and little waves rising into the light. The four or five miles to Wastdale Head are probably the finest in the Lake District, counted for their sublimity and their approach to the fells. There is no doubt that the place is wild enough. Every mountain is strewn with broken rocks; great ribs push through the ridges and start out of the sheep-walks; and the coves are

crowned with mighty plunging cliffs. At first the lower peaks of Screes and Yewbarrow command the attention ; then, as the former is passed, Scafell's great rock shoulder and the tent of Scafell Pike take its place. Another turn, by Bowderdale Beck, and the circle of great peaks from Scafell Pike to Kirkfell—Lingmell, Broad and Ill Crags, Great End, and Great Gable—comes into view. One can find the rock-climber's haunts of Napes and Kern Knotts on Great Gable, just as the great north ridges of Scafell are prominent over the gap of Hollowstones, to the right. As Wastdale Head, a mere knot of hotel, farms, church, and school-house, is approached there is a fine view of the Pillar Mountain beyond the gulf of Mosedale.

But more must be written of Wastwater. It is the sternest and stormiest of our lakes. There is good fishing, but boats are in few hands, as the lake is entirely in private ownership. The road has come up open common, but the lake is probably legally within the grounds of the hall among the trees at its foot. Those great firs and larches are the only heavy timber within many miles; for the rest of the lake basin the hills are bare except for bracken, with occasional heather and ling lower down, with rich green and gold patches of moss among the rocks, and with stunted oaks and birches along the watersides. Round Bowderdale there has been an attempt at plantation, but nature seems to be somewhat weary of the experiment. The haggard larches scarcely hang out their wonderful green in early May, and, indeed, the coloration is left to the patches of gorse near the road. There is always a tinge of gold, no matter what may be the season. The angling in Wastwater is first-rate; there is some rod-work in flood-time in the larger becks near the

SUNSET OVER WASTWATER, FROM SCAFELL PIKE

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WASTWATER AND WASTDALE HEAD, FROM THE ROCKS OF GREAT GABLE

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lake, and more excellent fishing is found in the mountain tarns, such as Scoat, behind Yewbarrow. The hotel at Wastdale Head is quite a good centre for anglers; it has the right to use a boat on the lake, the head of which is little more than half a mile from its threshold.

Much has been written about the little community of Wastdale Head. The church is thought to occupy the site of a foundation mentioned in the archives of St Bees, but to-day there is no resident clergyman, and the parish is now united with that of Nether Wastdale, five miles away. Some of the clerics who held the living in the past were rather primitive folk. For the most part they were Cumbrian, or had lived so long among the fells that no one could tell that they were strangers. There was one who lounged much about the inn, with his clasped clogs and red stockings and clay pipe. There was the blind parson who asked whether a latecomer into church was travelling "afoot or on horseback," because his clogs made such a noise on the smooth blue flags. There was the parson with hunting tastes who, when word was passed to his congregation that a hunt was passing during service, shouted, "Shut that door." Then, ripping off his surplice, he continued, "Now open it. Let's all start fair!"

The church here is among the small ones of the Carlisle diocese, but it is quite large enough for the normal community. There are only three farms, one licensed house, and the vicarage in the Head to-day. The last place to fall into ruin was the little farm of Downindale; in a few years probably its wreck will be shapeless and unrecognizable. There are three routes out of Wastdale—and they are mountain tracks. The

Black Sail Pass slants along the side of Mosedale, and then climbs to Lookingstead, to drop fairly steeply into Ennerdale; Sty Head Pass goes direct to Borrowdale along the side of Great Gable, and gives a wonderful walk of three or four hours through the wildest of English scenery; the track to Eskdale passes the head of the lake, and goes over Burnmoor to Boot. It is a rather rough track, with a beautiful tarn on the way.

More difficult courses are open to the scrambler. By climbing up Hollowstones and crossing Mickledore Ridge it is possible to drop down to Butterilkeld or to reach Boot round the eastern side of the mountain. This way is not recommended in time of mist and storm, for a little deviation from the right track is penalized by hard travel. Langdale is usually reached either by following the Borrowdale path to the top of Sty Head, and then branching to the right under the crags of Great End, past Sprinkling Tarn and to Esk Hause, or by passing over the Scafell Pike ridge. There is another route which follows the obvious Greta Ghyll to the ridge between Great End and Ill Crag, and so reaches the Pikes track near the last spring on the Langdale path. Of course, mountaineers can make routes through any and every gap of the mountains, but the most typical track is the dalesman's path which strikes through Mosedale, following the floor practically to the cliffs of the Pillar Mountain, then turning to the left and climbing a weary scree to Wind Gap, through which there is a semi-defined path to Gillerthwaite and the Anglers' Inn at Ennerdale.

One cannot conclude this chapter without mentioning some of the famous literary people who came hither in the old time. There was Christopher North,

who always gave the dalesmen a lively time during his visit; Wordsworth was less lavish and more retiring, though he might arrive and tent it with his friend. Southey and Coleridge also came, and it is urged that the latter made the first recorded climb of the Pikes. Hitherto no rambler had thought it worth while to be definite about the peak scaled in the day's work. Wordsworth, of course, wrote a good deal about the ridge in his *Guide*, and one of his descriptions includes the view from the summit. This was, however, some years after Coleridge, who had borrowed the broomstick from Greta Hall for an alpenstock, had come up from Wastdale Head and found the peak accessible.

Perhaps Sir Walter Scott did not wander so far west —had he done so he could have found mountain ridges which make his Striding Edge very mild scrambling indeed. The great climbers of the golden days of British and Alpine efforts came here; the rock-climbs provide standards for the world. The names of W. P. Haskett-Smith, Owen Glynne Jones, John Wilson Robinson, William Cecil Slingsby, and the brothers Abraham are first to mind, with others both dead and still living, honoured as pioneers should be.

CHAPTER XIII

ESKDALE

Its toy railway—Trout streams—Ravenglass as Roman fort—Muncaster Castle—Boot and the head of Eskdale—Round Black Combe.

The corner of Cumberland south of the two lakes mentioned in the last chapter is quiet, remote, and yet interesting. The London, Midland, and Scottish Railway passes along the coast from Duddon Bridge up to Seascale and Whitehaven, bridging the Esk near Muncaster Castle, the Irt and Mite between Ravenglass and Drigg. The only motorable road runs practically parallel with the train route. Eskdale, indeed, has a railway of its own, with the working gauge of fifteen inches. This carries in the season a large amount of holiday traffic, both because it is novel in the area and because it gives access to the least known of Cumbrian dales. The little railway has taken the place of an old narrow-gauge line which was constructed at a time when Eskdale seemed likely to prove another Cleator Moor for iron ore. There was a good deal of mining activity, but the deposits proved to be on the surface, and did not extend, as was hoped, right through the moors from Eskdale to the red-stained rocks of the Wastwater Screes. The old railway became very decrepit and unsafe, and had to be entirely reorganized by its new owners.

At present the little line, which is eight miles in length, is being worked with some energy. At the

terminus near Boot there is a refreshment room and shelter for visitors. There have been many changes down the line. At Muncaster Road Station the only shelter was an old boat turned on its beam ends, but this has fallen into ruins. The new line is safe, and one no longer receives humorous reports of the derailment of the "Eskdale Express." At present the railway is being worked by large-sized model engines and carriages, and not by conventional rolling stock. The most important village on the route is Eskdale Green, which has become quite a resort, though it is not placed in any commanding situation. However, there are good walks along the Mite valley from Eskdale Green to Burnmoor and Wastdale Head, and another route over the ridges to the foot of Wastwater. Near the King George (formerly the King of Prussia) Inn there is a rough road up the hills which passes near Devoke Water on its way to the Duddon valley at Ulpha.

The first river coming south from the Seascale and Wastwater area is, of course, the Irt, which is the outlet of the lake named. It is a capital trout stream, and good quarters may be obtained at the pretty village of Holmrook and at Santon Bridge. Both places have good inns, the former being on the Whitehaven road and described as first-class in every way. The next stream is the Mite, a small river which starts in the back of the Wastwater Screes, and falls down a pretty and narrow glen to the estuary near Ravenglass. There is some sea-trout as well as brown-trout fishing in the lower reaches of this river.

Ravenglass, which is the terminus for the Eskdale Railway, stands on tidal waters, at the confluence of Esk and Mite and Irt. The great pool, which was the

Roman port of Clanoventa, is guarded to seaward by two spits of sandhills. The northern spit is protected as a nesting-place for gulls, terns, etc. No eggs may be looted, and a visit in early June shows the tufts and sands absolutely covered with nests and clutches of eggs. The birds hang in the air above, making their wild mewing shrieks and laughter. Of course, there are many other nesters, such as curlews, plovers, ring-plovers, and maybe a few burrow, or shelducks. The rabbit seems ubiquitous. The southern spit is largely a warren; it was at one time the range of the local rifle club, and parts of its expanse are given over to the Mines Department of the Home Office for experimental work. Access, therefore, is not welcome.

Ravenglass was an important place in the time of the Romans. Away to the south of the present hamlet, where the Esk turns toward the hills, there are traces of a great camp, and in the drive just behind the railway station is Walls Castle, the remains of a Roman structure. The walls are still standing to a height greater than that of any similar relic, in Northern England at any rate. There is pink cement on the wall, a recess which has held the statue of emperor or god, and the floor still shows the little pillars which allowed the hot vapour from the furnace to warm the room. It was probably used as a bath-house by the garrison.

After the Romans left history has nothing to record of Ravenglass for some centuries. Then the place is found to be important enough to have a charter for market and fairs. The market has been lost for centuries, but the fair went on, with the javelin-men escorting the representative of the lord of the manor, who had to declare the transactions open and legal.

It has been discontinued within living memory, and Ravenglass is nowadays a quiet place. The only excitement is the arrival, once a year, of a small coaster with a cargo of chemical manures for the farmers of the district. This makes more odour than stir. The coaster comes in at high tide, threads the awkward passage between the two sand-spits, and takes the ground. Then the farmers come with their carts, and take over-side delivery of the aromatic bags. The shore at Ravenglass has some fine sunsets; sometimes the Isle of Man is visible, uplifted in the western sky. This is a sign of coming storm. Black Combe is a feature to the south, and to the north-east there are high fells. Muncaster Park, however, shelters the place from landward winds. The heads of St Bees and the Mull of Galloway are often visible.

The little village is a quaint place. There is a road from the station, and for the most part the houses prefer to be on one side or the other, and rarely opposite each other. The last block of cottages has undoubtedly been an inn at some time. Though local legend would have it that the back doors opening toward the river and tide are proof of great smuggling days of the past, there is no proof that 'free trade' of this sort was carried on at Ravenglass. The entrance to its port is too difficult, and the bay is far too easily watched from the hills above. The village has one hotel, the Pennington Arms, of excellent reputation, but it is not, of course, up-to-date on city lines. Still, for plain fare and cleanliness the little house has merit.

The Muncaster Castle of to-day appears to be entirely a modern building. It is splendidly situated, and the view from its front lawn is one of the best in the district (always excepting those in which a lake or

tarn gives brilliance). The river is deep below, but it is also narrow and without pools, and the distant outlook toward the moors and lilac mountains can be very delightful. The tiny old church outside the castle gate belongs to a primitive order of architecture; it serves the little community at Ravenglass as well as the farms and houses clustered along the slope near the castle. There are some relics of carved stones here, as elsewhere in the district.

In the old time the service at Muncaster was held at times dependent upon the flow of the tide. The cleric in charge had to visit Waberthwaite, on the other side of the Esk (then a place of some importance), and only at low water was it possible to cross either by horse-ford or by stepping-stones. In those days the Esk was famous as a terrific torrent, and for a long time no stone bridge could be erected over its current. There was failure after failure, until Lord Muncaster engaged some brothers from Grasmere to build a bridge to their own design—that customary in the mountain districts. This held, and still holds, though the storm waters rage wildly.

The only road allowing motor access into Eskdale passes from the Irt valley at Santon Bridge and over the ridge far up the dale to Eskdale Green. There is a lane just south of the Esk bridge mentioned above, which is usually mapped as an entrance to the vale, but the road is rough and difficult to follow, even with a small car. A large car cannot pass. An alternative route partially utilizes the drive from the castle into its detached northern park. For the use of this drive permission must be obtained, probably at the south lodge on the Whitehaven–Millom road. The surface is fairly good, and the route is not greatly used. Its

egress into Eskdale is by a section of private road to a locked gate. There is, however, a possible escape from this latter. Instead of turning over the bridge of Esk near the point from which the gate is visible, keep on northward, and the hamlet of Eskdale Green will be reached after about half a mile. The park is delightfully quiet; one often finds pheasants striding about the roadway and hears the crowing of grouse among the heather not far away.

Eskdale has about four miles of road—from the King George to the Woolpack, right up the valley. There are inns at Boot, and at Dalegarth there is a centre belonging to one of the great holiday organizations, where the simple life can be enjoyed in tents and bungalows. Since the War this road up Eskdale has been improved out of recognition. It was formerly a twisting and narrow lane between high stone walls. Half-way up the dale is Dalegarth Force, in a wood off to the right of the road. The way to it is well marked, and the key of admittance is obtained at old Dalegarth Hall. The fall is about sixty feet sheer, pouring down a narrow and deep cleft in the rocks, and overhung by tall larches and other conifers. The Esk bridge just below the hall gives a fine view up and down the dale. There are marks on its walls to show the great heights to which winter floods have occasionally risen. The drainage of many mountains passes through this slit between the rocks, and the sight of a torrent raving down is amazing when it is remembered that in summer the pools are so shallow and clear that one can easily see and be seen by the few small trout which remain.

Boot was a village long ago; it has never been a town, but is renowned as a resort of shepherds and

flock-masters. The best Herdwick sheep of the fells are shown at the fairs here. The Masons' Arms at Boot is a small inn; the Woolpack, a mile farther up the dale, is more the haunt of rambling and climbing folk who do not make use of the railway. The name of the Woolpack connects the hotel with the old traffic in fleeces between Kendal and Whitehaven. It was much quicker to come this stormy way than to go along the coast or by Keswick and Cockermouth.

Beyond the Woolpack there is little more motoring road. At the first bridge across the Esk the track deteriorates, and one can see the green route twisting up the side of the gorge to the shelf on Hard Knott, where the Romans built a square fort to protect their traffic from the thieves and raiders of the hills. The camp has been excavated, but there is little to record. The gates show signs of fire, as though the place had been stormed and defended. The path forward is the old road to Cockley Beck and to Wrynose Pass for the camp at Ambleside (near the head of Windermere). There are few striking signs of Roman engineering on the road; probably the commanders were satisfied with making it fairly passable for light traffic, and did not carry out the elaborate paving or cement work needed for a chariot road.

The head of Eskdale beyond the entrance to Hard Knott Pass is worth a walk. Beyond Butterilkeld one finds that the hills recede a little on either side, and form the most perfect mountain cirque in the district. If one ignores the fact that Wastdale has its lake, the head here could be favourably compared to its neighbour. The egress from the dale at this end is over rough and rather little used passes. In time of mist the routes about Eskdale Head are best left alone;

the tracks are so faint that it is easy to go wrong, and the rocks seem to be traps to the lost person. There is a fine cascade visible from the track, and more than one in the recesses of the rocks, but the rambler must find these for himself or herself.

There is another waterfall lower down the valley which is worth mention—this is Birker Force. In ordinary weather it is little more than a trickle down the rocks, and even from Boot may not be easy to find. After heavy rain, however, the stream becomes a white torrent, and one can hear its thunder across the dale.

From Boot there is a glorious track to Wastdale Head across Burnmoor, entering the dale by way of the deep gap between Scafell and Illgill Head, the northernmost of the Wastwater Screes. Burnmoor Tarn is passed on the way, and from its outlet a path can be taken due south to reach the river Mite, and so one can get back to the Ravenglass district without retracing steps down the Esk dale. Irton Church, in the Mite area, is not so ancient, but it has a famous cross, which formerly had runes still visible on a flat panel among the wonderful interlacings.

From the Esk southward to Millom the country is a strath next to the sea, and with but few streams and pools. There is one near Bootle which has renown as the place where a church sank because of some wickedness, and where the bells can still be heard far below the surface. Waberthwaite, just beyond the Esk, has a church with more of the curious local carvings. One stone has some rude representation which may be a horse or it may not. Bootle is a quaint little town, with ancient charter and fairs. Nor can very much be said for Silecroft, which has access to a sandy stretch of coast, much used by the children of Millom as a

playground. Millom itself had an ancient castle, and several pieces of wall remain, with a monument recording that at such a point its lords had a place of justice —*i.e.*, for convicting and hanging malefactors. Outside Millom, at Bigrigg, are large hæmatite mines, the workings of which run far beneath the tides of the estuary. Hæmatite is practically pure iron. It is found in pockets, or sops, and is an ore of kidney shape, heavy weight, and rich purple colour. It is not found in any seam or strata, and mining for it is an adventure. If a big pocket is found the operators make a fortune—and they may miss one by being a few yards out of the right direction.

Black Combe (1969 feet) is most easily reached from the Silecroft side, where a broad and easy path winds to the summit. According to Wordsworth, Black Combe has the distinction of offering the longest overland view in England, Jack Hill, in Staffordshire, being visible. There is certainly a fine outlook over the Irish Sea, along the coasts of Lancashire, Cumberland, and Galloway, to the Isle of Man, to the peaks of Snowdonia, in the south-west, and to the Mourne Mountains, in Ireland, beyond the Isle of Man. The view toward the mountains is also very wild and beautiful, the great peaks ranging, one beyond another, along the northern horizon. Between Black Combe and Duddon Bridge is a prehistoric stone ring—Swinside Circle—which is only less important than the one near Keswick. The triangle of moorland, broad next to the sea and narrowing between Eskdale and the Duddon valley, is not worth much trouble. The old direct road from Whitehaven to Ulverston crosses it, but the going is too bad for ordinary motor travel. Above the village of Corney is a shelf of moor on which

many foundations of the ancient city of Barnscar have been cleared—streets and palaces and huts of various sizes—but the city left no record of its history or period of occupation. Local legend has it that the place was settled by the Danes—probably meaning the Norsemen, who certainly came here after the departure of the Romans, and who have left plenty of traces of their occupation. Far out in the moor toward Eskdale is Devoke Water, a large sheet, with an island on which seagulls breed, and with a stock of pink-fleshed trout the progenitors of which, it is said, were brought from Italy by the monks. The angling in Devoke Water is early; the fish come into condition with the first lawful day of the season. The rights belong to the Muncaster Castle estate, and the King George down in Eskdale is the nearest inn. It is a weary tramp across the moorland road to the Traveller's Rest at Ulpha.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DUDDON

Wordsworth's "Sonnets"—"Wonderful Walker"—Duddon gorge—Kirk of Ulpha—A learned landlord—Broughton-in-Furness.

THOUGH so famous in literature, the Duddon is really a short stream, its course making less than twenty miles in all. It rises at the back of the Crinkle Crags group, and comes down the western side of Wrynose Pass to Cockley Beck. Here it turns into a new trough at right angles to its earlier course, and continues south. The track from Cockley Beck to Seathwaite Church is rough, narrow, and unpleasant, with badly sited gates, and the road thence to Duddon Bridge is mostly a narrow lane, with one fine open section across the common below Ulpha before passing along a narrow ledge in the hillside.

Wordsworth loved this dale, its clear river, and its people. The series of "Duddon Sonnets" contain some of his best work, and their absolute accuracy proves that he must have walked along the whole stream again and again. Every yard is familiar ground, and not a word is wasted: the barren silence of the high fells round the infant stream; the joyous rattle of brooks coming toward Cockley Beck from the steep slopes of Hard Knott, Mosedale, and Wrynose; the gradual tinkle of the stream across its stony bed until it reaches the narrows of Birks Bridge, where the waters fall into a deep, narrow, and beautiful rock

pool; the beauty of Wallowbarrow Gorge, with its stepping-stones both above and below; Tarn Beck, the river's only large tributary, alongside which Robert Walker had his church.

This man has gone down to history as "The Wonderful"—he was a hard worker as priest, farmer, and schoolmaster; he took care of his emoluments and educated his sons and daughters to fit them for higher places in life than their native dale. After his death his fortune was said to be about £2000, a creditable amount indeed for a man who brought up a numerous family and yet had no larger stipend as cleric and schoolmaster than £50 a year. In his early career the amount was nearer £4 to £5 per annum.

Undoubtedly Robert Walker earned every pound of his money. He was lawyer and will-maker for his people, and during his many years at Seathwaite few disputes from the parish ever entered the courts; nor did doubts arise from the many documents which he must have drawn up concerning lands and houses. At all times he gave freely; every Sunday there was free soup at the priest's house for those who could not provide their own meal between morning and afternoon service. People came from many miles to hear his preaching—his own parishioners were scattered over ten miles of rough lanes and fells. Late in life his bishop pressed the old man to accept the neighbouring living of Ulpha, which was vacant. He urged that most of the duties might be made joint with those at Seathwaite, but Robert Walker declined the task. He felt that there was real need for two clergymen in the vale of Duddon, and that no parish should have an absentee vicar, with only a curate to do most of the work.

The graves of Robert and Mary, his wife (who came to him from Buttermere), are in the churchyard, near the grand old yew under which he must have rested many a time among his people. The church has been considerably altered, but "Wonderful's" pew, with its lining of homespun Herdwick wool, still remains. In former days the school was kept inside the chapel —the schoolmaster had his spinning-wheel at work inside the altar rails while he was teaching. The two offices have long been separated, and there is a new school a few yards down the lane.

The path up to Seathwaite Tarn has been greatly improved, but the beauty has been much spoilt by the dam which the Barrow Corporation made when the tarn was converted into a reservoir for their use. The little island which used to have a colony of nesting gulls has gone, and gone too is the boat and net kept here by their one-time owners for char-fishing. There are trout too in these waters. But one turns aside from the contemplation even of a beautiful reservoir with some impatience. A mile below Seathwaite Church there are some small tanks and works belonging to the Corporation, and they are rather an eyesore when one is contemplating the old dale from the hillsides above. However, it must be admitted that the Corporation did (and still does) its best. From Seathwaite Inn there is a long walk over Walna Scar Pass to Coniston. The top of the pass is one of the places where in summer the shepherds of the Old Man range of sheep-walks meet in order to exchange sheep and to have a convivial time.

The Wallowbarrow Gorge of the Duddon is fine indeed; the river is absolutely clear, and the floor and boulders are bright green, with birches and hollies

above and around, and bracken on the hillsides. There is plenty of colour here. Dunnerdale comes next, with a track which passes up to Grass Guards, a lonely farm on the moors, near a peat-moss, where fuel for the district was formerly cut and gathered. Little is done in that way now except by the tenant of Grass Guards, but peat-rights were formerly considered of great value. Where a boundary of manor or parish went through such a place there was always cause for dispute and even for blows. Near Dunnerdale a road turns off to the left, rising over the ridge and descending steeply to Duddon Bridge. Broughton is about a mile nearer by this route, but it is not good going for motor-cars.

The next point is

> The Kirk of Ulpha, to the pilgrim's eye
> As welcome as a star.

Ulpha looks an older church than Seathwaite, and is more easily seen. From the churchyard there is a good view both down and up the river. At the Traveller's Rest there is a road which climbs to the moor and reaches Eskdale either at Dalegarth or near the King George Inn. From Ulpha Bridge is a path which is said to have been used by the old priests who served both Ulpha and Torver Churches. There is a track down the Cumberland side of the stream, but it is not worth the difficulty of tracing. The inn at Ulpha reminds one of an old story. A century ago there was no place of refreshment open to the public, but some strolling students quartered themselves on a big farm-house for the night. They made themselves very free with the entertainment, and in the morning sent the landlord a request, written in Latin, for their bill.

In a few moments a reply came—written in Greek, which none of them could read. A verbal request brought a further missive—written in Hebrew. The party then sent an apology, and bluff old John Gunson, who had had the real grammar-school training of the dales, came out and said, "Well, it'll be five shillings for the four of you, but don't write such bad Latin next time. It was awful."

The main route down the vale of Duddon goes over the bridge, where note the deep pool, with trout apparently swimming in clear air, and passes on to the common. The views are good; the fells round the head of the dale are now fully visible, as well as a series of lower heights, many of which are covered with steep and broken patches of rock. The road shortly begins to climb high, leaving the river; there is a break in the floor of the dale, and the river pours down a series of cataracts—none of them of any great individual depth or character, however—to almost sea-level. At the foot of this step is Duddon Hall, with its great woods of larch and other trees. In another mile one passes from a fine open mountain dale to a level strath which gradually comes down to the tide at the railway bridge.

Just before the Forge Bridge the road turns left for Broughton-in-Furness, and in the mile or so the river Lickle is crossed and a steep but short ridge surmounted. The drop down into a hamlet outlying from Broughton is very steep, and may be dangerous.

The church at Broughton dates back, in some details, to the Norman period, and the hall has within it the elements of an ancient peel-tower. The little market-place is sometimes crowded with shepherds and farmers making the best of the market or fair. In this con-

nexion Broughton is of great local importance. There is no other convenient market within many miles.

At Duddon Furnace, near the road bridge, are relics of an iron-working hearth, in which the charcoal of the adjacent woods was used to reduce the iron ore brought from the mines of Furness. A big hammer worked by water-power was part of such equipment, and there are traces of the building containing this not only at the Furnace, but at many other similar places in the Lake District.

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CHAPTER XV

CONISTON AND JOHN RUSKIN

Brantwood and its occupiers—Mining ventures—The lake—Coniston Hall—Dow Crags—Tarn Hows—Esthwaite—Hawkshead Church and Grammar School—Wordsworth—Furness Abbey—Cartmel Priory.

Two more lakes lie in the beautiful country between the Duddon and Windermere. Thirty years ago thousands of Empire and American visitors made part of their pilgrimage a brief sojourn at Coniston, in order to worship at the shrine of John Ruskin, thinker, artist, and writer. Nowadays there is less fervour in Ruskinism, but the phase is only temporary, for such a genius cannot be forgotten. Indeed, the idealism he infused into his socio-political pamphlets is now, to a certain extent, being put into practice, though not in the clear, straightforward manner he indicated and advocated.

John Ruskin was born in London on February 8, 1819. His father was a wealthy wine merchant who was pleased to put his entire family in a coach, and to spend the summer in touring the finest parts of England in style and comfort, while he called on his country agents. So John the younger saw Windermere from Lowwood and Derwentwater from Friar's Crag long before he was emancipated from a nurse attendant, and he made many journeys to the Lakes afterward, adding always to his worship of mountain, moor, and mere.

In 1867 he was at Coniston, bemoaning in a letter to his mother that

> our old Waterhead inn, where I was so happy playing in the boats, exists no more. Its place is grown over with smooth Park grass—the very site of it is forgotten! And, a quarter of a mile down the lake, a vast hotel built in the railroad station style.

Even then Ruskin, who was just recovering from a serious illness, wished to settle among the fells, and the site for a house near Bowness was considered—and dropped. It was too near the railway!

In 1871, after another breakdown, he was offered the house and ten acres of land at Brantwood, on the eastern shore of Coniston. He agreed to pay the £1500 asked, and found the property to be a rough-cast country cottage, old, damp, decayed, but with "five acres of rock and moor and streamlet; and I think the finest view I know in Cumberland or Lancashire, with the sunset visible over the same."

It had been a favourite view-point of Wordsworth's. Gerald Massey, the poet, W. J. Linton, poet and engraver, with his wife the novelist, and Dr G. W. Kitchin (Dean of Durham) had all lived there. Tennyson had sojourned close by. Within a year the cottage at Brantwood had been reconditioned, and this, with its furnishing by a London firm, cost altogether £4000. In 1873 Ruskin spent his first vacation from Oxford at Brantwood. He had another breakdown after starting his lectures, and had to return north, and then to go to Italy and Sicily. In 1875 he settled more earnestly, and helped to dig a harbour on his own foreshore and to cut coppice wood in his own forest. About this time he founded the St George's Guild or

Company, and put much of his diminished strength and capital into the effort. In 1879 he resigned the Slade Professorship at Oxford, and henceforward Brantwood was his home. There, in the periods of better health, he met again friends from the great outer world, and settled down to his many hobbies and studies.

The harbour works at the foot of the grounds were completed by the Coniston men, and there used to be a fleet of rowing- and sailing-boats. The Professor was proud of his view, but he laughingly described a finer outlook on the next estate as "Naboth's vineyard." He had always a welcome and a private path to it, and later was able to become its owner. At Brantwood Ruskin continued and finished *Fors Clavigera*, with its complaint against the tyranny of capital, commercialism, the science that murders to dissect, and other degenerative ideas which he held led to revolution.

In 1881 Ruskin left Brantwood for a time, and soon regretted the return to a rougher existence which caused another breakdown. His next sojourn probably brought him into closer touch with the village school. In *Fors Clavigera* he detailed much of his early life; *Præterita* tells of later years. But Ruskin's mind was clouded with tempest at more and more frequent intervals, and all set programmes or lectures were abandoned. He continued to write trenchant, and often surprising, letters. In 1889 he finally conceded that literary effort was too much, and brought *Præterita*, the last story of his life, to a hasty conclusion.

Ruskin's inheritance of £200,000 had been given away to various objects, crusades, and movements

which he founded and loved. In his later years the returns from his books (thanks more to literary advisers than to Ruskin himself) brought in £4000 per annum. When he entered his eighty-first year the villagers of Coniston were quick to congratulate him, also on the twenty-seven years he had lived at Brantwood. Ruskin died in January 1900, and was buried in Coniston churchyard, among the fells he so greatly loved. A beautiful cross, with carvings somewhat in the character of those at Gosforth and Irton, but alluding to the great author's works and interests, stands over the grave. It was designed by Professor W. G. Collingwood, who had been Ruskin's assistant in much work, and was carved by a local stonecutter.

Third longest of our lakes is Coniston Water, being about five miles from Waterhead to Nibthwaite. The width is a third of a mile, except approaching the outlet, and the greatest depth is 183 feet. There are two small islets, Fir, which in dry weather is almost a peninsula, and Peel, a larger rock nearer the outlet of the lake. Both are close to the eastern shore, and therefore do not become conspicuous objects like the islands of Windermere and Derwentwater. There are char, trout, and coarse fish in the water, and in early summer the angling is often good. There are no large streams to operate as spawning-grounds and retreats for big fish, and consequently the creel is usually filled with small fellows. Torver Beck practically cascades into the lake; Church Beck, at Coniston, has only half a mile of angling, through the village at that, before a great waterfall closes the way; and Yewdale Beck, though long, is hopelessly split into small rills, which are quickly affected by drought.

The road down the Brantwood side is within a short

distance of the lake all the way, and up the other shore the deviations for the first two miles are few. From Sunny Bank, however, the road turns inland alongside Torver Beck. The vistas of lake and mountain from the road between Water Yeat and Sunny Bank are as fine as those about Brantwood. There is a great richness and glow of colour, and the coppice woods come down to the lake, with a background first of moors, then of the Yewdale Fells, Fairfield, and far-away Helvellyn. From Torver the lake is seen for only short distances, though at Park Gate there is a fine view over the beehive chimneys of Coniston Hall to the lake.

The village of Coniston has several good hotels: the Crown, Waterhead, and the Sun in particular, with more characteristic dales accommodation at the Black Bull. Torver has its Church House Inn, which is the better type of dales hostelry, and in addition there are one or two small wayside public-houses. Coniston depends on its boarding-houses or private hotels to accommodate visitors. Most farms in the area have rooms to spare, because the new methods introduced in agriculture mean fewer workers on field and fell, and the result is a plenitude of lodgings, even for families. The village has a flourishing Ruskin Institute, with a museum of relics from Brantwood, etc. It has also public tennis-courts and bowling-greens. There is boating at the Waterhead Hotel, also at the Ruskin Pier, about half a mile from the village, on the delta of Church Beck.

The church is not very ancient, but it has a simple beauty of its own. As a parish, Coniston is much junior to its western neighbour, Torver, from which apparently it has been divided. The village of Torver

is small, and, like Coniston, loses picturesqueness from gaunt rows of quarrymen's cottages. The chief industry of the district, after sheep-farming and stock-rearing, is slate-working, though a century ago Coniston was famous for copper, and many hands were employed in Mines Valley. The ore was obtained by deep working, and after rough sorting at the pit-mouth it was carried down to the lake and floated to Nibthwaite for transmission to the coast, where cargoes of sea-coal could be used in the smelteries. There are legends that the Romans first discovered Coniston copper, and that relics of even more primitive processes and tools than theirs have been found. The real liveliness began in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when Austrian miners were encouraged to settle in Britain and to carry out the work. From the time of Elizabeth to that of Victoria the mines were more or less prosperous, but eventually the vein of metal was lost, and though exploration of a fitful nature goes on at intervals there seems to be little prospect of new developments. 'As the copper industry went out the slate industry came in; and it was to deal with the traffic of the new workings, as well as with possible copper ores, that the single-track railway from Broughton was built about 1860, some years, it will be noted, before John Ruskin's purchase of the Brantwood estate.

The present-day traffic on the lake is restricted to the railway company's summer steamer programme, and to the boats belonging to the various hotels and hirers at Ruskin Pier. There is no great commercial interest in the lake traffic, and with good roads there is no compulsion to take any goods by water. The rafts of felled timber which are occasionally towed

down Windermere to Lakeside have no counterpart at Coniston, which still has legends of its 'copper fleet,' commanded by an 'admiral.'

The best views of the Coniston Fells are from the bosom of the lake. Pushing over toward the Brantwood shore, the ridges rapidly appear above the mere rocky bluffs or foothills; there is a finer view of the Yewdale crags, and shortly the whole range of the Old Man is seen, its front divided into coves, of which Mines Valley is the best. The old manor-house, Coniston Hall, is striking; there is a drawing of it by Ruskin, done as early as 1837, in one of his books.

The hall, with its columnar chimneys, was probably built in the late sixteenth century by a le Fleming of Rydal. Coniston was regarded as the second estate of the family, and was used by a few heirs and relatives, but in the early eighteenth century it was disused as a mansion, and had to be turned into a sheep-farm. There is a little oak panelling, but everything ancient has been removed, and the place is not 'shown.'

The chief walks round Coniston take one into the heart of the hills. Mines Valley, despite the wreckage left by the ore captains, is interesting. The easiest route is along a field-path from the Sun Hotel. The first gorge is among tall larches, and the beauty increases with every yard. In less than a mile there is a white apron of falling water across an intrusion of blue slate. This is the Lower Fall, crossed by a bridge, and here the trees cease to rise high over the water. Turning right over the bridge, another fall, with a shuttlecock-and-battledore section, is seen to the left; then a great cove in the fells is entered, with a fine rib of mountain above. Everywhere in the lower part of Mines Valley are tips of ancient workings, still un-

clothed by nature, and very gradually losing their sharp looseness. Here and there is a sluice spilling out its waste waters, a waterwheel, or sheds.

The beauty begins again above this sad intrusion of bankrupt industry. There is some fine scenery in Red Dell; also in the recess which slopes up to Levers Water and the slope which climbs up to Low Water, one of the highest tarns in the district. Simon Nick, above Levers Water, is a narrow cleft in the rocks. It is said to be the secret working of a miner who found a pocket of ore, and by working at nights was able to carry it away a bagful at a time. Some say that Simon had a league with the powers of evil and disappeared, that his soul croaks like a raven when the weather is evil and his rift from which he took the ore is splashing with water.

From Mines Valley it is easy to reach the crest of the Old Man ridge, for it hangs like a breaking wave over the lower place. There is another path which is popular, to Tilberthwaite Ghyll. A sledge-track turns up at the first set of cottages and climbs to the moor; after crossing various bogs it descends into a gorge under the rocks of Wetherlam. This ghyll has been rendered accessible by ladders and bridges, and descends to the road in Tilberthwaite Glen. Down this glen is the way to Coniston, at first between moors, afterward joining the Yewdale road, and passing beneath a long series of rocky cliffs, with here and there a splash of water. One of these falls in wet weather is visible from the lake, a veritable clout of water, and the fishermen there dislike the appearance of the Grey Mare's Tail.

Another good walk goes out to Walna Scar Pass and Seathwaite, and is the base for several trips. Starting

at the railway arch near the station, the route climbs the steep and often wet and muddy lane for half an hour, entering the common right in front of the Old Man. Walking to the right, the road to the slate-quarries and Mines Valley can be used; or it is a pretty walk to go in a straight line up the nearer shoulder of the mountain, and so reach its summit. This is never really steep, and for most of the way it is easy to follow the cairns, which give the right direction.

In half an hour over Torver Common a track turns off the right, and this can be followed to Dow Crags and Goat's Water, one of the most savage bits of scenery in the Lake District. The great crags tower high above the water, and the fans of scree fall directly into it. It is easy to pass the tarn on the Old Man side, wind up to the pass straight in front, and by a right turn reach the top of the mountain named.

From the bridge over Torver Beck it is easy to turn left down any of the sledge-tracks, and so reach the lower country near Torver. Of course exploration can be started farther west; from near the top of the pass an easy ramble passes along the tops of the Dow Crags ridge, and one can look down the steep gullies and see the great rock pillars which hold up the front of that mountain. In the other direction there are paths which, though indefinite, carry on toward the little quaint dales which lead down to Broughton-in-Furness. Some of the 'grounds' are very lonely farms, and a welcome is often offered to a stranger which is surprisingly warm and sincere. They do not get much company, and cannot be blamed for making the best of a visitor.

Another famous walk from Coniston is over Tarn Hows, to the north-east. It can be an afternoon or

an evening journey—and is none the worse for being a leisurely day with one or two variations thrown in. It must be admitted at once that the tarn which gives such a fine vigour to the scene is entirely modern. In Wordsworth's day there were only two small pools in a marsh on this moor. To reach Tarn Hows (which has now become National Trust property) follow the road past the Waterhead Hotel, and at the next turn follow the Hawkshead road for about half a mile. Then, to the pedestrian, a marked road on the left, through a gate, gives access to a wooded glade. The going is steep, and in half a mile the trees give way and the track scrambles out on to an open moor, with the tarn below and the great peaks, Langdale Pikes, Fairfield, and Helvellyn, one behind the other beyond. There is also a fine view across Yewdale to the Old Man and kindred giants—they look taller because of the hills and rocks which seem to slope down to their feet from this side. The walker goes forward, either by the outlet stream of the tarns down to the Yewdale road, or following the track up to the right, winding among the moors to the Ambleside-Coniston road. A turn to the right will bring the rambler back to the village.

The motorist does not scale the steep and loose track, but climbs the Hawkshead road, to High Cross, where the Ambleside road is followed for half a mile, until the rough road to the tarns strikes off to the left. (This is the last section of the ramblers' route mentioned above.) It is possible to brake down the steep declivity in the woods, but cars usually return by the same route.

There are other rights of way across the moors, but these are mainly used by local shepherds, farmers, and

woodcutters. An Ordnance Survey map, however, marks many which can be used with great success. On the question of footpath exploration it should be said that in the Lake Country there is a general inclination to allow visitors to ramble practically anywhere except within enclosed private grounds. It is very rarely that anyone takes exception to persons obviously out enjoying the beauty of the countryside, though they may have wandered somewhat from the public rights of way. The high fells can be reached by any lane or series of gates (practically), and it is only in the low heather country that there is any chance of getting into difficulty for disturbing grouse. Even then, except during the actual shooting season, the gamekeepers in general have orders to handle the position with tact.

Esthwaite Water

Between Coniston water and Windermere lies another lake basin, that of Esthwaite Water. It is a shallow groove in the country, between comparatively low hills, and with an outlet stream (Cunsey Beck) into Windermere. In years gone by the area round Esthwaite was regarded as pleasantly remote, but the motor-bus has changed much of that. Regular services run from Hawkshead, passing the lake on the way to Lakeside and Ulverston. The lake itself is about a mile and a half long and about a third of a mile wide. Much of it is decidedly shallow, the water-grass rising in thickets far from the shore. Indeed, the greatest depth, and that over a small area, is eighty feet.

There is a boat-landing near the Hawkshead end, but the lake is entirely in private ownership. The rule of the Graythwaite Hall estate is that coarse fish

only may be taken, though trout are present. Wild duck are preserved in the woods and reed-beds near the outlet of the lake, and water-birds, from the tall heron to the little dipper, are regularly seen about the bays.

The only village in the scoop of land is historic and quaint Hawkshead. Here, in the old Grammar School which has now been abandoned to sightseers, the poet Wordsworth was educated as a boy. In his poems he tells of skating days on the lakes, of bird-nesting in the woods, of long rambles under the stars. He loved the crumpled old place to the end of his life, and the cottage in which he lodged with old Ann Tyson is one of the sights. Wordsworth, like many another of the old Hawkshead lads, came back in later life to gossip again and to show his thanks to the old woman who had been a cheery influence on his lonely young days. Another of the relics is a form within the old school which shows a scored "W. W.," traditionally the carving of the poet.

A century and a half ago many grammar schools were still flourishing in the dales, but most of them have either disappeared, or entirely changed their policy. The classic languages and literatures are no longer considered to be of the utmost importance, though undoubtedly they had a fine influence.

The chief inn is the Red Lion, but there are others where accommodation of a quiet sort is to be had, and of course the whole village now goes into the lodging business, for visitors throng in hundreds where formerly there were but scores. So much for the influence of the motor-car. The old Grammar School, which was founded by Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, in 1585, has been restored out of recognition except for

the Sandys coat-of-arms. Edwin was born at Esthwaite Hall, now a farmhouse, near the lake; his rise to fame was steady and sure, though possibly he was not the most distinguished archbishop York province has known.

The church is interesting. Investigation has proved that no part of the present building is earlier than the sixteenth century, though there are records of chapels belonging to Furness Abbey at a much earlier date. The stone used is the local Silurian rubble, and in Wordsworth's time the outside was like that of other dales churches.

> The self-same village church ; I see her sit
> (The thronéd Lady whom erewhile we hailed)
> On her green hill,

the poet writes in the fifth book of *The Prelude*. The great round pillars are merely imitations of Norman, being built of thin quarried stones. The north aisle dates back to Archbishop Sandys, and has his coat-of-arms, and part of it is retained as the private chapel of the family. Other dates of rebuilding are 1633, 1793, and 1875. During the last restoration some long-forgotten texts were found beneath many layers of whitewash and restored. There are several monuments to departed Sandys, also to their local rivals, the Rawlinsons. There is an interesting seventeenth-century chest which at one time was the safe for the church's documents.

From the churchyard there is a pretty view over Wordsworth's

> little town obscure,
> A market village, seated in a tract
> Of mountains, where my school-day time was pass'd.

Within living memory the cottages just outside the

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OLD PILLARED HOUSE, HAWKSHEAD

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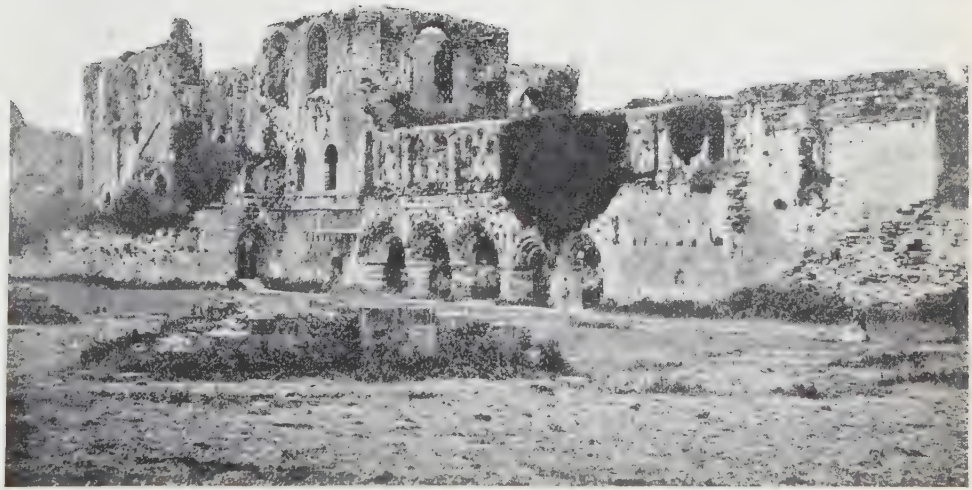

FURNESS ABBEY AND CLOISTERS

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churchyard with their open storeys were used by the spinners of woollen yarn, who left their goods out there in the sun to await buyers. There are many quaint passages in the town, though Flag Street has been cemented for sanitary reasons and has lost its former quaintness.

Outside Hawkshead, a mile away on the Ambleside road, is the Hall, a mere fragment of the great building belonging to the Abbots of Furness in pre-Reformation times. The gate-house goes back to the fifteenth century, and part of it may be thirteenth century. The present farm is on the site of the kitchen and offices, for the great hall has been entirely destroyed.

The hamlets and farms round Esthwaite Water have a quiet beauty which is endearing, but there is nothing of historic importance. Not so long ago Hawkshead was quite out of the world, though it was important enough to have its own pack-track, which came from Kendal. There was also a ferry from Millerground to Wray, on the Lancashire side, whence the pack-trail can still be traced to the grange or farm at Hawkshead. But in a local way the little community was a metropolis. It had its own ideas of justice, and its own Gallowbarrow, where criminals were strung up after trial in some old building in the townlet. The last hanging at Hawkshead, however, was that of a woman who, with two men, met a legal death at a point near the Priest's Pot, a dub just north of the lake. Their offence was the murder of a foolish old man who had been persuaded to squander the money belonging to his children on an unworthy party. Priest's pot or pool is said to be the measure which a priest or monk could drink of good ale. The pool is now twenty feet across! At one time it was pointed out as having a

floating island, but the roots of the willow have long since been anchored to the side. Floating mats of herbage are still noted after floods have been tearing down the hillsides, but no one thinks the marvel worthy of record.

The manor of Hawkshead has still some quaint customs. The lord of it has the right to collect a certain small amount each year for every person old enough to be a communicant in the church; there is the right to make levies for every hearth which is used; and so on. Probably the boon hen was claimed here as late as anywhere in England. The various tiny dues are more amusing than irritating in these days, though in days past there have been long and expensive law-suits in regard to the community's liability. The suit which the inhabitants of Hawkshead had against a long-ago Sandys about the right to fish in Esthwaite Water ended in the lord's victory—and in the various rules and restrictions which must be observed to-day.

Furness Abbey and Low Furness

Between Esthwaite Water and the sea is a tract of little-visited country, all shaggy with coppice, set with low rocks, with remote farms and old-world industries. At Backbarrow there is still a furnace where iron is turned into steel by the old open-hearth process, with charcoal from the Furness woods as fuel. The fame of the metal among the old quarrymen was such that they sent special messengers from Coniston and Langdale down to Backbarrow when they wanted a new gavelock or crowbar. The huts and 'ovens' of the charcoal-burners are to be found in remote places, and

to those keen on old-world traffics they are worth seeking out.

Some names of hamlets are suggestive. Force Forge is the place where a great hammer was plied to the bars of molten iron; Grisedale, the place of wild pigs; Satterthwaite, the clearing among the woods, where in summer the herds were brought to graze; Oxen Park, probably where teams of oxen were employed to plough the stony soil; Heronsyke, the drain of the tall grey heron; with Deer here, Fox there, and Badger or Brock elsewhere, where these creatures are still visible. Bouth is a booth or shed among the woods; Rusland may have been the place of rushes.

Rusland Hall was a famous rendezvous in the days when its Rawlinsons owned the rich veins in Greenburn, beyond Wetherlam, as well as the forges by the Rusland Beck. So finely coloured was the Greenburn copper that it was found easy to fabricate guineas and half-guineas. In time the secret leaked out, and a search warrant was issued by the magistrates. The lady of Rusland Hall heard in time, and had all the 'guineas' in stock, together with the coining-plant, carried down to the bog and thrown in. There they remain, it is said, to this day. Whitestock Hall, in this neighbourhood, belonged for generations to descendants of George Romney, the famous artist, who was born at Dalton and buried in the churchyard there. Colton, a parish on the shoulder between Leven and Crake valleys, had a church before the Reformation, but nothing recognizable remains of it.

The Crake comes down from Coniston Lake through a beautiful vale which has only recently been robbed of its quietness. At Lowick and Spark Bridge there used to be mills where bobbins were turned by water-

driven lathes from the local birch timber. Nowadays foreign wood comes to Spark Bridge, but the industry is rather uncertain. Greenodd, where Crake meets Leven and the sea, is an old port, but the railway viaduct stretched across the river lower down has cut off any pretensions to traffic beyond the local fisher and pleasure boats. There is fair salmon- and trout-fishing about the Crake and Leven, but permission is not easy to obtain.

All the sea-traffic of the Leven estuary—and it is not much—has gone to Ulverston, where in 1795 a straight canal a mile and a quarter long was cut down to the tide. A few coasters come in and out, and when the iron trade is booming there are cargoes from the big North Lonsdale works, almost alongside the loading-berths. The town of Ulverston has a market dating back to 1280, but it was not until after the dissolution of Furness Abbey that it outstripped Dalton, which had been the market town of the monks. Its church was appropriated to Conishead Priory in 1208. It has a fine old Norman door, and a late Perpendicular tower; the rest has been rebuilt again and again. The Dodding monuments are worth seeing. King Street used to be the great shopping centre of Furness, and a fine sight it was before the motors broke up the long strings of farmers' carts and traps, with cattle trudging to the sales and auctions.

Ulverston is quite busy for a small town ; it has several good hotels, like the County and the Sun, and also some private hotels. Conishead Priory, which stands about a mile and a half outside the town, is built on the site of the ancient priory, of which no sign is pointedly visible. Swarthmoor Hall, one mile away, is celebrated for its occupation, during his later years,

by George Fox, the first Quaker and founder of the Society of Friends. He presented the old meeting-house as a headquarters for his adherents in the locality.

Furness Abbey, renowned among Northern ruins, is about eight miles from Ulverston, and is served by its own adjacent station. There is also a first-class hotel, built partially on the foundations of the old gate-house. The ruins may not be as extensive as those of Fountains, but they are among the finest of Cistercian houses. The church is fairly complete, though the nave has disappeared. The east end, transepts, and western tower are still high, and the east range of the cloister, with the chapter-house, is fairly complete. The other portion has gone. The whole plan shows that the abbey was built between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries; that the plan changed from Savigniac to Cistercian; and that probably there was no real stoppage of construction all the while. The total length of the church was 276 feet; width across transepts 130 feet; length of nave 157 feet; cloister 135 feet by 103 feet; chapter-house 60 feet by 43 feet. The ruins are in a glade known as the Glen of Deadly Nightshade; the material of which they are constructed is dark red sandstone, which easily crumbles and decays. On the other hand, it is far more tractable to the worker than the harder granites and slates of the fell country, where even the simplest ornament could scarcely be impressed on the solid and resistant surface.

The history of Furness Abbey is long, and for the most part simple. The abbot was a little prince, and in his remote province did pretty much as he pleased in regard to justice and revenue. The Court rarely

troubled with any district so far away in the wilderness. In 1127 King Stephen granted the Savigniac monks, who had just arrived at Tulketh, near Preston, the whole of Furness and Walney Island, with a fishery at Lancaster. Naturally they took immediate possession. The rule became Cistercian, and in 1134 the King of Norway granted lands in the Isle of Man for the foundation and serving of Rushen Abbey there. In 1227 Michael le Fleming added more lands in Yorkshire and Lancashire.

The abbot was responsible for the military safety of his area; he had power to arm his men, and was expected to resist the Scots. In 1316, after a notable inroad from the North, his district was plundered. Six years later the abbot saved his estates by entertaining Robert the Bruce at the great monastery. What the King of England had to say on the incident does not appear to be known. However, the power of Furness afterward began to wane, and the last abbot was too weak even to join his enthusiastic neighbours in the Pilgrimage of Grace, which was the last cast to prevent the entire dissolution of the ancient church. The Abbey was surrendered in 1537, and its net revenue was over £800 a year, exclusive of woods, meadows, pastures, and fisheries. The abbot was compensated by a pension and the vicarage of Dalton.

Barrow-in-Furness is at the present time suffering from depression of trade. During the Great War it was a mighty munitions centre, building ships and providing big guns in particular. The peace put an end to the frenzied demands for output and for workers, and whole suburbs are in the process of being depopulated as workers find jobs elsewhere. Barrow philosophers say that the town has thrice been built on

green fields, and thrice has it been reduced almost to a shadow of its prosperous self. They await the coming of more industry, from any direction.

Cartmel Priory

Between the Leven and the Kent estuaries is the peninsula of Cartmel, a low-hilled, limestone-ribbed tract which was granted by the King of Northumbria to St Cuthbert, "with all the Britons in it." The ancient village of Cartmel retains its priory church, which was built in 1188 (about sixty years after the foundation of Furness Abbey), and shows improved plan and construction. The conventual buildings, which were attached to the Priory, have long disappeared, with the exception of the gate-house, which was the grammar school prior to 1790, and which is now the home of the local museum.

The legend goes that the first builders tried to lay the foundation on a sunny platform on the hillside, but each morning found that the previous day's work had been tumbled down into the meadows. Then it was impressed on one monk in a dream that a more acceptable site would be found between two streams running in opposite directions. A little search located the place, and the cruciform building went up without interruptions by night-workers of a ghostly sort. The diagonal upper stage of the tower is unique in Britain. It was added in the fifteenth century to the lower Norman tower, which was scarcely higher than the roof of the church.

The interior work is sometimes of red sandstones, sometimes of slate rubble, and the great east window (dating back to the fifteenth century, and said to be

the finest in England) is of Caen stone. The older walling is of the local limestone. The total internal length is 158 feet 6 inches, and the width across transepts is 64 feet 6 inches. Cartmel Priory is famous for the carved misericords beneath the stalls; many of these remain perfect, but some were ruined by the weather when the church stood roofless for eighty years. The fine black oak carvings and screens date from 1620, when the church was once again in careful guardianship. The Harrington tomb seems to be a fortuitous composite. Part of it may date from the early fourteenth century and parts from the sixteenth. The pieces were brought together in the seventeenth century. There is a grave slab to a prior "de Kertmel" of about 1292.

After the Dissolution part of the priory church fell into ruins, though the townsfolk claimed a portion as a parish church. As mentioned above, for eighty years there was no roof over a great part; then, between 1618 and 1623, George Preston of Holker had the whole restored, and in addition he "decorated the quire and chancel with a profusion of curiously and elaborately carved woodwork." This served for a couple of centuries, when the place was criticized as being "something between a cathedral and a ruin," and extensive repairs and restorations were carried out.

The priory church has quite a museum of miscellaneous relics, which are worth seeing during a visit.

There are other villages in the Cartmel peninsula. Flookburgh had a charter for market and fair in 1298, and its privileges were regranted again and again. It is now of little importance save as the home of the bay fishermen. Grange-over-Sands has a promenade over a mile long, and is a modern health resort of the

quieter sort. The temperature here is very equable, and the town is sheltered from all rough winds. Wraysholme Tower, like Arnside Tower, a few miles away, is one of the ancient square peels which were built to protect the shore from pirates. Humphrey Head juts out on the far end of the promontory; the limestone crag is the highest and most distinctive point on the Lancashire coast. Across Cartmel, from Cart Lane to Flookburgh, went the middle (road) section of the over-sands route, by which in pre-railway days coach and wagon communication was kept up with the rest of Lancashire. At low tide the vehicles drove out over the sands, and made the best of fording Leven and Kent and Keer. It was a dangerous and precarious method of travel, and dropped out immediately and thoroughly when the railway was built across the estuaries. In the old days the ford of the Leven was the concern of Cartmel Priory, and its priests delegated one of their number to guide travellers across in safety. The Kent and Keer guide is still appointed, and keeps up his knowledge of the sea-fords, marking the safe line with bunches of birch after every change of tide. Arnside, on the Westmorland side of the bay, is quiet, small, and a fairly good centre for railway touring. For the motorist, however, it is somewhat awkward, as the first road bridge across the Kent is at Levens Hall, within five miles of Kendal, and involving over a dozen miles of road travel from Grange-over-Sands.

CHAPTER XVI

ULLSWATER

Penrith Castle—The lake and its streams—Wordsworth and other literary visitors—Gowbarrow Park—Patterdale and its 'kings'—Kirkstone Pass—Haweswater, Mardale, and Lowther.

Ullswater, second largest of our English lakes, stands rather apart from the groups already mentioned. It receives the water from the Helvellyn, Fairfield, Red Screes, and High Street mountain ranges, through various small streams, and discharges into the Eamont, a tributary of the river Eden, which ultimately flows past Carlisle into Solway Firth. Ullswater is not less beautiful than the other lakes mentioned; it is rich in literary and historical associations. William Wordsworth spent part of his early life at Penrith, leaving Cockermouth at the death of his father. Neither he nor his sister Dorothy had particularly happy memories of the years they spent among his mother's relations, but the glamour of the Forest of Inglewood, of the great castles of Brougham and Appleby, of Penrith and others, of the fighting Border folk, made a tremendous impression on the poet's mind. He did not become a fighter of the old type, however, either in word or in deed. He was more at home with the Shepherd Lord who tended his flocks at Threlkeld than with the fighting Howards and Dacres and Musgraves.

From Penrith Beacon, north of the little town,

there is a distant glimpse of the bright waters of Ullswater among green woods and purple fells. The approach to the lake is either by Dalemain, home of the ancient Hasell family, where the road used to go practically unenclosed through the park, or by Pooley Bridge. Penrith itself has the shattered ruins of a castle built to guard the inner belt of the Border cattle-lands, and it has memories of the Nevilles, with whom the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III, was associated in marriage. He was Governor of Penrith in 1471–72, when he was Sheriff of Cumberland and in charge of the Border fighters. Penrith Castle was built by royal licence granted in the twentieth year of the third Edward. It appeared in many striking incidents, and fell out of repair when the Border strife came to an end with the accession of James of Scotland to the throne of England. It now belongs to the town of Penrith.

Ullswater figures largely in the verse and prose of Wordsworth. Many of his friends, such as Thomas Clarkson and Thomas Wilkinson, lived there. As their homes were within easy reach of Penrith and the coaches, they often had Christopher North and De Quincey for visitors, as well as the Wordsworth family, when they travelled north to Scotland. Walter Scott was a frequent visitor to Ullswater, and his close knowledge of the district is shown to fine effect in the passages of *Waverley* which describe the stand of Prince Charlie's Highlanders on Clifton Moor, the skirmish in which Fergus was taken, and during which the hero of the story was isolated and left behind by the rebels. Lockhart and Canning also travelled to and along Ullswater.

The lake is about seven and a half miles in length,

and its floor is broken into three zigzag reaches. The first, which is rather quiet, goes from the mouth of the Eamont, under the hill of Dunmallet, to Howtown Bay, a deep cove beneath Hallin Fell. The second reach strikes out of this, and is of different beauty. The great bluffs of Gowbarrow Park seem to fall into the water, and the opposite shore is rocky. The third reach has Stybarrow Crag, with the rocks of Place Fell opposite. Helvellyn, Cofa Pike, Fairfield, and St Sunday Crag stand above this remarkable top reach and add to its charm and glory. The rivers which feed the lake are short, and for the most part have abrupt courses. On the south of the Westmorland shore Fusedale Beck, which falls into Howtown Bay, is little more than a torrent, and in dry weather is meagre. Martindale Beck is much longer, and brings down water from the ancient deer forest beneath Kidsty Pike and High Street. This deer forest is an historic place, which in Queen Elizabeth's time was still the object of royal interest. In granting a deed, her Majesty stipulated that grass should be reserved for her pony whenever she came north to hunt the deer. There is, however, no record that she, or any other English monarch or prince, claimed the right.

There is fair brook-trouting in Martindale Beck, but permission must be obtained from the agent at Lowther Castle to enjoy it. Martindale was the last nesting haunt of the golden eagle south of the Border. About eighty years ago the last bird was shot, and there has been no resettlement. The Goldrill, the next stream, comes into the head of the lake by a typical delta, with willows and marsh marigolds. There is a certain amount of angling in Goldrill, but nothing like the sport recorded by local contemporaries of the

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TARN HOWS AND HELVELLYN

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KIRKSTONE PASS AND BROTHERS' WATER

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Wordsworths. In the autumn, we are told, parties came to Patterdale for the fish-spearing. At this season the great lake trout (*Salmo ferox*) came into the stream to spawn, and it was considered sport to massacre them with iron spears! The size of the giants grew, in the records, from twenty to eighty pounds "or more." The greyish trout from the lake still spawn in the Goldrill shallows in autumn, but a 'ten-pounder' would be a big fellow indeed, though greater specimens have been recorded in the lake. In the Goldrill system are such meres as Angle Tarn, on the ridge above Hartsop, and Hayeswater, a fine sheet beneath the High Street range, which is reached by a long and hard walk alongside a pretty stream. Brothers' Water, a square pool, is also in the same system. There is fair angling in all; the two former belong definitely to Lowther Castle, while Brothers' Water may be fished by arrangement with the tenant of the little inn alongside. There are gwyniad, skelly, or freshwater herring in Brothers' Water, as also in Ullswater, Haweswater, and Red Tarn, but few are found elsewhere in the district. Past Brothers' Water is the only road egress from the head of Ullswater, a steep climb up to Kirkstone Pass Inn, giving access to the Windermere basin.

The next stream, Grisedale Beck, comes down between the Fairfield and Helvellyn ranges. It has a fine tarn in a cove presided over by Fairfield, Seat Sandal, and Dollywaggon Pike. The bridle-path to Grasmere goes up the valley. This was a favourite route of the Wordsworths and their more active visitors.

The upper part of Grisedale is a bleak valley with great boulders and fans of scree, but the lower section

is richly coloured. The rivulet comes down a series of steep waterbreaks, and passes near Patterdale Church on its way to the lake. Glenridding Beck is spoilt by the effluent of the ever-working lead-mine; it brings down the overflow of Red and Keppel Cove Tarns, gems among the screes of Helvellyn. At Glencoin Beck Cumberland is reached; this is a mere brook, but runs through a romantic dale, part of which at any rate is now National Trust property, like Gowbarrow Park and Stybarrow's high crag.

The stream which comes down Aira Force is much more important, for its course extends up into quaint old Matterdale and to the north edge of the Helvellyn Dodds. The beck at Watermillock is another small but beautiful stream, and at times it affords fair trouting.

There are two ways of seeing Ullswater. Probably the ideal is from the deck of the little steamer which plies during summer from Pooley Bridge landing to Glenridding (Ullswater Hotel). There is a splendid motoring road up the north side of the lake, but on the Westmorland shore it is hardly possible to get a small car beyond Howtown, and certainly the most adventurous of drivers will not go beyond Sandwick. There even the cart-track disappears, and there are only footpaths over the high passes through Boardale, or on the narrow ledge between Place Fell and the lake. The steamer pier is on the Cumberland side of the lake, at least half a mile from Pooley Bridge; the steamers are quite small, and travel in steady fashion. The first reach is through quiet country, with the sharp knoll of Dunmallet behind. Eusemere, on the Westmorland side, was the home of Thomas Clarkson, one of the early protagonists of slave emancipation. His

friend Thomas Wilkinson, the Quaker of Yanwath, chose the site for the house and apparently judged well in regard to lawns and gardens. Wordsworth, Scott, De Quincey, and Southey were all visitors here, and their ladies came as well. It was due to Mrs Clarkson that the two years' breach of friendship between Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the Wordsworths was healed. She was a determined and devoted peacemaker, and really the matter was more of a misunderstanding than of deliberate offence. Howtown Bay, into which the steamer enters, is a dead end; one sees the ladder-like road to Martindale, with its old church standing lonely, like a friend in reduced circumstances. Martindale is still a living of small value, but in Wordsworth's time the remuneration never reached £20 a year. Yet the honour was great. The parson here was probably the last man in holy orders who was addressed on envelopes as "Sir," a practice which dates back to pre-Reformation times. This parson was Richard Birket, who served sixty-seven years; he came with only the clothes he stood up in, married, brought up a family, and when he died his fortune was £1200 !

Pooley Bridge has its two or three ordinary hotels, and there are private hotels at Waterfoot and elsewhere. Howtown has a first-rate hotel, and there is another at Brackenrigg, on the opposite side of the lake. There is no public-house of any sort in Martindale or its adjacent dales, though a century ago the Star and one other held out their signs. The shepherds' meet for the district used to be held at the Star, when stray sheep were assembled, identified by their smit marks on fleece or ear, horn or hoof, and returned to their proper owners. Howtown has one of the

sweetest bays on our lakes; Hallin Fell is just lofty and abrupt enough to fill the background, and there is a triangle of flowery meadows and bursting rills reaching upward into the short Fusedale. There is sufficient natural timber to impart a lively colouring at all seasons of the year. Howtown is reckoned among the best angling centres in the Lake Country, and in some seasons sport with the mayfly is grand.

The great house on the northern side of the lake is Hallsteads, in a sumptuous position. As the steamer comes through the narrows up into the middle reach the waves of its wake beat among slabs and boulders at the foot of Geordie Crag. Here is the little water-worn scoop known as the Kelpie's Pot; in times when the lakeside men were hired to row parties about the lake they used to ask their fares to throw in a silver coin for luck. Such gifts were certainly accepted by the presiding fairy, either at dusk or before next dawn. Lyulph's Tower, beneath Gowbarrow Fell, was once the house of a duke who owned most of the Ullswater area. It was a queer sort of building, and the owner probably fancied that the ornateness, now almost lost, was rather fine. There may be doubts whether there is any basis for the legend that in the dim past a fortress belonging to Lyulph, or Ulpho, occupied this site. Despite the fact that Ullswater was within half a dozen miles of the great roads along which armies travelled in wartime, there is no fortified building nearer to the lake than Yanwath and Dacre. Yet in the time of the Forty-five Richard Wordsworth of Sockbridge, great-grandfather of the poet, sent the funds of which he was official trustee into safekeeping somewhere near Patterdale.

Now the steamer comes opposite a level strand, with

alders and hazels, ash-plants and sycamores, where about Easter-tide there is usually a great zone of flowers—the Daffodil Shore. Wordsworth's great poem is worthy of transcript:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

. . . . . .

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Of the lines the poet wrote, "the two best lines in it are by Mary," his wife, and later he indicated them more particularly:

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

The poem was powerfully attacked by the literary critics of that day, and Wordsworth had to defend it line by line, even word by word. It was caricatured then, as it often has been since, but without losing the impress of genius.

The entire shore, with the tall Gowbarrow Fell behind it, and with the great rift in the hillside down

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which drops Aira Force, is now properly administered by the National Trust. It is easy to remember the time when the approach to the force, though not forbidden, was tedious, and one felt that the keeper was on watch the whole time. Aira Force is a sheer spout of some eighty-five feet, divided at the top (in anything but flood weather) by a big boulder. The water drops into a steep-walled crevice, then passes into a quieter, almost round pool.

The best legend of the place is that of the Somnambulist, which is told by Wordsworth in a poem of less than his usual fire and genius. A knight of Ullswaterside loved a lady, and met her at night in the glade of the waterfall. Then he was called to the Crusades, and for years she patiently awaited his return. His absence grew so much on her mind that she began to sleep-walk from Lyulph's Tower to Aira Force, where they had parted. At long length the wanderer returned, reaching the trysting-place at midnight. He found an apparition in white standing on the edge of the precipice. He sprang forward, with an eager greeting; the lady started back, and fell down the great cliff into the pool below. He leaped to the rescue, but she only lived long enough to whisper his name. The knight built a hermitage on the edge of the abyss, and spent the remainder of his days as a religious devotee.

From the top of Aira Force there is a path to Dockwray and Matterdale, a quaint upland district which is worth seeing. The motor road past the force climbs eastward to Troutbeck and to the Keswick-Penrith road. Troutbeck is the nearest railway point (eight miles) to Patterdale and Upper Ullswater, but as a rule it is easier to motor up from Penrith by the

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DAFFODILS ON ULLSWATER

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regular bus services. A walk from Troutbeck across the breezy moors is, however, a good start to a rambler's holiday.

The Ullswater steamer occasionally comes to a landing near Gowbarrow Park; practically all the motor-boats from Glenridding make it a place of call. The middle reach of Ullswater is really striking—there is nothing quite like it to be seen by steamer in the Lake District. Place Fell on the one side sends down great slabs of rock and fans of screes, with patches of heather, bilberry, and with a fringe of birch and rowan, while on the other side there is the sheer front of Stybarrow Crag, where the road passes along a narrow shelf between cliff and deep water. In ancient times this was the 'gate' guarded by the men of Patterdale. One of the Mounseys of the dale gained lands and 'kingship' by keeping at bay a party of marauding Scots. With his long bow and sheaf of arrows he picked off every man who tried to rush across the narrow ledge, or 'gate.' Finally the Scots had to retire defeated, and it was generations before they tried again to pass. The Mounseys were accepted as 'kings' and leaders for generations, but the estate was ultimately added to the broad acres under the sway of Patterdale Hall. There are one or two islets in this section of lake. House Holm, judged by its name, apparently had a residence or booth at some time, but there is neither trace nor legend remaining; Cherry Holm is a little rock on which wild cherries formerly grew. There has been a change in our wild cherries; once the 'feasts' at which they were the first dessert were held in July—at Howtown, for instance—but no fruits are ripe now until the middle or end of August.

From Stybarrow Crag to the head of the lake the scenery is (to me) less impressive, though the great wooded bluffs stand close to the water, and one is aware that greater heights up to Helvellyn stand beyond. The Glenridding Beck is usually foul with the refuse of lead-mines, and the Silver Strand, which forms a horn beyond the Ullswater Hotel, is merely a band of white mud particles. The Ullswater Hotel is at the steamer pier; beyond the drive one finds a temperance hotel and other accommodation. The village of Patterdale is about a mile from the steamer terminus, for the upper lake soon becomes too shallow, and there is no enterprise to dredge a channel through the ooze to make Patterdale a lake port. Possibly, too, there is a question of the amenities of Patterdale Hall, which would not be improved by a busy steamer traffic. The fact that steamers do not come near tends to keep the Patterdale traffic more and more to the motor roads. On the way from Glenridding the traditional St Patrick's Well is passed. The patron saint of Ireland, legend declares, came this way on his journeys to and from that northern fount of Christian inspiration, Lindisfarne, and here, like St Kentigern, near Bassenthwaite, he erected his preaching cross and baptized his converts. (St Patrick took boat to Ireland from the skeer, or natural pier, near Heysham, in Morecambe Bay, which also bears his name. The ancient chapel overlooking the skeer is also dedicated to the saint, and may have been built early in the sixth century. It is certainly one of the oldest existing chapels in the North Country.)

The village of Patterdale has only its constricted little street, where cottagers step from their doorsteps into the open road, while on the other side the

car almost brushes along the whitewashed wall of the hotel. The present church is not old, but there have been priests in the area from the Reformation. One of them, named Mattinson, is reputed to have buried two full generations of his parishioners. He baptized and married his wife, giving out their banns in church. He married his father to a second wife, and baptized children and grandchildren of the dale by the hundred. At the end of his life, though the stipend was never more than £25 per annum, he left the good fortune of £1000.

Our notes on Ullswater would not be complete without a description of the six miles of road between Patterdale village and the summit of Kirkstone Pass (1500 feet above the sea). Since the War much of the road has been altered, and the narrow places and bad corners are opened. There is a pretty view at the Crook, just beyond the village, a clear pool with lofty conifers on the rocks above. The Goldrill stream wanders about the level trough of the dale, now this side, now that. At Deepdale Bridge there is a wee hamlet, and a side-track which goes up to a big sheep-farm. Deepdale is quite out of the world, and is sometimes livened by a picnic visit. There is no marked track out of the high end of the dale, but the scrambler can trace out a route through the various slacks to the edges of the rocks, and so reach the top of Deepdale Head and Fairfield. The rocks by the way are not the standard recommended for the new type of mountaineering, as they are friable, and the holds are apt to come away.

The road next strikes across the vale nearly to Hartsop. This hamlet is still worth a pilgrimage, for there are two or three houses and outbuildings with

the old-fashioned outside galleries. The place, however, is in the throes of rebuilding, and there is danger of considerable loss of beauty in the process. The direct track beyond Hartsop is not motorable; in a few hundred yards it becomes a cart-track, and beyond Hayeswater it is a mountain path across Riggindale Straits to Mardale (Haweswater).

Returning to the Kirkstone Pass road, the shore of Brothers' Water, and its little inn, is next passed, and then the gradient becomes stiffer. In about two miles it has become one in ten; then the heavy pitch is reached. Parts of this are as steep as one in six, and care has to be taken in driving up such a slope. The road is good and corners are carefully engineered, so that it is merely a strain on the engine-power of the car. The worst part is quite near the top of the pass, and just below the great rocks which Wordsworth named:

> This block—and yon, whose church-like frame
> Gives to this savage Pass its name.

Even to-day there is something savage about the way in which great boulders, slabs, and fans are thrown down from Red Screes and from Kirkstone Fell, which is the opposite wall of the pass. At Kirkstone Pass Inn, a little white-walled house of refreshment, there are fine views across Windermere, Esthwaite, and other meres to the western mountains and the sea.

Haweswater, Mardale, and Lowther

A brief notice should be sufficient to warn the tourist against an incautious settlement in this area. The great lake-basin of Haweswater, with Swindale and Codale, have been acquired by the Manchester Cor-

poration as a reservoir for extensive water-supplies. In 1928 active work was begun on the great dam at the foot of Haweswater, which is to lift the lake eighty-five feet above the former level. When the water is impounded every residence in the long vale will be submerged, including the little church at Mardale, which was built early in the seventeenth century. There is promise that the church, with a hotel, will be rebuilt on higher ground somewhere in the region of Chapel Hill. Afforestation will, of course, soon cut away the lower slopes near the lake, probably for a thousand feet above the water-level.

The Swindale dam will submerge the little old church and grammar school which formerly produced scholars of note. Church and school, by the way, are under one roof here, but not, as at old-time Scathwaite, in one building used for both purposes. It is possible, but not particularly likely, that when the reservoirs are finished good roads will be made to them, such as are found up to the Elan valley reservoirs, near Rhayader, in mid-Wales, or even at Thirlmere.

Mardale, like Patterdale, had its 'king.' The Holme family dated their settlement in the dale from the time of King John, when the founder came as a fugitive and hid in the rocks about Hugh's Cave. Then he settled down to ownership, and for four or five hundred years the whole place belonged to them. Indeed, the last of the male line died a few years ago, and was buried in Mardale churchyard. The church was built early in the eighteenth century, and is very quaint. It measures only thirty-one feet by sixteen feet, and its beams are of timber trimmed by the axe. Until the church was built the Mardale corpses were buried at Shap, and the parish church had a section

reserved for this outlying community. The ancients of the dale, when they felt that the end of life was near, usually retired to Shap, so that their obsequies, and the dragging of a heavy sledge and coffin over twelve miles of rough 'corpse road,' would be eased. Harriet Martineau found Mardale a place of industry, and remarked that a thousand pounds of butter went weekly to Shap railway station. To her the chief blemish was a parson who kept to his bed all the week with a bottle of rum for company.

Our poorly paid parish clergy were rather a miscellaneous lot, many of them taking the pulpit after a week of work as cobbler, farmer, and of course schoolmaster. In many places the church was also school, the children using the pews as desks, and the master or mistress tending a spinning-wheel in the choir in the intervals between lessons. This region of Haweswater and Swindale had educational renown. From Bampton Grammar School lads went by the score into the clergy, and more than one became a bishop. Indeed, it was said of the farmers who remained that "they ploughed in Latin and reaped in Greek." I have heard a couple of old East Fellside farmers, fairly gone in drink, at Shap Fair capping each other's lines from the classic poets. I was a mere child, and one of them asked at what stage I was in mathematics. Never having heard such a word before, I was too puzzled to answer, and was derided as an "ignorant lad, but promising."

Measand Becks, half-way along Haweswater, claims to have had the first free public library in connexion with its grammar school. Nowadays all these little schools have gone out of existence; there is more general elementary education for the children, but if

schooling of a better class is required it has to be sought at distant Appleby or Penrith. Despite the scholarship system, the ploughman's lad or lass has certainly not a better chance.

At Measand there is a busy waterfall, and above it is Fordendale, a rare type of glaciated valley much admired by geologists. The detritus which has been discharged from Fordendale has formed a delta or intrusion which has narrowed the old Haweswater to a mere hundred yards, and which has gradually spread across the gap. The red deer of Martindale often swim across the narrows. However, the new water-level will wipe out all traces of Measand Hall and houses, also the delta, and a long sleepy stretch of water, as at Thirlmere, will be attained.

This east side of Haweswater is the haunt of strong foxes. Hugh's Cave, the refuge of the first Holme, is a fine stronghold for them. On the moors there are several Standing Stones, monoliths lifted on end for unknown reasons, a few hut circles, and the Giants' Graves, opposite Walla Crag, which have been excavated without disclosing their secret. They may be natural piles, scraped by ice or rain; or they may be the work of untraceable nations.

Whatever may happen to Mardale and Haweswater, the wonderful head of the valley will go practically unchanged. True, there will be a tongue of sluggish water up to the point where the present Kentmere and Longsleddale paths from the Dun Bull divide, but those two perfect tarns, Small Water, in Nan Bield Pass, and Blea Water, under the rough steeps of High Street, will remain. There are deep coves in Harter Fell, one of which usually holds October's snow until the following April, and then the greater breast up

which the Kentmere track climbs. Small Water fits its name; it is a tiny sheet, but the great rocks and screes bend round it, and give it beauty at least equal to that of Angle Tarn, Bowfell. Blea Water is reached up the other fork of the stream, and is in a wild, sequestered nook. I have hopes that these corries, with their steep ribs and floors, will be found above the line which nature marks as the limit for coniferous trees. The track to Longsleddale is by no means so picturesque; it is easier, and Windermere is more quickly reached by way of Gatescarth Pass, Sadghyll Farm, Kentmere village, and Garburn Pass than by any other route on foot.

To return to the lands east of Haweswater. Shap Abbey, in a glade of the river Lowther, is worth seeing, but close inspection shows that the tower is a mere shell, cracked and unsafe, and that few other relics of the old abbey remain above ground. Until comparatively recent years the building was regarded as a dump from which repairs for farms and other places might be selected. Lowther Park is a very large area, probably eight miles from north to south and about a mile and a half wide at Lowther. Of princely dimensions, and wonderfully equipped with relics and pictures, the castle is not usually shown; the north front, seen from the public road across the park, looks not unlike an old-time fortress, but the south has a distinct likeness to a monastic building. Askham Hall is much more ancient. Indeed, it was repaired in 1574, according to a record on its wall:

> Thomas Sandford Esquire
> For thys paid meat and hyre
> The year of our Savioure
> XV hundrethe seventy four.

There was an ancient chapel in the old peel-tower, but after the Reformation it was gradually disused. A century ago the new church was built on the edge of the river Lowther, and within a mile of ancient Lowther Church, with its prehistoric hog-backs, or carved grave-covers. This church was dedicated about the year 1320, and is of venerable architecture; as a chapel for the castle and parish it is well kept.

Along the Great Road

The great London–Glasgow road (A6) runs through Shap to Penrith (10 miles), keeping east of Lowther Park. At Thrimby Hall it passes close to Gunnerkeld, where there are two concentric stone circles, the larger 100 feet in diameter. At one time this circle was popularly believed to be the temple to which led the (destroyed) avenue of monoliths from Karl Lofts, south of Shap.

At Clifton, through which the road passes, was fought the last skirmish on English soil, in December 1745. Bonnie Prince Charlie and his clans were retiring north to avoid converging armies. They met with evil weather on Shap Fell, and artillery and ammunition wagons stuck in the soft track, delaying the rearguard until the Duke of Cumberland's cavalry was almost upon them. At Clifton the harassed guard reached the shelter of enclosures, and their commander determined to make a stand, so that the train could get off to Penrith. The result was a muddled scrimmage, firing and charging in all directions, in which both sides claimed victory. The Highlanders said that they stopped the Duke's advance and saved their baggage, which was their objective; the others

claimed victory because after the fight they occupied the field of battle. About a dozen of the King's dragoons were killed, and five or six Scots. Ten soldiers were buried in Clifton churchyard; under Three Rebels Tree near the railway lie the remains of some of the Scots. The church has traces of thirteenth-century work, but has been restored out of recognition. The Hall came to the Wybergh family in 1365, by marriage with an Engayne heiress, and remained with them until 1919. It has long been a farmhouse, though it has a peel-tower thirty-seven feet high, which was part of the string of defences drawn across this rich part of the district.

At the foot of the long incline, where the road crosses the Lowther, Brougham Hall is seen, standing finely on a natural terrace above the river and meadows. The interest of the place lies in the Norman chapel of St Wilfred, which has fine carved oak and stained glass. Over the altar are carvings of the fifteenth century; one of Christ bearing the Cross, and the other of the Crucifixion. The font was at one time filled direct from the saint's well, a spring within the building.

At Eamont Bridge the road passes the famous earthwork, Arthur's Round Table, an oval trench enclosing a platform seventy-eight by seventy-two feet. The trench is surrounded with an embankment seven feet high at its highest part. There is a gangway from the south-east to the platform, and there used to be one from the opposite direction. The origin of the earthwork is unknown. Part has been cut off by the road, and part is occupied by a Boer War memorial to the yeomanry and other soldiers who fell in South Africa. Maybrough, another large circular rampart

of stones, with a monolith standing alone in the centre, is near by. The diameter of the stone is 383 feet from crest to crest, and its height is nine feet two inches.

To the left, at Arthur's Round Table, turns the road for Pooley Bridge and Ullswater, passing, just beyond the railway viaduct, the short lane down to Yanwath, where a fine Tudor building was erected in place of a sterner fortress to guard the wath, or ford. The Grotto at Yanwath was the home of Thomas Wilkinson, the Quaker friend of the Lake poets.

The bridge over the Eamont on the great motor road has a history extending back five centuries, during which it has been widened on several occasions. A few years ago the structure was theoretically condemned, chiefly on account of narrowness and steepness of crown, as unfit for a greater pressure of heavy motor traffic, but a proposition to sweep it away entirely met with great opposition. Probably in the end Eamont Bridge will be preserved, and a loop-road and girder bridge erected either up- or down-stream. The first house beyond the bridge was for three centuries the "Welcome into Cumberland" Inn, with a gigantic Highlander on the signboard, but the place was delicensed in 1913. It is within a mile of Penrith.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE FELLS: HOW TO REACH THE BEST RIDGE-WALKS

Motor roads as bases for ascents—Grasmere—Ambleside — Langdale — Patterdale — Keswick — Buttermere—Wastdale Head—Coniston, etc.

NOWADAYS it is quite easy to reach many of the best ridges and peaks from the great and beautiful trunk road which crosses Wordsworthshire. The car can give the rambler a lift almost to the foot of any mountain, excepting those in the wild and remote neighbourhoods of Ennerdale and Wastdale. Or the ordinary motor-bus can be turned to service for quite a few climbs. There are regular runs from Bowness and Windermere to Keswick; from Ambleside to Coniston and Langdale; from Keswick to Threlkeld and Borrowdale.

If the joys of the road are regarded as equal to those of the heights, then early starts are worth while. The Lake District, however, is a small area, and a fast car, with good hill-climbing powers, can reach any section from any centre (village or town) in a couple of hours. Thus it is possible to have either short or long days among the peaks. A good motorist who is also a mountain-lover has climbed practically every one of the peaks near the great road after five o'clock tea, trusting to the ten o'clock dusk of 'summer time' for safe and easy finishes. The novice to mountain

travel is definitely not recommended to try this as a time-table. Such a mountain as Helvellyn, with its easy and well-marked track, may go all right, but sometimes the weather turns bad, and a peak proves more tedious than is expected. It then becomes a race against darkness, and once full dusk has fallen one has to travel very slowly over rocky ground.

On our ridges the tracks are usually fairly evident, and there are cairns or little pyramids of stones at every twenty yards to mark the way. The Lake District Association looks to the well-being of such cairns, landmarks, and mountain paths. Ridge-walking requires no special equipment, but good footgear is necessary, as the paths are both stony and wet. In time of mist and rain waterproofs are useful; one of the most ridiculous sights on the Helvellyn track is Madame Motorist brandishing an open red, blue, or green umbrella to the soaking mountain mist. She is met again and again in the course of a summer, so must be regarded as a regular characteristic of that track. But a good light wrap is of use when walking on the ridges; the air is often chill, and the wind may be strong, so that protection is necessary. A map of the district is important in finding the proper path to the heights, and afterward is useful in identifying peaks and lakes visible in the distance. Personally I always carry compass and whistle on even the simplest venture from the roads—and probably for that reason it is years since there was the adventure of the truly lost path, and the necessity of bringing together a scattered party of novices in a thick mist. The incident ended quite easily, and we reached our base—and dinner—in good time.

The following peaks are recommended as being

within easy reach of the motor-user: Old Man of Coniston (2633 feet), which is reached in two to three hours from the village of Coniston; Bowfell (2960 feet), about the same time from the last hotel or farm in Great Langdale; the Langdale Pikes—Harrison Stickle (2401 feet) and Pike o' Stickle (2323 feet)—can be done in an hour and a half or two hours from the same points; Fairfield (2863 feet) is about three hours from the Traveller's Rest at Grasmere, but there is a cunning side-walk from the Swan Hotel which gets there in about the same time and has just as good views; Helvellyn (3119 feet) is from two to two and a half hours from Wythburn, and is probably the most often ascended of our mountains; Saddleback, or Blencathra (2847 feet), is from two to two and a half hours from the village of Threlkeld, on the Keswick-Penrith road; Skiddaw (3054 feet) is three or three and a half hours away from the town of Keswick, and the car can get but little nearer unless it is parked in Spooney Green Lane, under the slopes of Latrigg; Great Gable (2949 feet) is two or two and a half hours from Seathwaite, at the head of Borrowdale; and Scafell Pike (3210 feet) is three or four hours either from Langdale or Seathwaite. The last two peaks are more quickly reached from Wastdale Head, but the problem to the road-user is how to drive round the great knot of mountains to reach Wastdale Head from other parts of the holiday area.

Ridge-walking in the Lake Country is a compact and well-distinguished joy compared with that exercise in the Highlands of Scotland, where the peaks are much farther from the villages, and two to three hours is no unusual march across the weary moors to the first foot-ridges. The steepest part of these fells is usually just

after leaving the dale-level, and again near the summit. It is gruelling work to tackle a steep ascent before one has developed full energy, so to speak; but the last steep scramble to a peak usually goes with surprising ease, because there is a mild excitement and sensation in the situation.

Good ridge-walking can be obtained from practically every Lake Country village. From Grasmere the first ascent might be up either Helm Crag (1299 feet) or Silver Howe (1300 feet); the paths toward each are obvious from the village. Then the easy side of Helvellyn can be tackled, using the Keswick motor-bus as far as Wythburn. The 'pony-track' here is a beaten path which can hardly be lost, but it winds considerably on its route. A straighter and steeper route up a tongue of grass and rocks between two streams is preferable. This is steep at places, but not seriously. The time allowed by the guide-books is about two hours, and this should not be exceeded. Nor should the rests, except at the summit, be prolonged. Another Helvellyn trip, to follow this by Wythburn, is the traverse of the entire ridge from Legburthwaite home to Grasmere. This is a full day's journey, but as you are travelling parallel to the bus road it is easy to drop from the ridge at any time when tired, and so reach Grasmere easily. Take the Keswick bus to the King's Head, Thirlspot, and thence trace out a line of cairns or beacons which leads to Helvellyn alongside Fisher Ghyll and up Whiteside (2832 feet). From this point over Helvellyn and away to Dollywaggon Pike (2810 feet) the ridge is merely undulating, and forms a splendid and easy promenade, with views successively down into Keppel Cove and Red Tarn, to Nethermost and Ruthwaite Coves.

After Dollywaggon Pike there is a steep drop of a thousand feet to Grisedale Tarn, and an easy walk over the pass, stony during the descent of Tongue Ghyll, and so home. A much longer round can be made by starting from Threlkeld, climbing past the quarries and the old British village to Clough Head (top of White Pike, 2380 feet), then over Calfhow Pike (2166 feet), Great Dodd (2807 feet), Watson's Dodd (2584 feet), Stybarrow Dodd (2756 feet), crossing the Sticks Pass pony-track (2420 feet), Raise (2889 feet), and there joining the path up Fisher Ghyll from the King's Head at Thirlspot.

Fairfield (2863 feet) is another fine trip from Grasmere. Here the route is not greatly used, and on a stormy day the novice might not find anything at all but rough and steep boulders and trackless grass. Under better conditions it is easy to follow the path up Tongue Ghyll to Grisedale Hause (1800 feet), then to turn to the right alongside the fence to the top. An excellent return is made southward, walking along the ridge, always descending, either to Stone Arthur (1652 feet) and Grasmere, or down to Nab Scar (about 1000 feet) and Rydal Mount for the Ambleside road. The walk through Easedale to Harrison Stickle (2401 feet) is rather long, and one crosses several dull ridges. It is better to walk over Hunting Stile (the old 'corpse road' from Langdale to Grasmere Church), and then along the Langdale valley, climbing up from Dungeon Ghyll and returning by the long incline over Sergeant Man and by Codale and Easedale Tarns to Grasmere.

Ambleside has much the merit of Grasmere; Helvellyn is just as accessible by motor-bus, and instead of Helm Crag the novice may 'try out' on the cone of Wansfell Pike (1597 feet), with a second ramble up

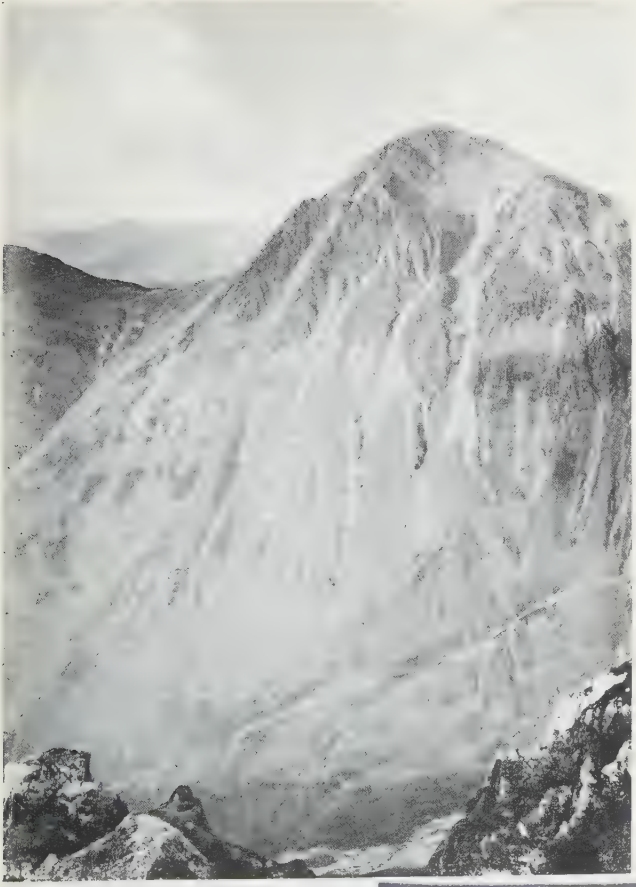
Red Screes (2541 feet) from Kirkstone Pass Inn. Ambleside has a fine horseshoe walk, starting thus from Kirkstone Pass, traversing Red Screes, Little Hart Crag (2091 feet), Dove Crag (2500 feet), Hart Crag (2698 feet), and along the rough and narrow Greenhow End to Fairfield (2863 feet). From this the ridge turns south and gradually falls over Great Rigg (2513 feet), Rydal Fell (2100 feet), Heron Pike (2003 feet), Lord Crag (1500 feet), and Nab Scar, where it terminates abruptly. An easy route down to the right, away from the tree-hung rocks, carries the ridge-walker down to Rydal, and so home. The northward coves of these mountains are very abrupt and rugged, without being actual cliffs; on the south or Ambleside face the rocks are less visible, and the views down the whole length of Windermere are very fine.

Langdale is one of the best centres for ridge-walking, as already hinted in the Grasmere section. There is a bunch of pikes round Harrison Stickle (2401 feet) which afford a fine afternoon's stroll. Pavey Ark, Gimmer Crag, and Pike o' Stickle are worth while, and the last two have fine views down into Mickleden or Langdale Head, across which one looks to the ridges of Bowfell. The descent can be varied by a steep drop down to Stickle Tarn (1540 feet), from which there are easy paths down Mill Ghyll to the valley. Bowfell (2960 feet) is a more serious mountain; the usual scramble goes up the rib of rock and grass known as the Band (1860 feet), with a steeper finish up the top of the fell itself. The return can be made either southward to Three Tarns, and then down Hell Ghyll, a rather sloppy journey in wet weather; or northward toward Angle Tarn, and then down the

rocks into the head of Rossett Ghyll Pass. Some care is needed in picking out the route; it is only faintly marked. A good rule here is to avoid all steep steps of rock; they can usually be passed on either side without much trouble. The descent, however, is really easy if the line of cairns is taken and followed. Probably this route is better as an ascent from Rossett Ghyll, as the climber is more easily able to locate the cairns among the rocks.

Of course, every one wishes to do the long expedition from Langdale to Scafell Pike (3210 feet), the highest point in England. The steepest part is the rise up Rossett Ghyll, but the track is easy to find and to follow. From the top there is a dip past Angle Tarn (1800 feet), a short rise, and another dip before the easy grass slope to the shelter on Esk Hause (2500 feet). Hereabouts is one of the Lake Country's many surprise views; a few yards of walking reveals the great gap of Sty Head Pass far below, with two small tarns (Sprinkling and Sty Head), the great screes beneath Great End, and the real glory of Great Gable, across the gulf.

The path to Scafell Pike now climbs away to the left, then swings back for the springs of the Esk (the last water on the way to the summit), and is shortly on the rough block-strewn ridge of Broad Crag. A steep descent, steep rise, repeated twice, and the climber is on Scafell Pike, with a wonderful mountain view all round. The great rocks on the Scafell face and on the Napes (Great Gable) are well visible; on a clear day it is possible to pick out a party of rock-climbers if they are working on an outside as apart from a gully route. The return to Langdale is by the same route, but it is worth while making the short



STY HEAD TRACK AND G[illegible]

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STRIDING EDGE AND TOP OF HELVELLYN

addition of an ascent of Great End (2984 feet), to look down its steep, plunging north gullies to Borrowdale and Derwentwater. Good ridge-walkers may also add the crossing of Esk Pike and Bowfell on the return journey. Little extra climbing is needed, for the ground is never below the 2500-feet contour, but the going in Ewer Gap is very rough, and the cribbed edge becomes hard to follow.

Patterdale is a good ridge-walking centre, but has hardly the variety of Langdale. It is comparatively easy to walk through the short dales, but the access to the ridges is often up laborious screes and steep grass. The best ascents are by Swirrel Edge and Striding Edge, up Helvellyn, and by Cofa Pike to Fairfield. The shorter rambles are on Place Fell (2154 feet), next to the lake, on St Sunday Crag (2756 feet), and on Red Screes, reached from Kirkstone Pass and going over to the Scandale Pass, returning down the path to Brothers' Water. The High Street ridge is at a considerable distance from Patterdale, and out of reach for all but exceptional walkers.

Striding Edge as a route to Helvellyn is a fine approach, but the ridge is narrow, and there are several high towers of rock to be tackled. It is, however, easy to shirk most of the 'horrors' and yet reach Helvellyn by the gap in front of Striding Edge. Yet the exhilaration of a good walk well done helps through the gap, over the little narrow tooth which stands midway, and on to the steep shoulder which ends below the Gough monument and quite near the summit. The last steep is much easier than it used to be, but it is no place for novices when there is snow and ice about, as there may be any time between October and April.

Climbed from any direction, Helvellyn is a wonderful view-point. On a clear day one can see the hills of Scotland to the north, of Wales across the sea to the south; every peak of importance in the Lake Country is grouped around, and the Pennine Chain, the great backbone of Northern England, stretches in long easy moors from Christenbury Crags, above Bewcastle, to beyond Ingleborough, far away in Yorkshire. Most of the lakes are also in sight, and a good many mountain tarns.

Keswick and its network of roads is a fine base for ridge-walking. There is Latrigg (1203 feet) with its excellent view over Derwentwater and up Borrowdale; Skiddaw (3054 feet) is reached by a mere grass track, and has magnificent distant views to the south. There is a track to Castle Rigg, and so to Lodore, on the edge of a cliff all the way, which is worth trying. Saddleback, or Blencathara (2847 feet), reached *via* Threlkeld, is quite a scramble if the walk along the whole line of Knowe Crags is taken and return made to Scales. Helvellyn, both from Thirlspot and from Wythburn, is easily accessible by motor-bus from Keswick. Another fine ridge-walk may begin at Nichol End, landing on Derwentwater, opposite Friar's Crag, and rising through the woods of Silver Hill and up the steep end of Catbells (1482 feet). It is better to keep along the 'height of land,' usually on a boundary path, with Newlands dropping to the right and Borrowdale to the left, over Maiden Moor and Scawdell Fell (2143 feet) to Lobstone Band, from which there is a path down to Newlands (right) or to Rosthwaite (left). It is quite easy to keep on over Dalehead (2473 feet), and then drop into the top of Honister Pass. To an experienced ridge-walker this is a good afternoon's job,

but others may take a day and be more pleased. It is a good taste of high-level travel, without any difficulties at all.

Another good round from Keswick, over ground with little difficulty, starts at Braithwaite, on the Cockermouth road, and follows the grass ridge over Grisedale Pike (2593 feet) to Hobcarton (2525 feet); then, turning south over the Coledale Pass, Grassmoor (2791 feet) to its west is reached, and a return made to Keswick over Eel Crag (2749 feet), Sail (2500 feet), Scar Crags (2205 feet), and Causey Pike (2000 feet) to the road at Stair, in Newlands. The hill-walker is unlikely to meet much company in this district, as the great ridges at the head of Borrowdale attract far more attention. Still, they are worth while, and give good practice, with safety.

Nowadays it is easy to motor-bus into the inner zone of Borrowdale, and pedestrians are no longer faced with the long trudge to Seatoller and Seathwaite. The farm here is an excellent base for hill rambles—Great Gable (2949 feet) is within easy reach from the Sty Head Pass, Great End (2984 feet) makes practically the opposite wall of that track, and Scafell Pike (3210 feet) is reached either by Grains Ghyll and Esk Hause (where the Langdale track is joined), or by a rough mountaineers' route direct from the top of Sty Head Pass. The usual approach to Great Gable is up Aaron Slack, a gap between the main mountain and Green Gable, with a steep pull to the summit. From the top of Sty Head Pass it is easy to find a route by keeping just on the north or right side of the rocks, and following a well-marked line of cairns. In both cases there is a scramble, but the going is safe, and the view is one of the finest in the Lake Country. Up here is the

bronze tablet placed by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in memory of its members who fell in the Great War. The tablet shows a relief map of the 3000 acres of wild rock and mountain which was acquired and presented to the nation in further memory of these men.

Buttermere is a famous haunt of ridge-walkers. There are fine walks along the peaks such as Grassmoor, Hobcarton, Sail, and other Newlands peaks north of the Hause; over Robinson (2417 feet), Hindscarth (2385 feet), and Dalehead (2473 feet) to Honister Pass; over Brandreth (2344 feet) and Green Gable, dropping toward Ennerdale by Wind Gap (top of Aaron Slack), and returning by Scarf Gap (1400 feet); or by Scarf Gap to High Crag (2443 feet), High Stile (2643 feet), and Red Pike (2479 feet), coming down either by Scale Force or direct to Buttermere by way of Sour Milk Ghyll.

Since the plan for afforestation came into existence, Ennerdale as a base for the hill-walker has been practically closed; he must therefore reach his peaks from their other sides, either from Buttermere or Wastdale Head.

Wastdale Head is a fine climbing centre; the best paths for Scafell Pike and Great Gable in particular start from this side. And the mountain passes are as hard as the ascents of many peaks in other districts. The going about Wastdale Head is apt to be stony and sometimes lively. Certainly the fells are no place for the solitary rambler, and in time of mist and storm the utmost care is essential even for a party. The rim of Ennerdale gives some fine strolls. From the top of Black Sail (1600 feet) it is easy to walk over the Pillar Mountain (not the Rock), and to return down the

broken scree of Windy Gap to Mosedale, and so home. Or the same Windy Gap (about 2200 feet) may be reached from the other direction, going out into Mosedale by Ritson Force, then slanting across the breast of Yewbarrow to the Door Head screes. Here the ridge is climbed and continued over Red Pike (2707 feet) to the Steeple (2746 feet), and forward to the right, where the gap, which is the shepherds' route between Ennerdale and Wastdale Head, is reached. Yewbarrow (2058 feet) from Wastwater is an easy but steep climb, but do not try the direct descent by Stirrup Crag to Door Head. There are some great rock-slabs on the route; it is better to return to Bowderdale, which will be seen below on the left. Lingmell (2649 feet) is regarded rightly as a laborious scramble, and is usually avoided. With the same amount of effort it is possible to climb Scafell Pike, which is just beyond Lingmell and is a much finer peak. The traverse of Great Gable from Sty Head Pass, returning over Kirkfell (2631 feet), is a good walk; much of the going is steep, and the screes into Beckhead, between Great Gable and Kirkfell, are rough and loose. From Kirkfell the return can be made into the top of Black Sail Pass, but most prefer to face outward for Wastdale, unless it is intended to continue the tramp over the Pillar Mountain to Windy Gap, quite a hard march forward.

Scafell (3162 feet) is rarely climbed by ordinary parties, though there are many routes up the cliffs for the rock-climbers. The labour of walking up the long slope from Burnmoor is better recompensed by making for Scafell Pike (3210 feet). There are good paths up Hollowstones, then to the ridge between the Pikes and Lingmell, with a sharp turn to the summit, which is

reached up broken stones. However, there is an excellent variation descent down a well-beaconed track to Mickledore Ridge—where there used to be a spring of good water—but the screes below the ridge begin rather steeply. The easiest going is on the west, close under Scafell crags at first, but rapidly drawing away unless one tries to get into the foot of Lord's Rake for the sake of the wonderful rock-scenery. The descent toward Wastdale is indefinite at first, but shortly joins the Lingmell track.

From Eskdale there are many fine mountain walks, but the distances to Scafell Pike and Bowfell, the best peaks within range, are long, and the going is rough. The rise up the back of Scafell by way of Great How and Slight Side is tedious, just as it is to cross Burnmoor to the edge of Wastdale, and then climb the shoulder from that side. Admittedly there are fine views of the crags by the Burnmoor route, but the advantage is won at considerable exertion. The head of the dale has a fine mountain cirque and high passes (described in the Eskdale chapter).

As a ridge-walker's centre, Coniston suffers a little because all its ridges are in one group and direction—to the west. The mass of peaks south of Wrynose Pass includes the Old Man of Coniston (2633 feet), Carrs (2575 feet), Wetherlam (2502 feet), Grey Friar (2537 feet), Dow Crags (2555 feet), and others. From Walna Scar Pass to Wrynose the main ridge is never below 2000 feet, and therefore it is easy to bag a sequence of peaks. The best access of course is up the Old Man, where one commands an extensive view. The great rifted front of Dow Crags faces the Old Man, and the different buttresses and gullies can be picked out.

Grassy and easy are the ridges between Kentmere and Troutbeck, the East Fells, which are more easily reached from Windermere, Ambleside, and Troutbeck than any other place. A day's march will easily bring one to the tops of the Yoke (2292 feet), Ill Bell (2476 feet), Froswick (2359 feet), Thornthwaite Crag (2569 feet), and High Street (2718 feet), the last of which looks down toward Haweswater and Mardale. There is an outlying peak, Harter Fell, Longsleddale (2509 feet), which is worth picking up by a walk across the gap of Nan Bield Pass, on the way over to Mardale. From High Street the old Roman road or street can be traced for miles going north, and it makes a fine high-level walk, indeed, going on over Kidsty Pike (2560 feet), High Raise (2634 feet), Weather Hill (2174 feet), Loadpot (2201 feet), and Swarth Fell (1832 feet), on the way either to Howtown, Pooley Bridge, or even Penrith.

CHAPTER XVIII

LAKE COUNTRY SCRAMBLES

Striding Edge, Helvellyn—Lord's Rake and Broad Stand, Scafell—Hell Gate, Great Gable—High Level Traverse, Pillar Mountain.

Having thus graduated in the ordinary hill and ridge walks which are easily accessible from the roads of the Lake District, the holiday-maker of the sterner sort, especially if coming on a second visit, will demand something better and harder. The fells can oblige, especially if the trip is made in winter or stormy weather. On a bad day Striding Edge, the bristly bridge of rocks which goes up to Helvellyn from Patterdale, can be the limit of nastiness, but there is a joy in knowing that, after all, when things become really bad there is a way of escape down the screes to Red Tarn which is quite easy. Under ordinary conditions, however, Striding Edge is merely an exhilarating walk, with some hard work up the last short pitch to the main mountain and some excitement on its rock towers. If you want Sharp Edge, Saddleback, it will have to be found. One rock-climbing enthusiast admits that he was baffled time and again by bad weather before he forced his way through a gale to the top. Many people mistake the ridge altogether, and accept the easy buttress behind Threlkeld village, with its sharp incline to the comb of the great wave of the mountain. The sterner course is in the lonely wild

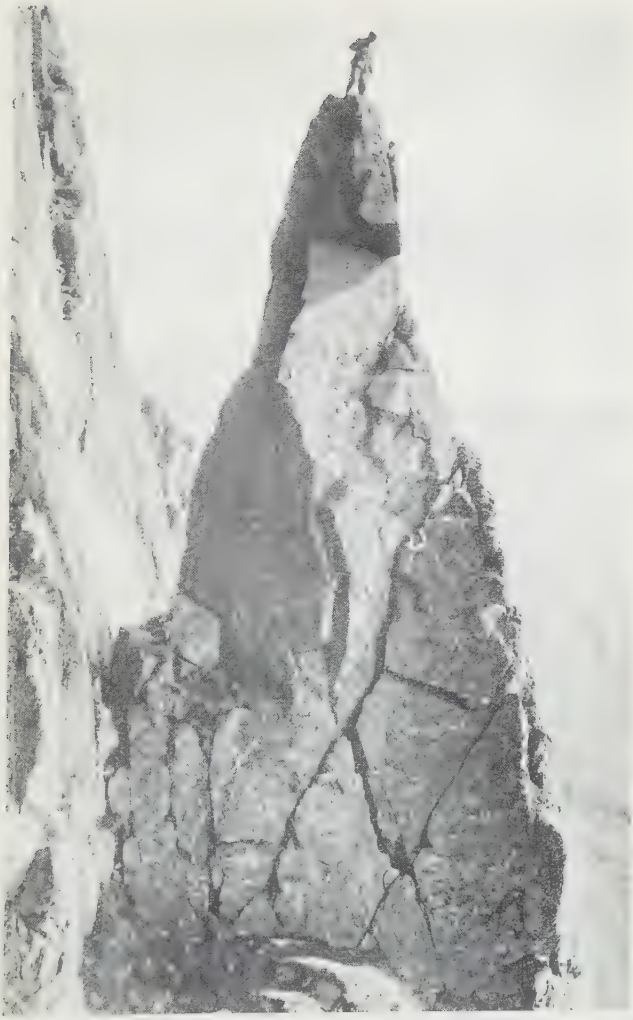
beyond Bowscale Tarn, and off all the ordinary routes to the peak. In snow-time it can give a really hard day, but in summer the chief danger is from loose stones and slippery grass!

One must go to Wastdale Head for scrambling of the right sort. The great expanse of the Climbers' Park, an estate of 3000 acres given to the nation by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club in memory of its members who fell in the Great War, affords several fine routes; and additional acquirements of land on the face of Scafell and over Ennerdale Head and the Buttermere ridge offer a better selection of paths than ever. The scrambler must be able to find his way by the lines used by shepherds in handling and bringing down their flocks.

The little hamlet of Wastdale Head is a centre for a number of excellent scrambles; it is a place devoted to rock-climbers, but it is not their exclusive domain by any means. The true rock-climber looks upon the scrambler ("the man who has come again") as a younger aspirant in the art of mountain conquest. The most obvious scrambles are the easy routes from Mickledore Gap to the top of Scafell, a peak of 3162 feet. The western side of the Mickledore is known as Hollowstones, and is choked with great fans of scree from the Scafell and Pikes crags. The stones rise to a sharp ridge, at about 2500 feet above the sea, between the two mountains, and on the Scafell side there is an impending face of rock which for maybe half a mile seems to be impregnable. There are, however, rock-climbers' routes up every seam, gully, ledge, and slab, but few are really easy. From Hollowstones the scrambler sees the great grey-yellow ladder of Lord's Rake, which slants into the rocks, and a few minutes

brings him into its foot. The rocks in front tower up hundreds of feet. One of them is that most pitiless slab, the Pinnacle, from Deep Ghyll. This ghyll is a deep rent in the left wall of Lord's Rake, with a mighty boulder jammed and forming a cave at the bottom. The rock-climber goes into the gloom behind the big block and comes out through a little gap, making a rather difficult turn against the main rock. The scrambler, however, goes on up the steep and loose rake, then up the rocks to the left, where they are broken into a sort of bastion, and where scrambling is perfectly safe—if you test your holds. There is a sort of West Wall Traverse too, which gives a very pleasant access to the top of Deep Ghyll above the difficult parts, and shows a wonderful glimpse of rock scenery. In twenty minutes from Lord's Rake the worst of the ascent is over, and one has merely to walk out on to the comparatively level summit. This is one of the least visited of tops, and, indeed, except for this access by Lord's Rake, and also by Broad Stand, it is a dreary ramble from Wastdale Head or from Eskdale.

The descent from Scafell by Broad Stand is almost real rock-mountaineering. The correct route goes on a line a little to the east of the top of Scafell Pike (the twin peak across Mickledore Gap), and clambers down a buttress with the head of Mickledore Chimney on the right, and the drop to Hollowstones to the left. The buttress narrows, is stepped by short walls of rock, and finally one finds the wall on the left non-existent. There is a rather sensational step down a narrow slab or rib of rock, with the certainty that beyond each toe there is fresh air all the way down to the Eskdale Screes. The bad stretch is short, and in summer there is little difficulty in seeing and making



CLIMBING THE NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE 232

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CLIMBING THE DIFFICULT BIT, EAGLE'S NEST ARÊTE, GREAT GABLE

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the footholds. At the end one drops down to a big rock ledge, and then steps on to an easy platform, the descent from which is down a well-marked narrow gorge between the rocks. This is known as Fat Man's Gully (because it is not), and ends on the screes within a hundred feet of Mickledore Ridge. The whole scramble from Lord's Rake over the summit to the foot of Broad Stand may take anything from an hour and a half to the best part of a day, according to the amount of enjoyment one has in loitering and route-finding.

There are half a dozen scrambles on the Scafell Pike ridge which mean hard work, but have not the sensation of the course just mentioned. One can follow the line of Piers Ghyll up from Wastdale, keeping in the floor as long as possible, and then climbing out where further access seems to be stopped by water. From the fall at the top of the ghyll there is a steep pull up loose blocks to the top of Scafell Pike. Skew Ghyll, on the Wastdale side, and Cust's Gully, on the Borrowdale side of Great End, afford good sport in winter, but in summer the first is merely laborious and the second becomes so loose that fatal accidents have occurred from falling ledges and stones. Both should be avoided by the scrambler.

A better route is from Wastdale to the top of Great Gable by way of the Napes Track and Hell Gate screes. This carries one into the finest rock scenery we have in Cumberland. The route is up the Gavel Neese to the usual point for traversing to Napes Needle, then beyond the foot of the cliff into the great scree-shoot beyond. Then there is a hard struggle up to the summit. Personally one has become a little wise after years of exertion, and finds more fun in going along

the traverse to Kern Knotts, and from this point taking up the shoulder of the mountain on less friable going. It is a hard task fighting a long and loose scree which seems determined to allow no progress, slipping down at every step and apparently trying to throw one back to the bottom of the incline.

The finest scramble of all is the rock-climbers' route from Wastdale Head to the Pillar Rock—the High Level Traverse. The opening is not too well marked, for climbers know that there is a secret to be kept. Near the iron fence just above Lookingstead, on Black Sail Pass, there is a big cairn of stones, and the path we need crosses the fence opposite this. At first, to a novice, there is no sign of path; the opening steps are along a rock ledge and over its corner, stepping out to sound grass just out of sight. The novice is apt to be decoyed into a steep grass and scree gully which goes steeply down into Ennerdale, and leads the incautious scrambler far out of his or her way. After stepping round the corner the High Level track swings across coves and over ribs of stones; twice, at any rate, there is a step round an exposed corner and over a rock which is just a little startling to the novice. But the stone is firm and good; there are first-rate handholds, and anyone, practically, can travel to the Robinson Cairn, which was built in memory of the first great Cumbrian-bred rock-climber, at a point which commands a magnificent view of the Pillar Rock, on which he pioneered so many fine climbs. This is a surprise view, and one of the best in the area.

From the Robinson Cairn the rock-climber goes off to assault the Pillar Rock by more or less difficult courses, but the mere scrambler continues down the slope, crosses the foot of the Pillar by a green ledge,

descends into a watercourse on the far side, and climbs up to the great doup or scree basin opposite the western side of the Rock. It is exhilarating scrambling, but never beyond the ordinary powers of a hill-walker. The usual route for return to Wastdale is by a swing across the mountain to Windy Gap, which is the old direct road from Gillerthwaite, in Ennerdale, to the Mosedale glen. Instead of making for Windy Gap, it is a pretty good scramble direct up the slope to the top of Pillar Mountain—there is no need to tackle any rock ledges or walls—and the return to Lookingstead is merely a grass walk to the left, alongside the iron fence.

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CHAPTER XIX

ROCK-CLIMBING—WHERE TO GO AND HOW TO TRAIN

Equipment—Wastdale Head, Langdale, Keswick, Coniston.

Rock-climbing as practised in the Lake Country has become the most difficult mountain sport in the world. To its experts the hardest courses are not necessarily dangerous, but they would be fatal to anyone else. Yet the sport needs recruits every year, and there is no lack of aspirants. The reverse is the case.

The various climbing clubs are in a position to train novices in a safe and proper manner, and their assistance should be secured. Persons who have passed two or three holidays, summer and winter, among the ridges of the Lake Country and become quite at home, say, on Striding Edge on a poor day are quite fit to join in rock-climbing as a sport, and if some of their experience has been gained at Wastdale Head, Langdale, Buttermere, Borrowdale, or Coniston it will be their own fault if they have not slight acquaintance with some regular club man or woman of the rocks.

The great rock-climbing clubs have their holiday meets in the places named, and at such time it is easy to get in touch with the office-bearers, and to express some desire for training. If good experience of the ridges is proved, the matter becomes easy. The clubs are on the look-out for mountain-lovers rather than

mere gymnasts, who may have little idea of the why and wherefore of the cliffs and crevices. Go, therefore, to Wastdale Head or one of the other places mentioned, and find when and where the different clubs are likely to meet. Be experienced in ridge-walking; people even of the most amiable sort rather dissent from working on steep rocks with a novice who has never seen a mountain path or a rough slope.

The first equipment of a rock-climber is a pair of specially nailed Alpine boots; the modified nails used by ridge-walkers are, however, acceptable for a trial run over easy rock. There is no need to invest in a climbers' rope during the first season at any rate, unless by so doing you can make more sure of a practised leader.

Usually a leader with a novice or two on his rope avoids the great soaring slabs and towers and the narrow, holdless gullies in favour of some route which will give a variety of easy problems. Such a place is the South-east Gully of Great End, or the various parts of Pikes Crag, on Scafell Pike. The first test of a novice is usually in a gully, where the effects of altitude are less felt than on an open slab or ridge, where the climber is very conscious of small holds and meagre ledges and a great fresh-air gulf below. The novice need not be worried if on his first climb he has some thought of giddiness—most young climbers begin that way, and experience of the real safety of the methods used soon sweeps away the eerie nervous feeling. Any person in good health and condition should soon conquer the difficulties and begin to enjoy an easy climb.

Novices should not venture on a rock-climb alone. In the various mountaineering clubs there are plenty

of men fit and willing to lead a party of learners, to see that their progress up the steep pitches is safe. An Alpine rope is necessary; eighty feet is a good length for a first climb. Take an imaginary ascent of the South-east Gully, a deep recess in Great End, overlooking Borrowdale. To reach it there is a scramble up blocks and screes from the Sprinkling Tarn path. The leader, after roping up his novice, attacks a short rock chimney of about fifteen feet. Sometimes this pitch is enough. One leader, arrived at the top, called his novice to "Come on." "All right." No sound of motion. "Come on." "All right." Still no sound of boot-nails scraping against rock. After a while the leader scrambled down, and found his novice waiting peacefully. "Why don't you use the rope?" asked the novice. He explained his firm belief that surely the rope was there for the one purpose of hauling the second man up the rocks. There was no more rock-climbing that day!

That is a wrong impression, of course. The rope is a safeguard against accidents, a life-line, so to speak. The leader, arriving at the top of a pitch, loops the rope over some corner of rock and draws in the slack as the second man climbs up. The leader is in a position to prevent a serious fall if the second misses a hold. This work is continued to the top of the climb, only one person moving at a time, and being 'held on,' not assisted or lifted by, the rope. But to come back to the South-east Gully.

After the first rock pitch there is an easy scramble for about 200 feet up the bed of the gully, which is then blocked by a big stone fallen from above. The leader climbs round this on the right, makes good his footing, and the novices follow one by one. Above

this the gully splits, and the right-hand branch is taken. It is narrower, steeper, and the party is constrained to take care in their handling and brushing past loose fragments.

Overhead the gully is again blocked by a big fallen rock, which is passed by climbing a ten-foot mossy wall on the right, and above it is another, about twenty-five feet high, a pitch which can be climbed direct or avoided by ledges to the right. A novice's first chockstone is something to remember. It appears to bulge like a nightmare overhead; one's body seems to bend outward, and the hands grope for holds on a rounded edge. Then a mere notch for fingers is found, and one is advised to 'pull up.' If one's legs swing off into mid-air there is a hectic moment (but the novice is well held on the rope) until one's chest comes over the top and the strain on muscles is released. The greater part of rock-climbing, however, is not gymnastics and arm-pulls, but the clever and proper utilization of footholds, using the hands merely as a balance.

To continue in our gully, there is now an easy ladder of rocks and screes, with a third chockstone which can be passed on either side, and then comes a pitch which rises steeply for twenty feet, but may be avoided. Beyond this is a fine cave, the chockstone entirely roofing the gully, and a new sensation is found in climbing through a gap behind the chockstone. After another stiff section of ten feet the party can either walk up the scree bed or take to the easy rocks on the right side.

In rock-climbing one person at a time moves, so that four on a rope "make haste slowly," but safely. The whole retinue of novices is able to come together

at the top of each pitch or problem before the leader moves on, and all the time the rope is acting as a safeguard against disaster, so that the true exhilaration of the position among the wildest of rock scenery can be thoroughly enjoyed. On a fine, dry day an easy rock-climb is a wonderful escape from the sameness of conventional sports; it is not costly in gear, and it calls for that due amount of labour which is its own reward. One does not commend rock-climbing on a moist day as a clean sport! Even in South-east Gully there are streams and waterfalls which cannot be avoided. The moss is sponged up, the grass and bilberry ledges are bearded with the drops, and the fine loose detritus has the trick of becoming mud of varying stains and textures. But the climb is jolly well worth while, unless a great rainfall turns the gully into a cascade, and the leader finds himself not only soaked and stained, but in danger of being washed from his holds.

Rock-climbing for novices may be found at other places. Coniston, with its great face of Dow Crags, has been described well as a place where the climber may begin as a scrambler up easy screes, and end as a super-expert. These rocks are easily seen from the Old Man, being just across the great cove which holds Goat's Water, but the climber's route follows the Walna Scar Pass nearly to the bridge over Torver Beck, then swings off to the right, passing just above a marsh. The line of cairns or beacons is soon picked up. The path crosses the outlet of Goat's Water, winds up scree and boulders, and stops at a big shelter stone, the 'cave' dedicated to climbers' rucksacks and lunches. The actual rocks begin just above this point. The "Easy Gully," which is mainly scree,

with one short rock-pitch, is away to the left, the first big opening beyond Great Gully, the fearsome lower cave-pitch of which is easily remarked from below.

Wastdale Head offers some first-class training climbs in addition to those on Great End and the Pikes Crag, which have been mentioned. Pikes Crag is part of Scafell Pike, and on the opposite side of Mickledore to Scafell's great cliff. The practice climbs are short and varied, for there are slab and buttress courses as well as the inside routes up gullies. On Pillar Rock, on the Ennerdale face of the mountain, the easiest courses are the Slab and Notch, Old West and Old Wall approaches to this isolated pinnacle. On Great Gable there is good practice in and about Needle Gully. On Scafell the best practice courses are Broad Stand, the North or Penrith Climb, Mickledore Chimney by Easy Finish, and the direct ascent of Deep Ghyll.

The novice, whether alone or in a party, has the best chance of obtaining a practical insight into rock-climbing by using Wastdale Head as a centre. There are practised climbers there in most weeks of the year, and Mr Ritson Whiting, the host, knows the climbs well and is always willing to do his best for novices.

Round Langdale there are some good courses. Pavey Ark, which overlooks Stickle Tarn, has a few; beginning with Jack's Rake, which is really a series of grass ledges slanting across and up the crag, then the Crescent Climb, Little Gully, Gwynne's Chimney, and Great Gully, in that order. On Gimmer Crag, one of the two great towers of rock which overlook Mickleden, there is an easy South-east Gully, while the other great tower, Pike o' Stickle, has also an easy gully.

Outside this one route, Gimmer Crag is regarded as a place for experts, or, at any rate, practised climbers.

There are also some training climbs in the Buttermere area, but these suffer somewhat from being scattered over several peaks, and are not concentrated in one zone.

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CHAPTER XX

TOWNS AND ROAD-PASSES OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

Ambleside—Keswick—Kendal—A6, over Shap Fells—Kirkstone Pass—Red Bank—Dunmail Raise—Whinlatter Pass—Wrynose Pass.

The motorist is keen to know the road difficulties of the Lake District. The old corners and abrupt gradient, switchback bridges and narrow passages through villages, have almost disappeared from the ordinary routes. There are a few dangers which cannot be avoided, but in many places by-pass roads have been constructed or the route improved to relieve the congestion of traffic.

At Ambleside there is the well-known Salutation Corner, which used to be serious, and is now only difficult to the novice driver. A constable is on point duty opposite the blind corner of the Queen's Hotel, and the white line relieves the driver of perplexity. The trouble is a sharp turn at the top of a short abrupt rise—and round the corner pedestrians and dogs seem to be emitted at surprising angles and speeds. Through traffic can turn to the left at Mason's Art Gallery, and cross forward the road from Langdale to Kelsick Road, passing the post-office and entering the Rydal road beyond the short congested section in which the motor-buses of the district seem to assemble.

At Grasmere the through driver is encouraged to

avoid the village altogether. There is a by-pass, practically level and good going, from Town End (the entrance marked by a drinking-fountain in green slate, to the memory of Wordsworth) to the Swan Hotel. The village is less difficult, however, than it used to be, for the bridge near the church has been widened, and the white line has simplified the zigzag entrance to the square in front of the Red Lion Hotel, where the motor-buses have a terminus as well as a halt. Out on the Keswick road, half a mile away, is the narrow White Bridge, but this needs no more than ordinary care.

Keswick is more congested. The old town is set at all angles to the traffic. The old descent of the Ambleside road, with its hairpin bend, is seldom used, all motors going along Chestnut Hill and by Brigham, alongside the Greta, into the town. Through cars for Cockermouth and Carlisle can go across the Station Road almost at once, and come out into the main street of the town beside the post-office, and beyond the congested points. Cars endeavouring to cross Keswick into Borrowdale and to Derwentwater have to be carefully driven. Coming down the Station Road there is a sharp turn to the right at the Royal Oak Hotel, then, quickly, a left turn into the market-place. Continuing along the front of a block of shops, there is another sharp left turn into the Borrowdale road, which twists, and is narrow and crammed with traffic until the town is suddenly left behind. If a four-in-hand for Buttermere or other horse-drawn vehicle is in the procession, progress becomes very slow, and there is more than ever a difficulty in avoiding the wandering pedestrian. It is difficult to suggest a remedy for this bad twist on a popular run, as the town and St John's

Church lie across all possible alternatives. In time, however, some of the obtrusive buildings will have to come down, especially if larger vehicles continue to increase in number on this route.

The other motorists' towns in the neighbourhood present fewer problems. At Kendal the through traffic for the Lakes goes along a direct line of streets, which are at times congested with market-carts, and in autumn with a roadside market. Even in the latter condition they are rarely crowded to the danger-point. The old road to the North, however, which goes down Finkle Street, threads about half a mile of narrow road, and through traffic is, where possible, directed along Stricklandgate to Sandes Avenue, a broad route which rejoins the Penrith road near the railway station. The direct route from Kendal to Newby Bridge and Ulverston is rarely taken; it involves a fierce ascent from the centre of the town, and has steep hills all the way. It is usual to turn off at Levens Bridge, five miles south of Kendal, and make quicker and easier travel across the mosses to Lindal and Newton-in-Cartmel. Windermere, except for the steep pitch about the railway station, presents no real difficulty, and much has been done to open out the twisted streets of the far older Bowness. It is easy to recall the awkward turns among the houses, and to show where shops and cottages have been removed to make traffic easier. It is not perfect, of course, but still tolerably safe. The lake-front was a mere strand alongside a lane not fifty years ago, with a steamer pier, and a couple of jetties for yachts and rowing-boats, and not an acre of public land to be found.

The villages off the great roads have altered, but

much remains to be done. The entrance into Coniston from Yewdale still remains a gap between a high wall and some houses, but there is no risk from hidden drives and crossroads. The village town of Hawkshead is, however, extremely difficult to pass. The place has been built to no plan, and the car scrapes between houses, inns, and shops with hair's-breadth clearances. The motor-buses which ply between Ambleside and Hawkshead, and between Hawkshead and Ulverston, make the negotiation of Hawkshead rather a proposition, but the obvious danger of every corner tends to make all drivers careful and patient. Patterdale is another awkward place to pass, but the difficulty is restricted to a couple of hundred yards, practically on the straight, and the danger is very obvious. If a big bus or charabanc is working through the narrow passage between cottages and hotel, the tourist driver should be quite willing to wait for a clearer road. Rosthwaite, in Borrowdale, is another place of narrow passages, but Langdale, in Westmorland, has lost its terror to the road-user. A new by-pass road entirely avoids the clump of houses next to the church, and few cars climb the awkward corner between the cottages and the Grasmere road. Threlkeld, three miles from Keswick, is another typical village, and care is essential even on the direct Keswick-Penrith road, which slides weirdly in and out of blocks of houses, changing direction (almost blindly) every fifty yards.

Probably the worst piece of village driving is just off the beaten track—in Troutbeck, where the road up the western side from Troutbeck Bridge is full of sharp corners and obtrusive houses and farmyards. At places the houses have apparently been violently

bulged aside to allow traffic to pass. Motor-bus and charabanc traffic is forbidden, and the ordinary driver would do well to park his car far away, and to walk through the interesting little place.

Compared with the narrow and harassing village-towns, the road-passes of the Lake District are intriguing. Few of the important ones rise high, and there is nothing like the 2000 feet or more routes out of Alston, in East Cumberland, or of the Yorkshire Moors above Wensleydale. As a rule, a Lake Country pass is pretty much like any mountain-side, rising in a short and steep step, then going easily for a distance, before climbing to the summit.

Let the road-passes be examined from east to west, commencing with Shap Fell, which is the direct route (A 6) from the south to the Haweswater and Ullswater basins. The twenty-six miles from Kendal to Penrith flank the Lake Country; the road is fine tarmac all the way, with some stretches of macadam about the summit. From Kendal the incline for the first three miles is not considerable; there comes next three miles of steady, but not severe, rise, which only in light cars will involve the use of second gear. The slope goes relentlessly up past Forest Hall, one of the largest sheep-farms in the North, and reaches 1000 feet above the sea at Hollowgate, a descriptive name for the houses in the depression between the Mint and Borrow valleys. There is a curved descent to High Borrow Bridge, where the stream is crossed, and then a couple of miles, at first as steep as one in twelve, and afterward easing out to one in seventeen, to the summit, 1304 feet above sea-level, at eleven miles from Kendal. Here the road which has been gliding along

ledges in the hills comes out for four miles of open moorland going. There is a twist down to Wasdale Bridge, and then to Shap Granite Works there is a descent, which continues through the village of Shap right down to Eamont Bridge, near Penrith. The last ten miles of this route have been described in the chapter dealing with Haweswater.

The road over Shap has quite a long history, though it seems impossible to attach it to the Roman engineers, who preferred to make their way north through the Lune Gorge, and not alongside the Kent and Mint. The road's great history began when the pack-pony was displaced by wheeled vehicles; in 1745 Bonnie Prince Charlie came along the old road through wild weather, both in advance and retreat. The country-side here took little notice of his raid; it was not at all enthusiastic for the Stuarts, and had not become accustomed to the Georges either.

Sections of the old road used by the clans can be seen, breaking off to the right at Otter Bank, just beyond the third milestone from Kendal; coming in again at Watchgate, beyond the fourth mile; leaving again in half a mile, and going away over rough country to the north of the present road, and out of sight among the Bridge House plantations. The ruin about a mile along the old route is still known as the Old Plough, and was the inn before the deviation rendered it unprofitable. Another public-house, five and a half miles from Kendal (which is the limit of the local motor-bus service), supplies its place. Beyond the sixth milestone a track is visible on the opposite hillside, winding beside a plantation; this is another section of the old road, and exploration in the bottom brings to view the ancient bridge, now turned to farm use.

Near the eighth milestone the modern road turns slightly into a plantation, and the old track crosses and recrosses again after dipping down to a stream in the hollow. The track over Hollowgate turns off almost at once, and again and again from the present road the ancient route is seen alongside the stream of Crookdale Beck. From Hausefoot it climbs steeply, crosses the new road, and loops over the bogs to a half-ruined bridge on the Wasdale Beck lower down than the present crossing. Shortly the old track climbs up, and for miles is on the line of the newer road. Beyond Shap, however, the road to the North went down open lands which have been incorporated in Lowther Park.

Along this steep and twisty road Prince Charlie and his clans retreated in 1745; it was December, and the artillery and other wagons took two days to fight the way over from Kendal to Shap. Even then it was midnight before they arrived and the commander of the rearguard was at ease concerning their safety.

The coach-road followed the track of Prince Charlie and his clans. In wild weather there were sometimes as many as a dozen coaches storm-bound at Shap on the one side and at Kendal on the other. Nowadays the route is rarely drifted over for a day, and mere storm is almost disregarded by a regular procession of commercial vehicles and motor-buses.

The next road-pass is that of Kirkstone, ten miles to the west. There are two approaches from the south. That from Windermere, *via* Troutbeck Church, is long, but fairly easy; the ascent begins at the church, and there is little relief until the top is sighted. The first mile or two go up in steps, but Woundale Moss is deceptive, promising a favourable incline, but actually causing the engine to pull the whole way.

More radiators boil on this section than elsewhere in the Lake Country, merely because drivers are not cautious. The corner where the road turns into the pass gives a fine view down to the head of Windermere, with Blelham Tarn and other waters beyond. The second ascent from Ambleside is not recommended for ordinary cars. The first ascent is steep and winding between high walls; then there is a mile or so of easy going; and the "Struggle," as the last 800 feet are called, is loose of surface and has hairpin bends at steep gradients. As a test for engine- and driving-power, the route may have merit; for the ordinary tourist, either on ascent or descent, it simply does not exist. The descent to Patterdale is characteristic. The motorist is advised, rightly, to put his gear to the lowest point, and thus to keep the strain off hand- and foot-brake, both of which may have to be used. The worst pitch is that near the top, where the great Kirkstone is visible; afterward the incline gradually eases off, and precautions at the top pitch are found to be unnecessary.

The next pass is the famous Dunmail Raise, on the Grasmere-Keswick road. The incline begins at the Traveller's Rest Inn, slackens for half a mile, then climbs past the old Tollbar cottage and out on to a shelf above trees with a magnificent back-view over Grasmere. At the top of this pitch the gradient eases, and the rest of the way to the cairn on Dunmail Raise (783 feet above sea-level) is top-gear work. From the north the climb past Wythburn is hardly appreciable, and nowhere is there need to use any special precautions.

The road-pass from Grasmere to Langdale over Red Bank is a different problem. Though only 523 feet

above the sea and 300 feet above the lake, there is a stiff climb at one in four which tests most aspirants. The worst piece is, moreover, under the shade of trees and inclined to be greasy—no great pleasure when wheels are refusing to grip and the car is in danger of sliding backward. Red Bank is certainly not recommended, either for ascent or descent; it can be avoided by turning back through Ambleside, or by using the side-road under Loughrigg Fell from Pelter Bridge, at Rydal, to Rothay Bridge, on the Clappersgate road.

The road-passes into Coniston are interesting, but as they do not climb high little need be said. The High Cross route descends a couple of hairpin bends down to Coniston waterhead. The Oxenfell road has a steep stretch above Skelwith Bridge, which needs some braking on the descent, as the lane ends with a right-angle turn practically on to the bridge itself. Whinlatter Pass, on the road from Keswick to Lorton, is the only other route requiring description. It starts about a mile out of Portinscale, and at the hamlet of Braithwaite there is a sharp turning among the houses, after which the road rises steeply. Many small cars fail here because the motorist has not appreciated the real problem in hand, but at a second attempt the hill is climbed. For half a mile there is steep going, then the road flattens out, and the last two miles to the top of the pass (1043 feet) are comfortable travelling. The descent toward Cockermouth is easy, but care has to be taken if the short cut through Lorton to the Buttermere road is tried. There are steep and narrow places.

For the purposes of the ordinary motorist the roads up Newlands to Buttermere and over Honister Pass

may be ignored. By use of the toll-road, however, it is possible to gain the top of the latter without much difficulty, and the 1190-feet pass-head is a fine place for starting on mountain rambles. The Buttermere side (as mentioned in the chapter dealing with that area) is merely a loose steep slope, with the surface ploughed by the skid-pans of the horse-coaches which come over in trains every day in summer-time.

There has been talk at times of building a road over Sty Head Pass to Wastdale and Seascale, but there are other difficulties, monetary and æsthetic, than the mere engineering of a route to 1600 feet above sea-level. Whether the same reasons will always militate against the development of the old Roman Way from Langdale to Ravenglass remains to be seen. Certainly traffic has passed for centuries over Wrynose Pass (1270 feet) and Hard Knott Pass (1290 feet), and sporting motorists have trials over the route. Let it be said, however, that there has been some expenditure on the Westmorland entrance of Wrynose Pass within recent years, and the road is entirely a different matter to what it was say forty years ago, when above the bridge in the pass there were seven different tracks to the summit. The few sledges and carts which then passed in the year preferred to choose each a route for itself up the loose and soft screes and moss which seemed to exude over the track between times.

In writing the above notes, it must be understood that the information is intended for summer and daylight motorists. At night additional caution must be used, for the roadsides fall away in a rather sensational fashion. In storm it is often impossible to see ahead sufficiently to travel with safety, and many a car has been ditched, even on the open surface of Shap Fell,

where the snow-posts are visible every fifty yards or so. The vagaries of big headlights on a stormy night are fascinating to watch, but they are little aid to the driver just at the time he most needs their help. And, of course, where the road runs open to the fellsides there is always a chance that a stray sheep or pony may get into it, and be asleep or wandering about, unable to get out of the way.

CHAPTER XXI

THE EVOLUTION OF ROCK-CLIMBING

Some early records—C. A. O. Baumgartner—The Pilkingtons—A. L. Mumm—C. Hopkinson—W. P. Haskett-Smith—John Wilson Robinson—Owen Glynne Jones, etc.

In a little over a century the conquest of steep rocks has developed from a mere scramble to an intricate, exhausting, and scientific sport. Its standards are high, and the quality of the courses is admitted in every climbing centre in the world. The exploration has been entirely in the hands of amateurs, generation after generation, and the few Swiss, French, and Italian guides who have visited the district have added nothing of importance to local practice.

Though the first recorded ascent of the Pillar Rock goes back to 1826, it was not until fifty years later that serious attention was given to unorthodox and difficult ascents of the great cliffs. The shepherd might scramble there in peril of his life in order to rescue some truant of his flock, and the fox-hunter might venture into danger in enthusiastic pursuit of some red-skinned lamb-worrier, but such unpromising places were naturally avoided in the ordinary passes and ridge-walks.

The records of the honoured veterans who explored the great courses on the Pillar Mountain, Great Gable, and Scafell before and during the early eighties of last century have been collected in the pages of the journals

of rock-climbing clubs, and are not available to the general public. There is, however, material for an extensive history of the sport, if any enthusiast with proper resources could undertake the task. And the following information culled from the records is really a sketch of the evolution of technical skill as well as actual success.

The Pillar Stone (to use the old name) in Ennerdale, probably because it could be seen from many parts of West Cumberland, was the first rock to be assailed, and for some fifty years all the recorded climbs were on that rugged outcrop of mountain. In 1826 John Atkinson, a shepherd of Croft Foot, in Ennerdale, reached the top of the stone, which is just 2500 feet above the sea. In the same year he was followed by three other local shepherds, W. Tyson, J. Colebank, and J. Braithwaite. The precipice was mentioned by William Wordsworth as early as 1800; he made it the scene of a daring climb and a fatal descent (in *The Brothers*). Research by the Rev. James Jackson, the "Patriarch of the Pillar," in 1876 showed that the scene of this tragedy was a rock one mile farther up the dale. In 1848, after several parties had failed to find a route, Lieutenant Wilson, R.N., gained the summit. In 1850 there were two ascents—C. A. O. Baumgartner alone (who survived until 1910), and Dr Whitehead, of Whitehaven, with C. W. Hartley, of Bradford. All these parties used the old west route. Each had to rediscover the way, for no record was written and no diagrams were made for future use. Of the dalesfolk, "Auld Will" Ritson knew the line of ascent approximately, but he never tried the climb.

Baumgartner's own account, written in 1876, in a letter to George Seatree, is very clear. He states that

old Will guided him across the hill to the notch between the Rock and the main mass, beyond which point he would not advance.

> Here he pointed out to me a narrow track on a level ledge of rock winding round the side of the Pillar Stone. This I followed till it brought me to the north side of the Rock, losing sight of Ritson, who sat down on the side of the Pillar Mountain, awaiting the result. When I reached the back of the Rock, or rather the *front* of it, looking towards Ennerdale and Buttermere, it was simply a matter of climbing up by the hands more than by the feet, where the perpendicular faces of the stones and rocks appeared to be most practicable, and presenting the best chance of access to the next stage above. On the way up, if I remember right, I occasionally piled a few stones here and there on prominent points, to serve as landmarks for the descent on the return journey —since, in some places, the only mode of getting down (except tumbling down bodily) would be by hanging by one's hands to the edge of the rock, and letting one's feet dangle down in search of a foothold on a finger's-breadth ledge, or in a crevice or cranny of the rock. I found no serious difficulty in reaching the top, where I gladly responded to Ritson's shouts of congratulation. No less than eight ravens, unused to visitors, flew off, protesting hoarsely against my invasion of their sanctuary.

At that time local legend had it that the Pillar Stone or Rock had never been ascended by a tourist, or by anyone except a party of shepherds or dalesmen. The guide-book writers kept up the fiction of inaccessibility and danger for a generation afterward.

After 1850 new routes began to be pioneered up the famous crag, but no records were made. However, it is well known that one of the discoveries was the "Slab and Notch" route on the east side, also known to

the ancients as the "Round the Ledge" variation, which is now considered to be the easiest course on the Rock. This was used by the great Leslie Stephen in 1865, after his failure to climb the Rock two years before. The east side had probably been climbed about 1860. The famous Pendlebury brothers forced the great Traverse and Crack in September 1872, but they never claimed the route as their own. Fred Gardiner, who was with them on the mountain, pointed out the Traverse and Chimney beyond, and said he thought it would 'go.' W. M. Pendlebury said he did not think it would, but Gardiner succeeded in getting up, and the others followed. From the summit they had no difficulty in finding the Easy Way for the descent. As Gardiner discovered the route and first conquered it, the two brothers wished it to be called the Gardiner Traverse, but they were better known in the district then, and it is probably for that reason that their name has ever since been associated with it.

The Alpine rope, it should be stated, was quite unknown at Wastdale Head until 1886, but its value on difficult routes was soon recognized, and the sport became a safe and fine art of mountaineering.

Then the late George Seatree of Penrith (later a President of the Wayfarers and the Fell and Rock Climbing Clubs) reached the little stone cairn or man on the Rock, and he found evidence of early explorers on visiting-cards in a bottle, recorded on a paper collar, and scratched on a piece of slate. The names of twenty-five men and two women were jotted down in his notebook from this weather-worn material. These included the famous brothers Pendlebury of Liverpool, two brothers and a sister Westmorland of Penrith (their record of the ascent in a local paper had

aroused George Seatree's ambition to climb the place), H. Woolley (later a president of the Alpine and other mountaineering clubs), T. S. Kennedy, and Charles Pilkington. There were also the names of the Portinscale guides, Matthew and A. Barnes, who were associated with Graves in working out the Old Wall route.

With Charles Pilkington climbed a younger brother Lawrence, whose recollections of a great day among the crags, though written some fifty years later, are graphic:

> When we reached the crest of the Pillar Mountain I was greatly impressed with the wildness of the Ennerdale valley, and still more by the crags below us on that side of the mountain; but beyond that I only remember being anxious about finding the rock itself. We came in sight of it rather suddenly, its eastern face being nearly opposite to us. From that point it looks steeper than it really is, and I must say I didn't like the look of it. After a little prospecting, my brother found the way up—the well-known Easy Way up the east side. It seemed difficult enough to me then, and I thought the sloping slab nasty and slippery, and was glad to get into the little chimney beyond. I remember quite well how the joy of our success was mingled with a fear that the descent would be worse than the ascent; strangely enough, it didn't trouble me. Was it anticipation, or were the first seeds of familiarity sown? However that may be, I was glad when my brother decided we should try Mickledore that very afternoon. Of Mickledore I remember very little except the great open crack or fissure leading into the rock, and the great stepping slabs above. Mickledore as a climb utterly failed to impress me as the Pillar Rock had done—surely the first seeds of familiarity were germinating.

Lawrence Pilkington was some fifteen or sixteen years of age when these climbs were carried out.

The conquest of other routes among the great clefts and towers and slabs about Wastdale Head came gradually. It was not until the hard winter of 1882 that Deep Ghyll (Scafell) was conquered throughout. A. L. Mumm and J. E. King came down a wall of snow without any particular difficulty. "To find Deep Ghyll choked up with snow must be a very rare occurrence," wrote A. L. Mumm in 1924.

> Apart from that there really was nothing remarkable. . . . I was not without experience of what liberties can be safely taken with snow when it is in really good condition, and I sounded conscientiously at almost every step. I do not think that I should have ventured on the descent if I had not had an ice-axe with me.

The direct ascent was not carried out until 1886.

The straight line from Scafell Pike to Scafell has always excited the adventurous. There simply must be a short cut from Mickledore Ridge to the top of Scafell without that tedious *détour* toward Eskdale, or up Lord's Rake, where a terrible slog up steep and loose scree awaits the scrambler. Long before anyone confessed to an actual ascent there was a legend that the place would 'go.' No doubt shepherds and fox-hunters occasionally forced the route when sheep were crag-fast or hounds were afoot. To-day there is a great fox-bield in Hollowstones, and the hunt frequently climbs out among the crags, not without peril and loss of hounds.

The direct climber's route from Mickledore Ridge to Scafell summit is known as Broad Stand. The route is mentioned in the *Penny Magazine* of 1837, and C. A. O. Baumgartner certainly climbed it in 1850. Nine years later Professor Tyndall described it as "a

pleasant bit of mountain practice, and nothing more." A modern outlook on Broad Stand, written within the past few years by the greatest authority on Scafell, C. F. Holland, reads somewhat different. It must, however, be remembered that the holds on the rocks have become considerably polished by the traffic of seventy years.

> *Broad Stand.*—Above the starting cleft, which is a few yards down to the left from Mickledore [Ridge], a corner is rounded to the left to a platform below the High Step. This can be climbed in three ways, all sufficiently indicated, none of which can be considered easy. Winding mossy ways then lead to the top of Deep Ghyll and the Pinnacle.

Earlier than 1881 the Mickledore Chimney, a great rent on the Eskdale side of the ridge, was fairly well known. A. L. Mumm endeavoured to find a way into it, and finished with a slide down to the snow much nearer the ridge than the proper route:

> The next thing I recollect at all clearly was reaching a large, gently sloping slab, glazed with ice, which put out of action a nice crack which would have made it easy, and with a nick across it that would also have made it easy, but that it was about a foot beyond my reach. I was now almost at the bottom, and there was a lot of snow, apparently two or three feet deep, so I hardened my heart, let go my hold at the top of the slab, and found myself, apparently instantaneously, lying comfortably in the snow, and considerably astonished at the lightning rapidity of the performance. So far as I can recollect I was about thirty or forty yards to the east of the actual Mickledore col. Curiously enough I never returned to hunt for the exact spot. If I ever find my way to Wastdale again it will be the first thing I shall do.

In 1869 Major Cundill, R.A., forced a route to the west of Mickledore Ridge. On the way up he was compelled to leave his stick, thrust into a crevice of rock. In 1874 George Seatree and John Wilson Robinson essayed a climb somewhere about the same place, thinking they were attacking Broad Stand. George Seatree (who died in 1928) always believed that their route was farther west than that taken by the Major, for they found no sign of his stick.

Of the other great courses known to early climbers Scafell Pinnacle was first mentioned in 1869, when T. Murray Browne wrote the following in the visitors' book at Wastdale Head:

> The attention of mountaineers is called to a rock on Scafell on the right, looking down, of a remarkable ghyll, which cleaves the rocks of Scafell. It looks stiff.

Stiff, indeed, proved to be Scafell Pinnacle. Its exploration has called for mighty efforts. The short route from the main cliff to the summit was conquered by W. P. Haskett-Smith in 1884. Later in the year, with John Wilson Robinson, the Pinnacle, or Pillar, as it was then called, was ascended from the front. New routes are still being carried out on this terrific rock-face, which towers 600 feet almost sheer from the screes of Lord's Rake. The greatest expedition of all time among our rocks was that made by C. Hopkinson on an icy day of 1887, starting from the screes and boldly forcing a line up the bleak slabs toward the top of the Pinnacle. A great trough of ice finally beat the party, which had been fighting the way inch by inch for several hours, and they saw no prospect of going farther. Their climb, indeed, was not completed until April 1914, when S. W. Herford, G. S. Sansom,

and C. F. Holland forced the gap to the Pinnacle top. The Girdle Traverse, crossing the front of the most difficult portion of the Pinnacle, was conquered in 1912, and variations have been made every season.

The Napes Ridge and other great crags on Great Gable were late in discovery. In 1884 it was possible to make a first ascent of the crag on the Ennerdale side, a descent of the Needle Ridge, and a conquest of the Needle itself, all first ascents, in one afternoon. W. P. Haskett-Smith was the hero of this wonderful expedition. In a paper written in 1914 he stated that he first entered Wastdale in the early eighties, and on a day of swirling cloud looked toward Great Gable:

> Suddenly the mist grew thinner, and it became just possible to locate the Napes. Then they were swallowed up again, but a moment later the outermost curtain of mist seemed to be drawn aside and one of the fitful gleams of sunshine fell on a slender pinnacle of rock, standing out against the background of cloud without a sign of any other rock near it, and appearing to shoot up for 200–300 feet.

In 1884, with John Wilson Robinson, he located the spike of rock on the great cliff, and a few days later it was conquered—a wonderful single-handed performance:

> From the top of the crack there is no trouble to reach the shoulder, whence the final stage may be studied at ease. The summit is near, being as they say in transatlantic cities "only two blocks away," but these same blocks are set one upon the other, and the stability of the top one looks very doubtful. My first care was to get two or three stones and test the flatness of the summit by seeing whether anything thrown up could be induced

to lodge. If it did, that would be an indication of a moderately flat top, and would hold out hopes of the edge being found not too much rounded to afford a good grip for the fingers. Out of three missiles one consented to stay, and thereby encouraged me to start, feeling as small as a mouse climbing a milestone.

Between the upper and lower blocks, about five feet up, there is a ragged horizontal chink large enough to admit the toes, but the trouble is to raise the body without intermediate footholds. It seemed best to work up at the extreme right, where the corner projects a little, though the fact that you are hanging over a deep gap makes it rather a 'nervy' proceeding. For anyone in a standing position at the corner it is easy to shuffle the feet sideways to the other end of the chink, where it is found that the side of the top block facing outwards is decidedly less vertical. Moreover, at the foot of this side there appeared to my great joy a protuberance which, being covered with a lichenous growth, looked as if it might prove slippery, but was placed in the precise spot where it would be most useful in shortening the formidable stretch up to the top edge. Gently and cautiously transferring my weight, I reached up with my right hand and at last was able to feel the edge and prove it to be, not smooth and rounded as it might have been, but a flat and satisfactory grip. My first thought on reaching the top was one of regret that my friends should have missed by a few hours such a day's climbing . . . my next was one of wonder whether getting down again would not prove far more awkward than getting up!

Hanging by the hands and feeling with the toes for the protuberance provided an anxious moment, but the rest went easily enough, though it must be confessed that it was an undoubted satisfaction to stand once more on solid ground below and look up at my handkerchief fluttering in the breeze.

With these records the annals of our early rock ascents are practically complete. The pioneering of Pavey Ark (Langdale Pikes), Great End (Borrowdale), and Dow Crags (Coniston) presented few remarkable features. The climbers had obtained experience in the Wastdale area, and little time was lost in finding and conquering the new rocks. W. P. Haskett-Smith and John Wilson Robinson had a weird experience on Dow Crags. They had walked from Wastdale Head, and had reached the rocks from above. It was a misty day, and little could be seen. They climbed down, and at one point Haskett-Smith was lowered from the invisible cliff by rope to the screes below. This place turned out to be Easter Gully, a place which has given some splendid climbs to later explorers.

Since about 1886 the use of the climbers' rope has been a regular practice, and courses which were too severe and dangerous for the solitary climber have been conquered by team tactics. The brilliance of such leaders as W. P. Haskett-Smith and (later) Owen Glynne Jones was partially due to the excellent parties which followed on the rope, and who by their skill made both leader and climb secure.

Until about 1910 nailed boots as worn in the snowy Alps were the climbers' footgear, though now and again some one fresh from the Dolomites of Italy and Austria wore out his *scarpetti* or *Kletterschuhe* (rope-soled boots) on the Wastdale climbs. The holding nature of such footgear, when new, suited the small holds and ledges of our English rocks, and there was a gradual weakening of the monopoly of iron nails for summer climbing at any rate. Barefooted, or in stocking feet, the new climber attacked both recognized

courses and new ascents, and found safety and an enlarged world of climbing in the practice. This method, however, was soon superseded by the modern use of rubber soles. On dry rocks rubber-soled shoes are perfect, making possible many ascents which would otherwise be avoided. Under moist conditions they are not entirely reliable. The climber in England prefers to equip himself for all weathers; therefore the light plimsolls are carried in the rucksack, ready for adoption after the climber has worked up the loose scree and easy approaches to a stiff test. Besides climbing up and down every possible tower and slab and crack, the modern enthusiast has taken up an exacting form of the sport—the girdle traverse, crossing the rocks of Dow Crags or Scafell practically at a level. Such courses may give eight hours of ultra-severe work all the way, and call for the highest skill with rope, hand, and foot.

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CHAPTER XXII

NATURE IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

Metal ores and other rocks—Fauna: Red deer, pine marten, badger, etc.—Mountain foxes and fox-hunting —Bird life—Fishes—Mountain and other flowers.

In every phase of nature the Lake District has fine things to offer the student and the casual observer alike. The story of the rocks, and the activities in different geological periods of fire and ice, of rain and rivers, is discovered in the wonderful variety of scenery. There are great intrusions of igneous rock, with splintered heads and shattered ridges; there are steps of uplifted slate, the coves of which are littered with great fans of talus and scree. The granite districts present hills with smooth faces and with rills descending brightly down their folds. The boulders from such have been carried far in the glaciers of the Ice Age. Blocks of Shap Fell origin, with characteristic large pink crystals, have been identified in streams down to Lancashire, the Midlands, and the Bristol Channel, while others caught in an eastward flow passed over the gap of Stainmore, and were borne down the Tees valley, eastward outside the present Yorkshire coast beyond Flamborough Head, and then forced back by the heavier ice-sheet from Scandinavia, to be deposited at last in rounded hillocks in the plain of York itself.

Metalliferous rocks are found in various places, but except in the West Cumberland coal and iron-ore

fields, at Millom and in Low Furness, the mines are either worked out or half abandoned. Often, of course, the presence of metal is so thin as to be no more than a geologist's sample. Gold has been found, mainly in conjunction with other metals, though high up Helvellyn was a small working from which, a century and a half ago, the schoolmaster of Wythburn extracted grains enough to add something to his poor salary. Silver and lead and copper are metals found in close proximity, and often in the same series of rocks. Prosperity in working the two baser metals has usually meant a certain amount of silver recovered in the process. Shafts for lead and copper are found in every dale, for indications are common in outcrops, but nowadays few deposits are being worked with any success. The hæmatite or kidney-ore iron of Furness and Millom is found on the high fells about Bowfell, and the nodules can be picked up by the dozen. The Ewer Gap deposit, visible among perishing rocks, has been tried in the past, but there is apparently no extensive supply, and it is not worth working. The rich red and brown tints of the rocks on Wastwater Screes are due to a surface vein of ironstone so pure and soft that for many years it was regularly collected by the shepherds and used as 'ruddle' to mark their sheep with the identifiable fleece-marks. Ordinary moisture had little effect, and the mark stuck to the wool until next shearing-time. Coal has not been proved within the area known as the Lake Country, though in the coastal area of Workington and Whitehaven, far to the west, mines have been working for more than three centuries, and trial pits have been sunk at Seascale and other places to the south in vain. As described in Chapter IX, Borrowdale has its own

peculiar metal, plumbago, found in sops and strings in the rocks of Brandreth, near Seathwaite.

In these days slate is the geological product of most value to the Lake Country, but the workings have neither the extent nor success of Llanberis and Ffestiniog, in North Wales. The industry seems a rather fickle master: one year employment is booming, and the next there is stagnation. Tilberthwaite, Langdale, and Honister are the chief quarries at the present time, with Kirkby Ireleth and Kentmere outside the ordinary zone of the Lake Country. Granite is worked at Shap, in Westmorland, Threlkeld, in Cumberland, and other villages, but none of the works are particularly stable or expansive. They too seem to suffer from the whims of the market and the vagaries of the inventors of substitutes, but at the back there is (or should be) a steady business in road-metal. Limestone is not greatly worked, though there are great ledges in the southern part of the Lake Country. The peat deposits on the high fells are interesting because they show that birch and fir grew successfully at greater heights than we find to-day, but the depth and area are small, and most of the bogs have been used considerably by villages and farms for fuel in days gone by. Nowadays very little peat is obtained, even where it is accessible to houses.

Fauna

In caves and crevices of the limestone country near the sea have been discovered bones and relics of practically all the creatures which formerly ranged in England—bear, wolf, hyena, wild boar, ox or aurochs, and beaver. There is no record of the

periods when these disappeared, but the wolf and wild boar at any rate have left their impress on the place-names of the district, and there are legends of their former presence. The wild cat has disappeared within historic times. Thomas Pennant, touring the Lake District less than two centuries ago, saw the body of a "British tiger" which had been brought to book for its crimes somewhere in the Thirlmere area. Dr Heysham, however, admitted their existence about Ullswater in 1796, but declared that they were dying out, and with that the certain record comes to an end. Practically all the later kills, even at the wild Christenbury Crags, in the Cheviot district of North Cumberland, may well have been well-grown 'domestics' which had taken to a primitive life.

Of the rarer wild creatures of England, a number still survive in the Lake Country. There are the wild red deer, which still range through the fells between Ullswater and Shap, having their sanctuary in Martindale Forest. These are the last survivors of the primeval herds which dwelt from the Border to Morecambe Bay, and which were hunted down to the days of Queen Elizabeth and later in the Eden valley. These are the last wild deer in England, except the remnant which are preserved for hunting on Exmoor. Stags and hinds lie out in Swindale, where during recent years Lord Lonsdale regularly had drives in the shooting season. Stalking in a forest where sheep have at least equal rights with stags is practically impossible, though the 'royals' which have fallen to various rifles in Martindale have been sought out in the ordinary Scottish way. One remembers a fox-hunting pack which came upon the scent of a red deer at Selside, in the southern part of Westmorland, and

followed it across the fells for miles. They were only whipped off when the stag swam across the narrows of Haweswater, and made up Fordendale for the sanctuary.

The Nab, a rounded hill 1887 feet above the sea, between Rampsghyll and Bannerdale, is the centre of the forest. There is a new settlement of red deer from Martindale in the plantations now growing up on the shore of Thirlmere, in Cumberland. At early day one has seen, from the Wythburn road, a stag and hinds wandering about the grass bogs above; during the heat and noise of the day they go into hiding. This Thirlmere estate of the Manchester Corporation is an absolute sanctuary for wild creatures, and it is possible that in a short time a herd will take up its quarters there, particularly as Swindale, which is now their outlying place, is being disturbed by dam-works.

There are several rights of way through the deer forest, but in the shooting and the rutting seasons they cannot be recommended. In spring and early summer the tracks are quite safe, and one may see the deer from, say, Dalehead without any trouble, though nearer access is not feasible. There is no motor road near the forest. The path past Angle Tarn to Kidsty Pike from Patterdale is a likely section in which to come across the deer, but they are wary, and do not allow any person to come near. The head of deer varies from year to year, but one has seen a herd of forty at a time quite near the tracks.

Compared with Scottish deer, these are perhaps slightly smaller and have less spreading antlers, but this cannot be contended against the stags of the less favoured forests there, where shelter is not plentiful. The Martindale deer rarely come down to the food

which is placed out in winter, preferring to travel over to the top of Place Fell, where there is a goodly crop of heather.

The pine marten is a creature which must dwell in rough and broken ground, because in open fields any fast cur-dog can run it down. Largest of its type in England, the pine marten is about twenty-seven inches in length, and has a rich brown coat, with a yellow throat. The under fur is yellow grey, and the creature is handsome indeed, often approaching the sable for beauty. A couple of centuries ago a good skin of the male brought 5*s.* 6*d.* in the local market, and that of the female brought only a shilling less.

The marten is a night traveller and hunter, though it seems to love to spend sunny hours lying out among the heather. When pursued it makes progress by great bounds, and can soon be tired out. Marts do not haunt the same type of ground as the fox, and the shepherds have a maxim that "When foxes is rank marts is scarce." A century ago the mountain packs were 'entered' to scent both mart and fox, and there was a good deal of chasing. There is still some, but it has to be sought. The sporting quarryman goes out with terriers and a steady old hound or two; the line of the mart is found, and sooner or later the creature is tracked into a broken pile of rocks and marked down. If terriers cannot bolt the creature a 'smoke' is raised by wet newspaper, grass, or even gunpowder at a place where the fumes will draw into the refuge. The mart has a strong objection to the smell, and bolts, going away with great leaps, but soon tiring, and if the ground favours the scratch pack it is run down and killed. The female makes her nest of moss and leaves in the hollow trunks of trees, or

she usurps the home of the squirrel or woodpecker; the kits are very beautiful, lithe creatures, with the usual weasel love for play and scrimmage. The 'foil' is sweet, and most dogs are willing to hunt it.

A kindred but smaller creature, the polecat or foumart, has recently become scarce; it used to be plentiful and destructive in every dale, and abounded on the low mosses near the sea, from which it has entirely disappeared. The creature is some ten inches shorter than the sweet-mart; has a long fur, which is dark brown on the surface and yellowish beneath, while the head is blackish, with white spots about the ears and mouth.

In the old time the heads of both martens were paid for as vermin by the churchwardens in fellside parishes, the sweet-mart at fourpence and the other at half the price. The foumart is largely a feeder on wild birds, but its insatiable appetite often leads to an attack on poultry. In winter the creature is liable to lie up for days together, yet its footprints are also often seen on the snow. Indeed, these prints and the excitement they rouse among dogs often give clue to the presence of the mart. The skins of the males used to be worth eighteenpence each, and those of the females a shilling each, in good condition. It was held that the pelts from hillside, moss-hag, and woodland varied in quality, and that the last-named were the best.

The weasel in our hedges is the strongest enemy of the brown rat. It is a lithe, short creature, grey to brown in colour, with very short legs and an abnormally long neck. The weasel has been known to swim across Ullswater and other lakes, entering the water without any fear. The stoat is rather less frequent, being taken in traps set for rabbits and rats.

The otter, which is getting rare in other districts of England, is a fairly sure but little-seen denizen of the quiet lake and riversides. The creatures vary considerably in size, as the hunters take them from fourteen to twenty-eight pounds fully grown. The latter are probably three and a half feet in length. The otter is dark of fur, and its body is modified to suit its habitat in the water. The joints of the legs are adapted to swimming rather than to walking over country, and the tail is a broad rudder for underwater swimming. The otter can chase and catch trout in their own element, and is a skilful diver; its fortress is usually among the roots of some great tree, with an entrance under water, which is used in ordinary times. There is often an emergency exit through the sod, which is not broken until necessity compels the 'bolt' from some terrier which has entered the home-galleries.

Like the marts, the otter is comparatively easy to trap; in a year probably more lose their lives in steel gins set for rats than are killed by hounds or other adversaries. The whistle of the otter, repeated again and again, is a characteristic night sound, welcomed by the angler, though the animal certainly takes toll on the fisheries. Its favourite food is said to be the eel—which at any time is an unwanted water vermin.

Up to about 1704 the Kendal churchwardens paid sixpence for the head of an otter, and later a shilling each was paid. There is no record of a reward being claimed since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Otter-hunting is a favourite summer sport, but the meets are not sufficiently frequent, and are apt to be crowded if anywhere near a town or main motor road. The chase usually begins at daybreak, when the 'foil'

is strongest, and the first chiming note is sufficient to bring the whole dale from its bed to see the hunt. By the normal breakfast hour the pursuit is usually over, as the otter has gone to its fortress in the earth and the scent has vanished in the warmer air. A moist day, however, may see the chase go on for a long time, and occasionally there are bursts where the otter has run across a meadow, cutting off a bend of the river, or has followed some long reach of quiet water. The music of the hounds rises high and clear. The actual kill of an otter in deep water is not often carried out, but there is danger at the shallows, where the creature is bound to break through the thin water, and is pursued at a disadvantage. Such hunting is a rather quaint survival, with just the touch of Izaak Walton to make it merry. There is no better description in literature than his pages on the otter and hunting.

The badger remains, a stolid night-wanderer, so little in evidence that its petulant whining is attributed to dogs, cats, or foxes and its scratches in the wood to active rabbits. "Its favourite haunts are obscure and gloomy," says an old-fashioned writer.

> It retires to the deepest recesses of the woods, or to thick coppices covering the sides of hills; and there, with its long and powerful claws, digs for itself a deep and well-formed domicile, consisting of more than one apartment. The general form of the elongated but robust body—the long taper muzzle, terminating in a movable snout—the hard coarse hair—the loose and leathery skin, the low and plantigrade limbs, and the fossorial character of the claws, combine to fit the badger for a subterranean abode and to enable it to form that abode by its own labour. Here it sleeps during the greater part of the day, coming abroad only for a short period in the evening or night to seek its

> sustenance, in the choice of which it exhibits as completely an omnivorous character as perhaps any animal with which we are acquainted. Its food, in fact, consists indifferently of various roots, earth-nuts, beech-mast, fruits, the eggs of birds, some of the smaller quadrupeds, frogs, and insects.

The badger has astonishing strength of jaw, and close acquaintance should be avoided. The face is striped with white (badger-pied), and is quite unmistakable. The body hair is a rich grey, composed of white, black, and reddish hairs, and varying in tint at parts.

The churchwardens' account-book of Kendal, which includes part of the Southern Lake Country, shows that badger heads were paid for at a shilling each in 1669, and that payments were practically discontinued by 1701, though at Ulverston money was paid out for forty years later. The legend that the badger is extinct has been written again and again since 1823, but 'Brock' has small colonies here and there in Furness, possibly reinforced by wanderers from Yorkshire, which has never been entirely unoccupied. The badger is an inveterate wanderer at some times of its life, and is apparently willing to settle down in strange quarters if and when a mate can be found. Here and there badgers are brought from Scotland and Cornwall as pets, and possibly some escape to join their wild friends in the woods. Round Esthwaite Water there are 'earths' which have been preserved by landowners who admire the quaintest of our wild creatures.

The fallow deer disappeared from the dales and woods at the time of the Civil War, when the walls of great ancestral parks were thrown down and trees were felled by the villagers. The deer did not escape.

There are herds preserved at Muncaster, Greystoke, Lowther, Levens, Dallam Tower, and Holker. The bones of the roe are found in the Westmorland caves, but the animal had disappeared from the Lake area before records were written. Naworth and other Border estates, however, kept up their stock for centuries, but the smallest of our deer, with its sharp, short horns and timid ways, does not travel far from such haunts, and, indeed, prefers to go over Netherby to the Scottish side.

In the seventeenth century there was a herd of wild white cattle at Thornthwaite, near Haweswater, and some of the animals were drafted to Naworth, when Thornthwaite was purchased by the Howards, in 1630, at a cost of "*vs.* iiij*d.*" There are a few entries during the next four years, but by 1675, when Sandford wrote his manuscript history of Cumberland, wild white cattle were only a legend at Naworth, and they probably disappeared from Haweswater at the same time.

The commoner fauna of the Lake District includes the red squirrel, which is specially noticed in the hazel woods; the common mouse, both field and house, with the dormouse and harvest vole not so plentiful; the ordinary brown rat, which exterminated the last native black rats within the past seventy years; the voles, field and water, with occasional black specimens of the latter; the common and water shrews, with a thin population of the lesser shrew; the hedgehog, with its defensive skin of prickles; and so on.

Despite the winter and spring energy of trappers, the mole still pushes up its hills of brown, black, or red soil in the grass tracts. I have seen these signs

of activity near the summit of Esk Hause (2500 feet above the sea), with the mud staining afresh a drift of winter snow. Our mole is a curious chap; his body is about eight inches long, the tail is short, and the paws are specially adapted for digging. The fur is dark brown, and so closely packed that neither moisture nor soil can reach the skin; the eyes are also protected by fur, and are so weak as to be useless in ordinary light. The food of the mole is practically entirely earth-worms, which it pursues by tunnelling through the soil. Few ordinary observers ever see the mole above the soil; it is visible only when drought has hardened the earth and caused a dearth of worms, so that some new place must be obtained or death ensue from hunger. Three hours without food is enough to end the life of an active mole; yet in the earth it seems to suspend feeding and working for weeks at a time.

The commonest bats are the long-ear and the pipistrelle; other varieties are also found, but they are not numerous, and are local in distribution. Though most bats keep close to shelter in winter and are asleep, I saw one (type unproved, but possibly pipistrelle) flying over snow at Wastdale Head on January 4. It whirled about in the sunshine like a fragment of brown leaf. Its haunt, if near, must have been some crevice in the rocks, for there was neither tree nor building within a mile at least.

Hares were formerly numerous on our mountain farms, where very few are seen to-day. Some of the traditional meets of the harrier packs have removed because of the lack of sport. The hare is still fairly plentiful on the richer low-lying lands near the great houses, where leases admit of its preservation, but nowhere is there the plethoric stock one finds on, say,

the Lancashire or East Anglian manors. The brown variety is the only one on record; it scampers over the high ridges (one has been in a hunt within a few yards of the cairn on top of Helvellyn). There are legends of a mountain-dwelling hare, just as there are of another which lives among the gorse, and even has its breeding-nest in such coverts. It is possible that at one time a few Scotch or blue hares were introduced on the bleak moors beyond Skiddaw, but they died out almost at once. The hare-hunting season is during the winter months, so that few tourists have a chance of joining in the chase. Ponies are sometimes used to follow across the rough grass, but not at meets among the rocky and steep hills.

Rabbits are quite regular sights to the nature-lover; their white scuts can be seen bobbing about fields and hedgerows close to the busy roads. In ancient times the monks kept warrens of rabbits, but there is less respect for the coney to-day. Only ground which is utterly unusable for any other purpose is left to them.

Hunting the Mountain Fox

The characteristic animal of the fells is the red fox, which is hunted in proper form from October to March and by scratch packs and shepherds' curs during the rest of the year. The chief packs are Ullswater, with kennels at Patterdale, and its chief hunting-grounds over Helvellyn, Fairfield, and the East Fells from Kentmere High Street down to the river Eden and even to Cross Fell in the Pennines; Blencathra, with kennels at Threlkeld, near Keswick, and hunting on Saddleback, Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and the moors and fells about Thirlmere, Borrowdale, and

Newlands; Mellbreak, with kennels at Lorton, hunting the western moors and fells from Bassenthwaite to Ennerdale, including the Crummock, Buttermere, and Loweswater valleys; Eskdale and Ennerdale, with kennels at Eskdale Green, some half-dozen miles from Seascale, hunting the roughest country in Britain round the dales of its title, also Wastdale and the Duddon; Coniston, with kennels at Ambleside, and hunting over the southern fells, including the Old Man of Coniston, the Langdale Pikes, Grasmere, Fairfield, Red Screes, Troutbeck, and Kentmere. In each area there are a fair number of overlapping meets, and two or three hunts may go to the same mountains. The above are roughly the correct boundaries of the various hunts, and will be of help to the would-be sportsman. In no case are horses brought into the field; the country is mainly stony fellside, with immense walls and narrow gorges in the rock where riding is impossible. Hunting on foot is an arduous form of sport, but the rewards, if the visitor takes sensible leadership, are proportionately great.

The Blencathra pack claims unbroken descent from the hounds with which the famous John Peel hunted the foxes of Caldbeck a century ago. John Peel, whose fame has been sung wherever the English tongue is known, was an actual squire with an estate on the north side of Blencathra itself. He was born in 1776, and had a few hounds before he eloped to Gretna Green at the age of twenty with Mary White of Uldale. Peel was a devoted hunter, and his neighbours at first helped by keeping each on their farms a few hounds for his pack. When, however, the well-known horn blew at Ruthwaite the hounds came in on the trot, and in a few minutes the hunt was on

its way. And unlucky was the fox they happened to locate; there might be hours of hunting the cold drag or scent; then Reynard was put away; and the pack would have him though he was of the old greyhound breed and fit to run fifty miles without a rest. John kept his pack of fourteen couples (the Ireby Hunt) going to the end of his long life, and that without impoverishing, but rather improving, his small estate among the fells. Twelve of his children lived to full age.

Peel died in 1854. The famous song in his praise was written by his friend, John Woodcock Graves, and completed practically as fast as pen could be set to paper. At the end Graves sung them over to John, adding, "I tell thee what, John; that song'll be sung efter thee and me are run to earth." After Peel's death the hounds were sold, and John Crosier brought the best over the mountain to add to the Threlkeld pack his father had established for him as master prior to 1839. John Crosier lived to a great age, and died at Threlkeld, the most famous Nimrod of his time, in 1903.

The Ullswater pack has less famous lineage, but it is a keen organization. It was formed in 1873 by the amalgamation of two small packs, and its most famous figure has been Joe Bowman, who from 1879 to 1911 and again from 1916 to 1924 (owing to the Great War calling away the regular staff) was its huntsman. He is said to have killed far more foxes than even John Peel himself, and certainly the records of his runs and hard chases are great.

The Mellbreak survived for many years in the hands of one family, without outside assistance, and many of its great runs and incidents have gone unrecorded.

This is a pity, but cannot be helped. Some of the Mellbreak ground is in low country, where it is possible also to come across the hard riders of the Cumberland Hunt.

The Eskdale and Ennerdale pack is another amalgamation, and its success has been largely due to Tommy Dobson, a bobbin-turner who kept the pack going, with the aid of local flockmasters, for years. At length, in 1857, the grim little gentleman was able to leave his daily craft, and for the next forty-three years he showed, as master and huntsman, the best of sport, killing foxes in wild territory indeed and saving the lambs from destruction. Tommy died in 1910, and was buried in Eskdale.

The Coniston pack has been kennelled at Ambleside for many years, but about 1839 it had a home in the village from which it takes name. The most famous master was probably the Rev. E. M. Reynolds, who hunted it from 1881 to 1908.

So far as the tourist is concerned, fox-hunting among the fells is a matter of keenness and endurance. It requires a higher state of health and tenacity than ordinary hill-walking or scrambling. Hounds meet soon after daylight, and on the track of a travelling fox they may rush quickly up to the 3000-feet contour, cross rough scree and rock, and dip into and across half a dozen dales. The end of the run not infrequently finds the sportsman on the wrong side of his mountain, and miles from his quarters. Moreover, the days are short, the hill-tracks rendered difficult in darkness, and the day may easily end in mist and storm. The weather on the high ground is often coarse, while in the dale below it is mild and quiet.

Travel after a fox is totally different from walking a

mountain path, for Reynard, once aware that he is the object of pursuit, knows that he has no chance of outstripping the pack in open country. Therefore he makes for the splintered rocks of some mountain fastness, where even the persecuting terrier is baffled and at fault among the maze of tunnels.

Some of these strongholds are in unstable places, and little movement of hounds and men is needed to send bed *débris* slipping and flying around. The methods of mountain fox-hunting are different to those employed elsewhere. As a rule there are no coverts, woods, or gorges to draw, and the pack is cast out from the 'meet' to find the cold scent of a moving fox. When this is established the huntsman gathers the pack to the line, which he trusts will freshen as they make the way good. He has a good idea where Reynard is likely to be lying up and where he will go when disturbed. Frequently two foxes pass through one hillside, and the pack may split, each hound being trained to work alone if necessary when out of the hearing of horn.

The dalesfolk are rather wise; they will stand back from the actual hunt, take vantage-points on the hillsides, and wait there for hours on the chance of a good view. Sometimes their reward is the sight of the fox racing in view, with the entire pack at his brush, along the opposite side of a narrow dale. But one cannot expect the visitor, who is hardy and keen, to remain with the dalesfolk when hounds are astir; he will try, perhaps in vain, to keep near huntsman or whip (the former is preferable, provided one gives the man with the horn sufficient room for his work), where the actual work of the hounds can be seen.

Bird Life

Despite its losses of the greater eagles, the Lake District remains rich in its bird life. A century and a half ago the shepherds of Borrowdale still had to protect their lambs by robbing the nests of golden eagles high above the valley; the sea-eagle had an eyrie on Walla Crag, Haweswater, as well as on the western lakes; and the osprey still fished in Ullswater and in the pools of the Eamont. Kites or gleads also held out in the remote hills, though, as Clarke wrote in 1787, "they are a dull, heavy, inactive bird, with longer wings and tail than the buzzard." The improvement of the shot-gun, and its possession by shepherds and other outdoor workers, ended the chapter of the eagles—and equally prevents any return of their kind as settlers. Round Thirlmere, Ennerdale, and Haweswater, however, there will be sanctuary in future, and the young golden eagles who sometimes fly south to Swindale may yet find peace enough to settle in their traditional homes.

The coast outside the Lake Country does not particularly attract sea-birds. There are well-protected gulleries (chiefly of blackheads) on Walney Island, near Barrow-in-Furness, and at Ravenglass, and at each place there are mighty colonies of terns. All four British varieties are seen here on the nest. At Foulshaw and other mosses there are lesser blackbacks and other gulls, with redshanks, dunlins, plovers, and larks. Alongshore the nests of ringed plover and oyster-catcher are regularly found, with shelduck wherever a sandbank gives chance for a burrowed nest. In winter the cormorant is found fishing in practically every lake, but Ennerdale Lake (being only

eight miles from deep water) has the bird in almost every month of the year. The coast has few headlands. The limestone Humphrey Head, near Grange-over-Sands, looks over miles of sand at low tide, and is therefore not valuable to seafaring birds. Jackdaws and stockdoves, with the common land-birds, nest on its ledges. The red sandstone of St Bees, with deep water always fretting round its foot, is frequented by nesting guillemots, razorbills, and herring gulls; the sand-martin too digs its home in the soft rocks almost overhanging the sea.

Of the birds of prey there are still the buzzard (as wide of wing as a small eagle), the sparrowhawk (which leaves the hills in winter, following the flocks of small birds to the lowlands), the fast-flying peregrine, with those smaller fry the merlin and the kestrel. They, with the owls (barn, tawny, short- and long-eared), seem to be holding their own. The raven has definitely become more obvious during the past thirty years, and the abolition of the cruel pole-trap has allowed the carrion crow to multiply. Egg-stealers such as the jay and magpie are frequent, and so is the jackdaw, the numbers of which must be increasing fast.

On the fells, particularly on the east side, golden plover and dunlin nest in the marsh grass together with green plover and curlew, while the ring-ouzel has its home among the rowans by the tinkling ghylls. The wheatear, with its neat uniform of grey, lemon, and white and black eye-stripe, is a regular summer visitor. The doterel (another of the plover type) used to nest on our mountains, but it has been so persecuted that not more than one or two pairs per season halt south of the Cairngorms. The sandpiper is common by the lakes and mountain tarns.

The king of English waterside birds is the grey heron, a long-necked, spear-beaked, and long-legged bird of rather quaint appearance. There are several ancient heronries, such as Dallam Tower and Whitestock, but the birds have deserted both Rydal and Esthwaite. There is also the gay kingfisher, the white-breasted dipper of the rushing streams, and the moorhen, coot, and grebe of the quieter pools. The pied and grey wagtails go down to the shore in winter.

The ordinary game birds are found, both in a wild state and under man's protection: pheasant, partridge, red grouse, black grouse, woodcock, snipe, mallard or wild duck, and teal. The Lake Country is scarcely a gunner's paradise. There is little sport available for visitors, and that little is usually rough shooting, where a good deal of energy and local knowledge must be used to fill the bag. The grouse moors and pheasant covers of the great and old estates are of course quite outside this remark. The black grouse, it is said, was reintroduced in Furness after it had been shot out, but there was always a stock in the northern parishes. The woodcock, which was formerly a mere winter visitor, now stays and nests; its numbers have increased.

In the fields, hedges, and woods there are many permanent residents: missel and song-thrush, blackbird, robin, wren (brown and gold-crest), hedge-sparrow, stonechat, titmouse (long-tailed, great, coal, marsh, and blue), tree-creeper, pipit (rock and meadow), sparrow, chaffinch, linnet, greenfinch, redpoll (lesser), bunting (common, blackheaded, and yellow), skylark, woodlark, starling, with rook and ring-dove in the high trees, and jackdaw and stockdove in buildings and rocks.

Of the ordinary summer migrants there are the

swallow, martin, sand-martin, and swift, with the nightjar, cuckoo, and corncrake. The songsters come in great numbers—whitethroat, blackcap, garden-warbler, willow-wren, sedge-warbler, spotted and pied flycatcher, whinchat, red-start, lesser whitethroat, chiffchaff, wood-wren, tree-pipits, etc.

Fishes

The brown trout is the commonest fish of the district, and is found from sea-level to the highest tarns and streams. There is a surprising variety of forms, or, rather, conditions. In the high rills the fish are lank and black; in Windermere and other great lakes there are pink-fleshed trout of six or seven pounds, of beautiful colour and shape. In Scoat Tarn, Wastdale, the fish have a silver touch on their scales; in Red Tarn, Helvellyn, they are humped at the shoulder; in Small Water, Mardale, they have unusually large and bright vermilion spots. In tidal waters a silver trout is taken which is not unlike a smelt; the salt water has given a fine sheen to its scales. There are pink-fleshed trout in Stickle Tarn, Langdale, and in Devoke Water, Eskdale. Loch Leven and rainbow trout have been used for re-stocking lakes and rivers by the various angling associations.

The salmon runs up every possible Lake Country stream, but most of these are small, and only the Derwent and Eden have considerable length of suitable water. In the Derwent there is an autumn run, with grilse earlier and salmon trout from July to September. The record fish killed with rod and line weighed sixty-two pounds, but the average is from

fourteen to twenty pounds. In the Kent the run is also in autumn, but here, as in the neighbouring Bela, the higher spawning-grounds are not accessible. The Eden has three runs of salmon, early spring, summer, and autumn, and the earliest run gives the best sport. The largest salmon killed with rod and line was fifty-five and a half pounds. In the Leven the run extends from June to the end of the year, and fish run through Windermere to spawn in the pools at its head.

Salmon trout (mort) run from June to October, and give sport in the smaller as well as the larger streams; the smelt, or sparling, is another estuary fish which comes in with the tides.

Concerning the so-called bull-trout, there is much dispute as to whether it is a separate species; it is a good sporting fish found in most of our lakes, and the weight runs from two pounds upward. The flesh is white, and not comparable with that of other trout. The great lake trout, with its square-cut tail and tiny scales, is another fish on which the authorities differ. *Salmo ferox* lives in the great lakes, is not too common, and is never reported at less than three pounds in weight.

The vendace is the rarest Lake Country fish, being found at uncertain intervals in Bassenthwaite and other lakes; the gwyniad, or freshwater herring, is found in Ullswater and Haweswater, in Brothers' Water, Patterdale, and Red Tarn, Helvellyn. It used to be netted—I knew a man who helped in a draught of some fourteen hundred fish from Haweswater. The grayling has been introduced into the upper reaches of the river Eden, and seems to have become established there.

The char is found in Windermere, Coniston, Crummock, Ennerdale, Haweswater, Buttermere, Wast-

water, and (formerly) Ullswater among lakes, and in the high-level tarns of Goat's Water (1646 feet) and Seathwaite (1230 feet). It is a handsome fish, of about a foot in length and neat shape; it has a dark green back, silver sides, and deep red belly, with fins of green and red fringed with white. Except for spawning-time, the char dwells almost entirely in deep water, though in cold spring weather it is sometimes seen near the surface. In ancient days the char of Windermere went up to the 'wheels' of the Brathay to spawn, but now they scarcely leave the lake. At Ennerdale they used to spawn in the Char Dub, above the lake, in multitudes so great that the bottom could not be seen. The fish is usually taken with an elaborate plumb-line tackle which is more suited to the professional than to the amateur. Most of the fish marketed are taken in nets.

Of coarse fish, perch, pike, and eels are ubiquitous; the roach is practically unknown; the chub occasionally strays into Ullswater from the river Eden; loach, minnows, etc., are plentiful.

Mountain and other Flowers

The typical plants of the Lake District are mostly found above the 1800-feet contour, and show habits modified to suit their Arctic or Alpine surroundings. They have to guard themselves, however, not so much from ice and snow and drought, as from raging gales and heavy moisture and soaking rain.

Dwarf or cushion plants are typical. The purple mountain saxifrage (*Saxifraga oppositifolia*) flowers long before the tourist season, but its leaves and seed vessels are clearly visible; the mossy saxifrage of the

stream-sides and rocks, with its starry white flowers, is one of our great ornaments; the moss campion (*Silene acaulis*), though not more than four inches high when it expands its purple, pink, or white flowers, is another cushion plant.

The carpet habit, also typical of the storm-swept heights, is shown in the crowberry, in the mountain avens (*Dryas octopetala*), with its eight snow-white petals, and in the most glacial of all, the Arctic willow, which is not known to occur below 2500 feet. Few willows take on the prostrate habit except in situations which are exposed to fierce and continuous gales. There is a straggling look about the last plant on the stone-strewn heights: the stem and branches spread horizontally under the turf, which is usually *Carex rigida* (the rigid sedge), hardiest of all mountain grasses. Here and there the carpet of willow sends up several short, few-leaved flowering twigs, and bears catkins which are not more than a quarter of an inch in length.

Compared with the Alps, our fells have few plants with the hairy leaves which are so useful in keeping an equable temperature in time of drought. The very rare Alpine saw-wort of Helvellyn, etc., has slender leaves, with wool on the under surface. It bears large, dense clusters of purple flowers with blue anthers, which look like thistle plumes set in a large flower-cup.

Nor have we many mountain plants with the typical lime gland. The purple saxifrage alone has such a laboratory situated in the tip of each leaf. Though small in size, our flowers are not inconspicuous. The mountain avens has a fine, pure white flower, contrasting with its dark green leaves; the Alpine bugle,

which is found on Ill Bell, Troutbeck, has a blue flower, but its leaves of purplish hue are far more noticeable.

Most of our high-level plants are content to let the strong winds shake out their seeds, but the mountain avens prepares a long, feathery process which in due time lifts the seed well away from the parent plant.

The cloudberry produces a succulent fruit, which the birds take eagerly, dropping the seeds uninjured far away. The bearberry, with white flowers and black fruit, drops its leaves, and spends winter in the bare-branch stage.

There are other mountain plants which reproduce themselves by little leafy shoots instead of flowers. The Alpine bistort of Helvellyn produces both to some extent, and so does the snow saxifrage of Scafell, Helvellyn, and High Street. *Poa alpina*, a rare grass on Helvellyn, depends on its shoots, and so does the fescue grass when it grows at considerable heights and cannot ripen seed in the ordinary way. The cat's-foot everlasting, which ascends to nearly 2000 feet, sends off runners which ultimately root and detach themselves from the parent plant.

The rose-root makes existence possible by storing up the summer energy in succulent leaves; other plants, like the crowberry, protect themselves against drought by narrow leaves with edges so bent over that they meet one another beneath, shutting in the under surface, which bears the transpiration pores. The mat grass of Skiddaw goes farther, rolling its leaves into slender and rather stiff hollow cylinders. It is on the herbage of this grass that the larvæ of the Mountain Ringlet butterfly love to feed.

The golden rod of the fells is shorter, broader-leaved, and has larger heads of flower; the milkwort

of the heights is also modified from the lowland form; and so is the small mountain sorrel, with its plumes of flowers and fleshy kidney-shaped leaves.

Such are some of the plants peculiar to our mountain-tops. It is almost impossible even to list the varieties to be found in a ramble from dale or lake-level to the ridges. In the wet places there is the grass of Parnassus, a solitary white flower on a long stalk, which gives forth a fragrance of honey during the day and is scentless at night; there is the cotton-grass, with the white plume which has lined the seed-pod and now hangs out in the breeze; the bog asphodel, with its golden-yellow flower, sword-like leaves, and red seed-box; the insectivorous plants — the sundew, with spiky disks of red shot with green, and the butterwort, with a star of pale sulphur-green leaves which curl over any visiting insect; and so on. Heather or ling is happy up to the 2000-feet contour, but the cross-leaved heath seems to be less hardy. The dwarf juniper creeps high, and on any but rock mountains will clothe the ridges like a carpet.

The highest marsh has a covering of sphagnum moss, rising into cushions where successive generations have left *débris* in the form of a little soil; there are dark green bosses of fir-club mosses next the sphagnum, and the stag-horn moss threads through the sedges and throws up its pretty clubs. The parsley fern grows as high as the last pocket of soil on the mountains, and there are many other ferns in the gorges and woods. The bracken and buckler ferns are both hardy. The royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*), with its 'flowers,' is now practically extinguished in the coppice woods and ghylls among the fells.

And when we come down to the dales there is a

wealth of colour and fragrance; there is radiance and glory. In spring the lake-shores and riversides are often golden with daffodils; later the brazen glory of the kingcup takes its place; then comes the lovely radiance of the wild hyacinth or bluebell in the woods. This is followed by the lilac of the lady's-smock in the meadows, while the hawthorn blossom surges white along the hedgerows. Later there are great patches of crimson from foxgloves, and paler colour from the trailing wild rose, followed by creamy meadowsweet and purple loosestrife in meadow and ditch. Then comes the bloom of the heather on moor and marsh, of the harebell dancing among the grass of the pasture, of ox-eye and ragwort, and then finally the ripe gold of the autumn gorse.

These are but the mantles of the floral year; there are hundreds of tiny blooms, each one of which has its place in the scheme of beauty and of the dales.

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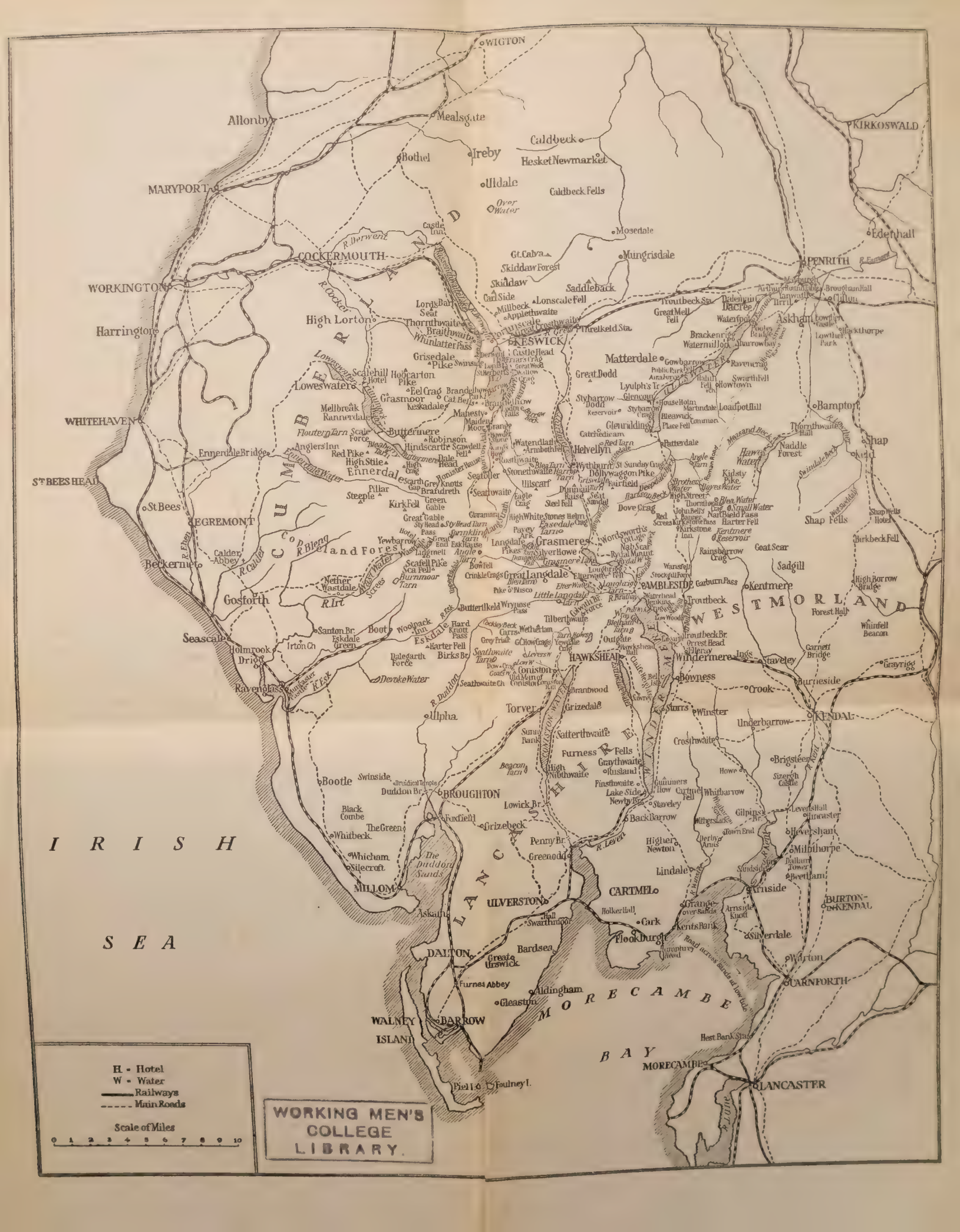

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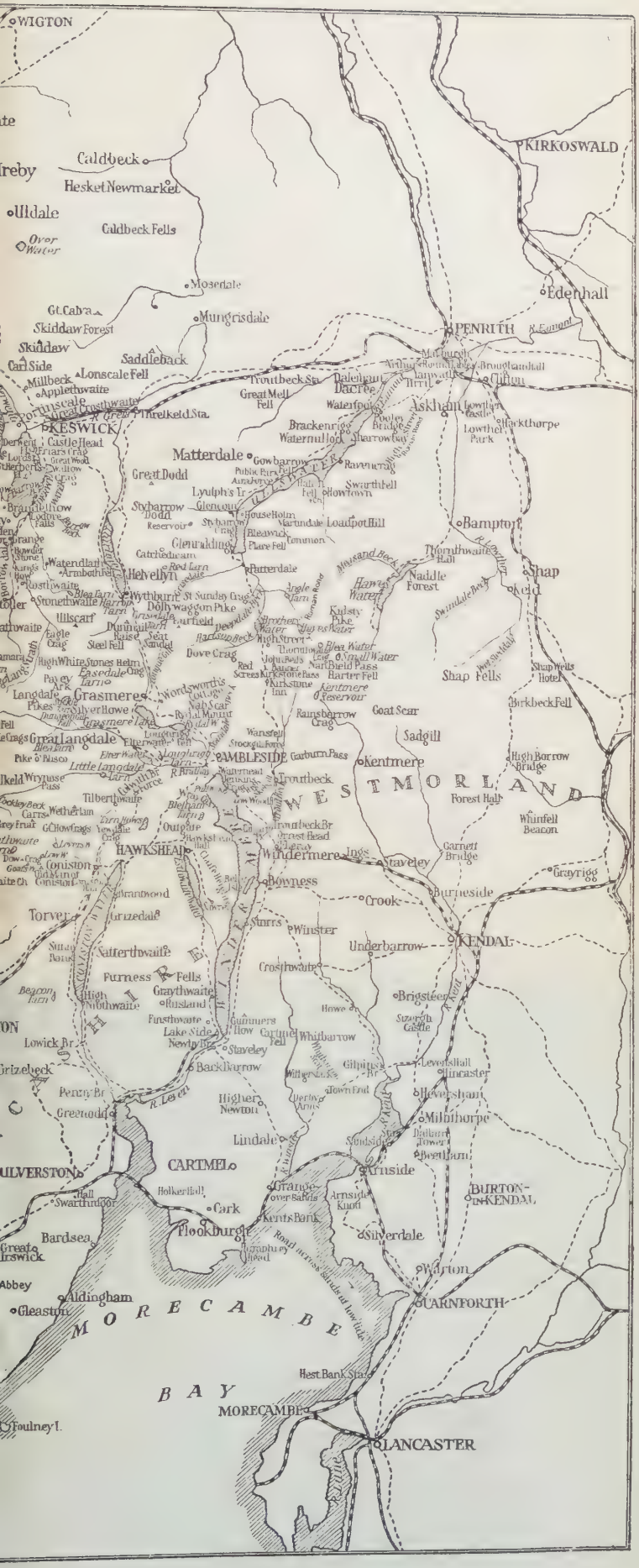
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Threlkeld Sta.
KESWICK
Castle Head
Friars Crag
Derwent
Lodore Falls
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Reservoir
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Catstycam
Red Tarn
Raise
Seat Sandal
Steel Fell
Dunmail Raise
Grasmere
Silver Howe
Great Langdale
Pike o' Stickle
Harrison Stickle
Pavey Ark
Easedale Tarn
Blea Tarn
Stonethwaite
Illscarf
Eagle Crag
High White Stones
Helm Crag
Wythburn
St Sunday Crag
Dollywaggon Pike
Fairfield
Hart Crag
Dove Crag
Hartsop
Hartsop above How
Patterdale
Place Fell
Boredale Hause
Angle Tarn
Brothers Water
High Street
Thornthwaite Crag
Hayeswater
Gill
Rampsgill Head
Kidsty Pike
Riggindale
Haweswater Reservoir
Naddle Forest
Haweswater
Mardale Ill Bell
Harter Fell
Nan Bield Pass
Kentmere Reservoir
Kentmere
Garburn Pass
Troutbeck
Troutbeck Br.
Windermere
Ings
Staveley
Garnett Bridge
Bowness
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Burneside
Kendal
Winster
Underbarrow
Crosthwaite
Brigsteer
Sizergh Castle
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Levens Bridge
Helsington
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Shap
Goat Scar
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Dunmail Raise
Wordsworth's Cottage
Nab Scar
Langdale Pikes
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Little Langdale
Blea Tarn
Wrynose Pass
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Oxenfell
Blelham Tarn
Hawkshead
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Coniston
Coniston Old Man
Torver
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Furness Fells
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Lake Side
Newby Bridge
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Backbarrow
Staveley
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Gilpin
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Summers
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Troutbeck
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